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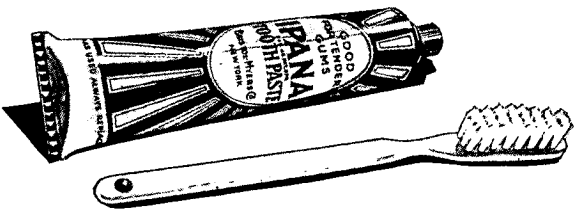

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Laurence Stallings, *Literary Editor* Louis Untermeyer, *Poetry Editor*

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THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

THE QUESTION OF SEX

SIR: Last week I received a letter from my 15-year-old son, who is at boarding school, telling me that he had read an article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY called "Youth Faces the Sex Problem", and would I read it and tell him what I thought of it. I did so, and am enclosing a copy of my reply. I am wondering if you would consider publishing this letter (anonymously if that is possible), for perhaps other boys and girls have read the article, and have not discussed it or asked for an opinion, nor received a reply if they did.

Dearest Bill:

I read the article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY with a great deal of interest, and do not wonder it gave you pause for thought. What the author is evidently trying to put over is a plea for equal standards of conduct for men and women. I, too, wish there could be one standard for girls and boys. But there isn't. I have always insisted that there could be, but that there never would be until the girls themselves demanded it. But I claim that there should be a single standard of good morality, not loose living, and that is what I have demanded of life. I kept pretty close tab on my emotions when I was growing up, and so did your father. Perhaps you will say that things are different these days. So they are in some respects. We had a war, with every opportunity in the world for emotional upsets, and goodness knows there were lots of them, and plenty of people went off the deep end, and lived together because life was so uncertain, and the men might get killed, and it was the kind thing to do; or they made hasty marriages, which they lived to regret. So the problem isn't new; it's the openness of the approach to it that is new. They talk about the biological urge out loud these days, which is a very good thing. But I say "What of it?" Since the very beginning of time, man has had the urge to seek his mate, for how else would we ever have survived? You are just now experiencing these sensations, and it is all as natural as sunlight, and just as normal and healthy. If you want to gratify this urge at once, and take some girl out, and in common parlance, "go the limit", that is your business. So long as you choose a girl not of your class, society will condone your conduct, not hers. But what about the girl, and what are your standards going to be? I think a boy should get the kind of girl for a wife who has kept herself clean, provided he has lived the same kind of life. If he has not, then he should not expect her to be perfect.

There is no doubt you will be tempted, by one or several little sirens who have not built up any ideals, or who have a very strong sex urge. But I see no reason to give in to that temptation, any more than to succumb to drunkenness or gambling or, mildly speaking, overeating. The writer of this article holds that many marriages are ruined just because young people don't know what it's all about, this living together. I say bunk! More marriages are ruined by selfishness and lack of co-operation than anything else on earth. Now I firmly believe that the sex experience before marriage, in either a man or a woman, is up to the individual. I know it happens; I have seen what it has done to certain people. It is weak to be promiscuous, so they usually end up with an inferior mate. It is stupid and unintelligent, because the consequences are so appalling. In spite of the contraceptives that this woman talks about, I could take you down town to the hospitals, and I think I will, and show you the people stricken with disease, the blindness of little children, the weakened women, and all because some people couldn't control their biological urge!

You are one of the fortunate people of this world, as far as education and opportunity are concerned. What use will you make of them? You are fortunate to be living at a time when most of the taboos are lifting, but you must understand the reason for these taboos. Build up something within yourself that you will be proud of.

Now, that's enough of that, or you will be regretful that you asked me about it. I thank you for your confidence in me. Some day, if and when you too have a son, you will understand how grateful I am not to be shut out from your mind.

MOTHER

Illinois

(Continued on page vi)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page iv)

SIR: The only element which prevents me from refuting practically every argument presented in "Youth Faces the Sex Problem" is lack of space. For that reason I shall consider those which seemed most repulsive.

1. Continence in youths beyond the age of nineteen or twenty is perfectly natural. It takes will not to submit to temptation, but that does not make it unnatural. The greatest medical authorities point out that the exercise of the reproductive organs is not necessary to the health and well-being of an individual.

2. Fathers of my friends most certainly expect their children to remain virginal until marriage. Constance Cassady would have us believe that fathers not only do not expect their sons to remain virginal till marriage but would be disappointed if they did. Such a generality is most unsound. If her conclusion were based on personal observation it would seem a sad reflection on her parents and on her friends.

3. The ability of procreation is a divine gift and any artificial means used to prevent conception is morally wrong. We have no more right to frustrate the end for which our procreative abilities were meant than we have to take our own life.

J. W. L.

Chicago

❖

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

SIR: Mr. H. L. Mencken writes that the New Deal "sucks in the discordant perunas" of a large number of persons, among whom he names Henry George. I challenge Mr. Mencken to cite even one utterance, let alone a single act, of the New Deal which fulfills the doctrine of George. Indeed, I challenge him to cite anything in the record of the New Deal which is not the antithesis of George's principles.

After all, even a subscriber to a magazine has *some* rights. When he spends 50 cents and several hours of his time on a magazine he earns the right to kick like hell when defrauded by a confidence man, whether the crook be Mr. Mencken or Mr. Roosevelt. He has the right to demand that, even if the authors can't be expected to know what they're writing about, they should exercise *some* effort toward accuracy in elementary facts. It is clear that Mr. Mencken either did not read George, or he did read George and didn't understand him, or else he deliberately lied. Whichever it was, he defrauded your readers.

Mr. Mencken ought to go to school to Mr. Nock. By the way, I want to congratulate you on printing something by Mr. Nock each month. I'm surprised that you have enough sense to do it. It's tough, though, on cheapjacks like Mencken, to have to appear between the same covers with a thinker and writer like Mr. Nock.

KARL B. MICKEY

Lakewood, Ohio

❖

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L. V. A.

❖

SIR: Having been a reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY since its inception, I regret to note its sad decline into black reaction. It now reads like nothing so much as an organ of the American Liberty League, a Chamber of Commerce bulletin or similar tripe. Reading an issue of the MERCURY was once an exhilarating adventure; it is now a deadly bore due to your New Deal antipathy having destroyed your sense of proportion.

ARTHUR C. VICKERY

Philadelphia

❖

SIR: I am unable to resist the impulse to tell you of my unbounded enjoyment of Mr. Mencken's Dr. Roosevelt article. His description of our President exactly coincides with the view I have always held of Mr. Roosevelt even as Governor, a man without the slightest qualification for the high office he holds. He undoubtedly has a charming personality, the admirable bedside-manner of the successful practitioner that has earned him the astonishing adulation and ad-

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THE OPEN FORUM

miration of so many of our citizens and developed in them an extraordinary blindness as to his capacity as a Chief Executive.

Would that I might share Mr. Mencken's belief that "a Chinaman or even a Republican" can defeat his re-election, but I fear that the blindness as to his true character is too marked to be overcome, to say nothing of the tremendous influence of his office-holding supporters and the vast power he wields by reason of the huge, almost unlimited campaign fund he can offer to promote his re-election. Possibly peoples' eyes may be opened to the unsuitability of the Democratic candidate by Election Day but I hae ma doots.

JOHN W. WOOD, M.D.

Geneva, N. Y.

❖

SIR: I am a subscriber to your publication and during the past several months I have been receiving propaganda, sponsored by your magazine, in behalf of the Republican Party. It is apparent that the journal is a mouthpiece for the irrational political lingo of a political organization and reduces the publication to valueless reading material. I cannot conceive how a magazine with your splendid past record could be purchased for campaign claptrap, thus permitting your subscribers to be insulted by the writings of political, illogical, and juvenile party-paid amateurs.

PAUL B. METZLER

Mansfield, Ohio

❖

SIR: The current issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is a washout. To read your articles opposing the New Deal, you would think you were long-lost Republicans outside looking in. I like THE MERCURY (am a subscriber) but it must be you fellows took one on the chin when our New Dealers went in. It must be unfortunate but here's a bet of five dollars against a year's subscription to THE MERCURY that he (Roosevelt) is re-elected in November. Even if your publication is anti-New Deal I still like it — in parts. I still think your magazine is good but why hammer at the New Dealers so incessantly? We'll have them until 1940.

OSCAR WILLIAM FRODERBERG

Seattle

(Continued in back advertising section, p. x)

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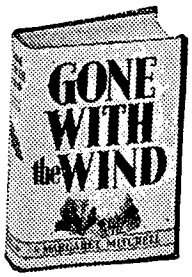

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The American
MERCURY

THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

IN WHAT we call everyday life, scarcely a year passes without some emergency in which a few superior men try to gain or regain control of the mob, on a battlefield or in a sinking ship or smoke-filled building, for the mob's safety and for their own. In history, the same thing occurs on an immense scale about every second century. Only the ignorant and heedless can be unaware that it is occurring now; that what we are facing today is not merely a splash on our national beach, but the resurgence of one of those tidal waves which, with ever-increasing power, periodically engulf the world.

These tidal waves are composed of the vast multitude of our fellow creatures who lack the mental, moral, and physical qualities of potency. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the weak and the maladapted do not survive: no one has ever attempted to devise methods for preserving weed-like vegetables, or mongrel dogs. Human sympathy, crystallized by Christianity, has done precisely that with our own breed. In this respect, Man's mercy has been greater than God's; whether Man's wisdom has been greater too, is open to question. At any rate, among civilized races, the unfit *have* survived; they are a multiplying majority which, as aforesaid, recurrently overwhelms that civilization until its destruction destroys them.

The stability of civilization depends upon the dominance of the fit few — or, as Emerson puts it, "all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few". An army which controlled the deciding voice in its own conduct wouldn't get very far. Democracy, which, as someone has said, "counts opinions instead of weighing them", presents exactly the same situation. So long as it contents itself with the entirely independent representation our forefathers intended, it is, perhaps, as workable a system as fallible flesh has been able to contrive. Soon or late, however, the many discover that they can do what they please with the few; and then follows confiscation of wealth and seizure of government, by ballots or bullets. The only thing new about this is the idea that it *is* new. A quarter of a century ago, in London, the distinguished historian and Egyptologist, W. M. Flinders Petrie, traced the floods and ebbs of human accomplishment

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to the conclusion that "when democracy has attained full power, the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civilization steadily decays, until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people".

Democracy attained full power only with the invention of gunpowder. Before the general and effective use of explosives, one armored knight could prevail over scores or hundreds of less-favored mortals, and castle walls were impregnable. Gunpowder enthroned the French Revolution and the doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Liberty and Fraternity remain distant but delightful ideals. But even before it was embalmed in our own Declaration of Independence, the French Revolution itself had demonstrated that Equality, except that of opportunity, is impractical, and that the establishment of equality by force of numbers is invariably transitory and inevitably dangerous by reason of its essential depression of the fit and elevation of the unfit.

All men are created free, though the freedom be only momentary; but no two men in the world are equal. That, insofar as the Creator permits, they should have an equal chance, no one denies. That they should be equal before the law, no one denies either. But equality in the sense in which it is popularly understood and believed in — the equality for good or evil of Shakespeare with the village idiot, of Beethoven or Pasteur with the idler and waster — is sheer twaddle, designed for the consumption of the voting illiterati by demagogues whose very existence is its refutation.

The ideal society, of course, is that which affords every opportunity for, and incentive to, improvement of self and estate; in which the citizen understands that success or failure rests with himself alone; and that equality is not a matter of law, but of achievement. In such a society, the number of the fit steadily increases, and the unfit, in whatever majority, aspire to fitness as the medium by which they may lay hands on the reins. A world in which, in the words of Max O'Rell, "every man is as good as his neighbor, and a damned sight better", is a world in which no man has reason to become actually better. The level is not lifted. Those above it merely succumb. Every race and society prospers in inverse proportion to the power and influence of the nether mass; there has been no exception to the rule that, with continued mob control, no matter how orderly or vicarious, "civilization . . . decays, until the inferior population is swept away".

At the present unhappy moment, when, curiously enough, the word *reactionary* is a term of opprobrium, one invites brickbats by saying that the decade ending in 1914 represented our closest approach to the ideal society. Nevertheless, that is probably true. We had not achieved the millennium, any more than we seem likely to achieve it now. There were swindles, there were abuses, and subsequent events proved that some of our fit were not so very fit after all. But most of us who were willing to work earned a pretty good living, and were progressing toward the earning of a better living on easier terms. The pressure under which we worked made for the nearest thing to universal efficiency in history.

Then came the World War. The common man was reminded that, with a gun in his hands, he was "as good as his neighbor, and a damned sight better". If it took a very uncommon general to make him so, he wasn't reminded of that. Suddenly, for most of us, survival meant manpower — numbers — not the kind of man but how

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many. A certain physical fitness was required, of course, but only that. Leadership was required, too, but the man with a gun soon learned how easily that could be overthrown. He learned that might is right; that the world is his oyster; that a million — two million — ten million dockhands have no reason to defer to a few thousand writers and teachers and scientists and captains of industry.

Overnight, almost, we returned to the faiths of the French Revolution. James Truslow Adams discerned an early symptom of this in our deification of the Unknown Soldier. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he said:

> Man always has delighted to honor the great, but now, for the first time, whole nations have come to honor the man of whom we know nothing, the Unknown Soldier — the ordinary man who, willingly or unwillingly, served his country and, either because of the lack of a happy combination of circumstances, or perhaps because of the lack of inherent ability, failed to make a known and notable record. Heretofore throughout all history it has been the great leader who has symbolized a cause or a movement or an aspiration. It was Christ who was worshipped; not some Unknown Christian. Is it a symptom of health or disease to worship the sailor rather than the captain, the private rather than the general, the common rather than the great man? Is not this evidence of intellectual and spiritual leveling down? Then Democracy has indeed failed, and the upward progress of civilization has come to an end, and in worshipping the Unknown Soldier we are worshipping at the grave of a far greater dead; the corpse of man's aspiration for something finer, and higher, and nobler than himself; the corpse of man's aspiring soul.

"Man's aspiration" began taking forgotten forms. In Russia, the crew already was running the ship. (Or seeming to do so, and matchlessly undergrounding reports of success.) Who was to persuade disillusioned and discontented farm and factory boys that this was another tune on the pipes of propaganda that had sent them to France? Who was to tell mutinous sailors that no crew ever ran a ship, wisely or otherwisely, or to inform people ignorant of history that there is no despotism as cruel as that of the multitude, and no slavery as complete as that instituted by slaves? The so-called Russian Experiment has become a blazing torch in a world of inflammable ruins. Artfully and industriously, our own crew has been made to believe that all its ills can be cured by the overthrow of established system and constituted authority. Christianity and medical science have given us a multitude which mechanical invention has rendered entirely useless. Unless and until the highest proficiency devises a method of taking up the slack, we must carry these men. The immediate question is not whether we carry, but whether we are to be ridden by them.

II

With regard only to wisdom, that question is easily answered. Let us take the family as a microcosm of the nation. Almost every family consists of a breadwinner surrounded by more-or-less no-good relatives. No capable, industrious, thrifty, and self-respecting breadwinner has ever denied the necessity of carrying these relatives. But he would rightly regard as entirely preposterous any proposal to give them control of his home, his family, and his business. He would know, when that occurred, that his home, his business, himself, and the relatives would all be swallowed in irretrievable ruin. He would regard — and again rightly — as lunatic the suggestion that his capacity be throttled down to theirs, or that his property be con-

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fiscated and divided amongst them. He would say — rightly — "These people live by my doing my best. Some of them do their best, but nevertheless their well-being depends on mine. I'm willing to support them, but why should they decide how? What qualification have they shown for running my business, and, if they take from me what I save when that business is prosperous, how shall I keep it, and them, and myself going when it isn't? And if all these things may happen at any moment, where am I to find the courage, and confidence, and incentive to go on everlastingly trying?"

Families, however, don't vote. And democracies do. Underprivileged relatives, no matter how numerous, don't have recourse to gunpowder, and discontented masses may. The multiplying majority was in a bad way by 1932. Crops had failed; they burned the tribal god, and began looking for a good medicine man. The answer was Mr. Roosevelt. If it hadn't been Roosevelt, it would have been someone else. The woods were full of Father Coughlins and Huey Longs and Upton Sinclairs and Dr. Townsends. And a world being remade for the proletariat gave them vastly increased potency.

Once upon a time, it was really difficult to reach the man who could not or would not read. That meant, of course, a measurably superior electorate, and greater influence for the printed word, which is more likely to be the reasonable and dispassionate word. But now the printed word reaches only the comparatively few and conservative; it is the radio and, in a lesser degree, the talking motion-picture that influence scores of millions, and make demagogues dangerous.

We have arrived at a crisis where civilization must be carried on by superior ability, or surrendered to superior numbers. And we have chosen to run the world for the benefit of the underdog. There can be no possible difference of opinion as to that. The underdogs may or may not be the fit; the Forgotten Man may or may not have been forgotten because he never did anything worth remembering. The upsetting of the dominance of the people who have achieved dominance may be "a move forward in the improvement of civilization", or merely another turn of Petrie's wheel — a return to the chaos and calamity that have always followed the relinquishment of civilization to what Emerson calls "the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society". Whichever thing you believe, no one can deny — and our new leaders would be the last to deny — that we are witnessing one of history's greatest levelings, a vast equalizing of incentives and rewards, the restraint and penalizing of those capable of forging ahead, and the bringing up from the rear of those who are not.

Moreover, it seems fairly clear that this is a plain surrender to majorities, whatever their fitness or unfitness. Behind high altruism, however sincere, functions as shrewd and unscrupulous a political machine as our democracy has ever known. There is no lunacy of "the lunatic fringe" from which it has not borrowed, with which it has not temporized, and with which it does not propose to unite, so that by sheer force of voting numbers "all may obtain the substance of what all desire". What the fewer than "all" desire, no matter how justly or intelligently, has moved the Great Heart of Government only in proportion to its effect on Election Day.

Mr. Roosevelt's fundamental thesis, apparently, is that there are no honest men except politicians, and no men capable of properly running their own business except those who, having failed at it, have

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landed in Washington. He began with an amazing campaign to discredit bankers, brokers, and industrial leaders, leaving us to infer that there is no integrity except amongst labor unions and postmasters-general. This campaign speedily developed into a steady and apparently methodical fanning of class-hatred; an inflaming of the unfit against the fit, or — if you prefer it that way — of those who have not got on in life against those who have. Solvency represented "entrenched greed". Earning capacity implied "special privilege". Bolshevism itself had not more vocal contempt for the man who owned a silk hat or belonged to a club. Every evidence of culture, ability, or attainment became shameful. The citizen with more than ten dollars felt that he ought to explain, and, soon or late, was fairly sure of being summoned to do so. We may skip the search and seizure of private papers, the investigations of organizations inimical to the Administration, and the growing certainty that anyone who raises his voice against the New Deal is going to have a lot of trouble with his income tax. For this system is no newer than most of its brothers; the Medicis used it to extinguish opposition in Florence some time ago.

None of these "new" systems, *per se,* is our immediate concern. We need not pause to ask where Washington got the idea that it knows more about running farms and factories and business than the men who have been doing the job successfully from the Declaration of Independence to the Declaration of Dependence. We can ignore the question whether this omniscience has been demonstrated in our postal service, or through government control of railways during the World War, and resist the impulse to quote Albert Jay Nock's observation that "state power has an unbroken record of inability to do anything efficiently, economically, disinterestedly, or honestly", or F. Britten Austin's conclusion that none of this is the function of government, "which is to secure the life and property of its citizens, to afford them the maximum of liberty to conduct their legitimate affairs, and then to be as little of a nuisance as possible".

Inherent in almost every utterance and theory and activity of the New Deal, however, is the effort to gratify a recrudescent demand that no man shall be, do, or have more than all men. The demand is as old as its consequences are freshly obvious. When you tell the people who have achieved what we have achieved that they mustn't go on achieving it — when we tell Babe Ruth that he mustn't bat any harder than the bush-leaguers, and Jim Braddock that he mustn't hit any harder than I can, and both of them that they must proceed under rules designed to regulate athletics in a home for cripples, then — whoever does it, however, wherever — the pennant is lost and the count is up. You can and should tell Jim Braddock not to hit in the clinches. You can and should enact laws to restrain the dishonest and predatory. You can and should urge and educate the backward to effect better ethics and greater efficiency. But when a labor union or a legislature, for whatever reason, orders that no more than so many bricks shall be laid a day, that employers shall choose not the best typesetter but the one who has been longest out of a job, that no one shall work more than so many hours a week and all at the same wages, and that no man shall cultivate more than so many acres, or raise more than so many hogs or potatoes, and that you and I shall pay him, not for what he does do but for what he does not do, then that union or legislature is reducing us to our lowest common denominator of laziness, thriftlessness, and incompetence.

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III

To people thus reduced two things happen: Those who are weak become weaker, ever less willing and able to take care of themselves, and the strong — harassed, discouraged, robbed of inducement and recompense — sink back and eventually disappear. "Planned security" is the prerogative of convicts and slaves; it could never have produced the breed that discovered and colonized and enriched America. Between the pioneers who conquered the West, and built its railroads and factories, and those now in Alaska at the expense of the taxpayer, or going to New Jersey to live co-operatively in homes poured out of molds, lies the same gulf that separates the Congress of Webster and Calhoun from that of Schwellenbach and Zioncheck. Governmental paternalism, protecting the weak, not only from the strong but from the results of their own weakness and folly and idleness and thriftlessness, can be but a wholesale creator and preserver of these qualities. This applies even to old-age and unemployment insurance — to engaging that the man who does not save will be supplied out of the savings of others, and that the man who does not work shall be supported by the man who does. If you want to give money to either man, give it to him in wages, and teach him to save it. Let both know that they, and not we, will be punished if they don't. If you want to insure work, insure work, and not rewards for not working, or for doing unnecessary work lazily and badly. It ought not to be more difficult to keep industry going at a pace that will provide jobs than to provide a dole at the expense of an industry that is not going.

Of course, our present answer to the Roosevelt program is "emergency". But these emergency measures, being eminently and increasingly satisfactory to a considerable electorate, give every indication of permanence, and none of them seems to have accomplished very much else. There were two or three million idle in our most prosperous time — not counting relatives. There were between nine and ten million unemployed in 1933; and in 1935, when the Administration was well along in its eleven-billion-dollar expenditure for "Relief and Reconstruction", there were still between nine and ten million out of work. Nearly half the population of New York City had applied for a hand-out, and a quarter of the population was getting it. Theoretically, all these are deserving people pitifully unable to find jobs. Actually, the inevitably growing demand for legitimate labor fails to keep pace with the government's corruption of its citizens, or the spreading realization that it is no longer necessary to work in order to live. On the authority of the government itself, in the same week this year that witnessed congressional enactment of a deficiency bill providing another billion and a half for Relief, there were five million more persons employed than in 1933 — and three million more on the Relief rolls. Of course, these do not include the farmers paid for not tilling the soil, or to enable them to lift mortgages by further borrowing, nor the soldiers given a couple of billions to encourage their soldiering, nor yet the army of red-tapeworms in one bureau or another that receives a trifle of four billion dollars a year — thirty-eight per cent of all the taxes collected. At the moment, 12,583,552 Americans — more than one-tenth of the population — are drawing money from the United States Treasury, and, if we allow each a single dependent, one of every five of us is being subsidized by the government.

No one who looks or listens can have

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any illusion as to the quantity and quality of labor required of this multitude, nor as to their disinclination to seek other employment. A large part of them are in evident agreement with the technocratic Mr. Howard Scott, who, at the taxpayers' expense (since funds for the meeting were supplied by Emergency Relief), recently told an audience of the jobless that "Nobody but a sucker ever worked unless he had to." The only increased activity of this horde would appear to be breeding, since Professor Bossard of the University of Pennsylvania remarks that its birthrate is sixty per cent higher than that amongst persons otherwise engaged. Last autumn's newspapers reported crops rotting all over the country while thousands of men on Relief refused to lift a hand in harvest, and one state had to suspend the dole until the shortage of farm labor was eliminated. The economic hitch-hikers have banded together, even striking to enforce their demands.

On May 8, an insider in the system wrote the New York *Sun* of "an increasingly organized group of so-called workers who swarm the offices, and distribute propaganda, all aimed at getting more and more money from the government". Two weeks before, when a mob of Relief-seekers took physical possession of legislative halls in New Jersey, the organized WPA parasites in New York City telegraphed: "Heroic action of The Workers' Alliance inspires and encourages all workers in the United States." New Jersey's governor and lawmakers tactfully avoided offending the invaders. When New York's Republican Assemblyman Wadsworth advocated confining relief to "those who, through no fault of their own, find themselves destitute", New York's Republican Congressman Fish issued warning that such statements are politically inexpedient. Does that explain the Great Heart of Government, and what happens "when democracy has attained full power"?

IV

The sum of this looting is so enormous that figures have lost meaning. How much is a billion? Someone has to remind us that it is approximately the number of minutes that have passed since the death of Christ, and, at the prevailing wage scale, the entire earnings of one hundred thousand white-collar workers for ten years. Yet, during the ten months ending May 1, 1936, the Federal Treasury paid out six billion dollars. Expenditures of the previous year were about the same. What our hundreds of city, county, and state treasuries have added to this is beyond computation. The Roosevelt bill for three years comes to twenty-four billion, two hundred million dollars — four times the amount of money in circulation, and only three hundred million less than the cost of our government, including the World War and three others, during the preceding hundred and twenty-four years!

Who is to pay all this? The fit, of course. *How* is another question, since, with all the taxes any people can bear, our national debt already is thirty-one billion, and Acting Director of the Budget Bell's latest estimate (May 27, 1936) of what it will soon be is $32,600,000,000, exclusive of the Veterans' Bonus grab. As in all earlier manifestations of this kind, the cry is still "Soak the Rich." But if we go on soaking the rich, there soon won't be any rich, and then whom are we going to soak? The proposals are the same that have been made whenever "the majority without capital" have begun eating up "the capital of the minority", but, on the present scale, and in the present industrial age, these pro-

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posals are even less practical. "Distribution of wealth" has a fine sound in the ears of those who have none, but how is it accomplished? Only the ignorant need to be told that wealth is not money, but the means of producing things that may be exchanged for money, and that when you destroy or divide these means, you are not distributing wealth, but ending it. Wealth is in factories and machines and trade assets. These factories are worth only as much as the ability that directs them, and not one penny more. You can run a billion dollars' worth of factories into bankruptcy in a year; I would trust any bureau in Washington to do it. Wealth is distributed in the process of its creation—in wages, in rents, and other payments. Take it from the men capable of creating it, and at that moment it ceases to exist.

The whole collectivist system has never failed, and never can fail, to result in bankruptcy, degeneration, and chaos, from which, in time, the world is rescued by the resumption of control by the fit few. Even some of our politicians must know this, but, as we have seen, such statements are "politically inexpedient". They would be equally inexpedient now if there were no unemployed. Always the great force that turns the world over to unfitness is not poverty, but envy. We hate the man who fares better than we do. There is no vanity like that of mediocrity; it is fatally wounded by admitting or permitting anything else. The leaders and lawmakers it elects are of its own kind; the levies for which it clamors are primarily punitive. This hatred is the greatest force on earth, and the most dangerous. It is the urge behind war, and religious and racial persecution; a Samson bent on pulling the Temple down because anyone can make ruins, but only superiority can build Temples.

As Yeats defines Swift's political philosophy, "All states depend for their health upon a right balance between the One, the Few, and the Many. Tyranny may be of the One, the Few, or the Many, but that of the Many is the immediate threat." It is this tyranny that ends civilizations. If the "capital" to which Petrie alludes were only money, if the majority in full power were content to mulct superiority without hamstringing it, the results might not be so repetitiously fatal. But what fitness cannot survive is regimentation, the destruction of initiative, the discouragement of effort. When a single industry operates under 118 different codes, as Sears-Roebuck testified that it did during the life of the NRA, and the owner of a Minnesota department store cannot allow a woman clerk an extra half-hour for luncheon without the permission of three separate bureaus in Washington, what becomes of self-reliance? For nearly four years, American business has been goose-stepping under the direction of a cluster of nonentities, facing the constant menace of investigation, whimsical regulation, fantastic taxation, government competition, worthless currency, and the "death sentence". We tremble every time a demagogue opens his mouth for fear he will put our foot in it.

We talk of "social security"; there is not a conspicuously good and useful citizen in America today who is not being threatened and harassed almost to the point of defection. I don't mean only captains of industry; I mean doctors and tradesmen and skilled artisans; every man-jack of us who has won his office or shop, who has a dollar in money, life insurance, stocks, bonds, mortgages, or credits. Before we heard of the More Abundant Life, we had pretty definite ideas of honor, integrity, industry, and thrift. We knew what we were doing, and where we were going. Now, nobody could be found wise and

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brave enough to back a bet either way. Nobody dares hazard a guess as to what will happen next. The Constitution, the Supreme Court, the rights of minorities are derided and assailed; we are surrounded by spies, and tax devisors and collectors, and bureaucrats who want to run our business and our everyday lives. In the words of Dwight Morrow, our best citizens have come to regard their government as "an alien and hostile power". We believe that votes can be bought — are being bought — with our money, and that there are enough of these voters to do as they will with us. We have no faith in our leaders, nor in Congress, nor in most of our courts. We believe that any organized group can grab as much as it wishes out of the Treasury. We would not take our nation's word, or its bond, or its word on its bond, nor will any nation take any other nation's word. Repudiation of debts and contracts is commonplace. Everybody suspects and hates almost everybody else. Class is arrayed against class, section against section, and labor against capital. Everywhere is confusion, alarm, and uncertainty. We grow slack because there seems no virtue in, or reward for, our best efforts. We spend profligately lest it be taken from us. No man has worked so well, or so long, or so hard that he can be sure of bread earned by the sweat of his brow for his old age, or of a competence for his widow and children. . . . If these are the results of three years' muddling to reconstruct the house that tumbled about our ears, isn't it time to remember that houses are reconstructed by architects, not mobs?

The customary phrases with which this view is met are "Tory", "Bourbon", and "Reactionary." Dissenters nowadays are warned not to stick out their chins — but America was not made, nor can it be saved, by men with receding chins. Neither can it be saved by apt phrases, sentimentality, and settlement-workers in office. The moment has come for facing facts squarely, and meeting them with a more dependable humanitarianism. Personally, I am willing to become a Bolshevist, a Socialist, an Inflationist, or a Townsendite if I can be persuaded that any of these panaceas can be made to operate to the advantage of mankind. But I can discover no instance where they have operated to the advantage of anyone but their chief protagonists. Famines never empty the stomachs of the Stalins. Printing-press money enriched speculators and politicians in France, Germany, and Austria, ruined the middle class, and left labor wondering how to get the hundreds of francs or millions of marks and kronen needed to buy dinner. Few Tories have occupied a grander suite than that in which Brother Jim Farley recently sailed to Bermuda, and it was not the Bourbons who sent a Jersey pants-presser to jail for charging a nickel less than they thought he should charge.

My deepest conviction is that, as Machiavelli said rather more lengthily, no one can be given more than he can achieve. The happiest land and the highest civilization is that in which every capitalist is an unhampered laborer, and every laborer a potential capitalist. You can't legislate people into the millennium; Utopia is approached by degrees, not decrees — by the slow, toilsome improvement of the race. There never has been nor ever will be a Utopia of and for ignorance, weakness, shiftlessness, and thriftlessness. "Every man a king" is a good trick if you can do it. God couldn't, or didn't. It might be better to inculcate in mankind the aspiration to be royal, and leave the world in the hands of those who can make the grade.

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RED PACIFISM

BY HERBERT WILTON STANLEY

One of the most singular spectacles in current American affairs is the emergence of the war-loving communist clique as a purposeful and directing force in the pacifist movement for world peace. Here is a note of incongruity, a touch of sublime inconsistency, as though a member of the House of Morgan were discovered serving as chief equerry to Joseph Stalin. But the Comrades are not ones to quibble over inconsistencies and paradoxes; what counts with them is results. Hence, while thousands of sincere American citizens labor diligently for the genuine pacifist cause, the militant communists labor diligently beside them — but toward an entirely different goal. This is, simply, the exploitation of the world peace movement as another recruiting agency for international communism.

To the informed observer there is, of course, a comic quality in the situation: for the quintessence of incongruity is surely displayed in a campaign which finds the disciples of world revolt, bloodshed, and violence whooping up the slogan of No More Wars. But their antics do not end here, for we are further edified by the sight of the most cynical advocates of atheism employing the Christian pulpits of America as sounding boards for the Social Revolution. By an artful commingling of hokum and sentimental appeal, the communists have hornswoggled their traditional enemies, the conservative pacifists, and have transformed the honored cause of peace into an instrument of Soviet propaganda. The irony of the situation is that many simple-hearted American peace-lovers are not yet aware of their betrayal.

It is no exaggeration to say that the most articulate and vehement leadership today in the American peace crusade is exercised by men and women who are avowed sympathizers with the Kremlin's ideology. Among them are to be found all the old familiar party hacks, each possessing an open record of activity in the official communist and Socialist campaigns in the United States. In addition to these veteran messiahs, there are thousands of peace-workers and fascist-baiters who have never crossed the dividing line between a parlor championship of Russia and a violent advocacy of Moscow ideals, but who are waiting at the boundary, ready to leap when the hour comes. These groups merge, however, in their consistent willingness to subordinate American foreign policy to the international strategy of Russia; their United Front for Peace is an echo of the realistic diplomatic maneuverings displayed by Maxim Litvinoff at Geneva.

It is the momentary pose of Tovarish Litvinoff to be an ardent defender of the League of Nations and of the European democratic nations. Actually, his objective is not the preservation of democracy at all, but the manipulation of democratic France and Great Britain to the subtle ends of Russian foreign policy. Taking advantage of the divisions among the so-called capi-

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talist powers, Litvinoff is striving to safeguard a militaristic Russia against future German or Japanese attack by driving a wedge — fomenting a war even — between the democratic and fascist nations. By a cynical exploitation of "peace", a grand alliance is being attempted, through the League, between Russia and France for the purpose of crushing anti-communist nations. Thus it is hoped to realize the injunction of Lenin, that "we must build communism with non-communist hands".

As for the actual purposes of the Soviet Government in entering the League, they were disclosed by Bela Kun, member of the Communist International, in the *Daily Worker* of September 14, 1934. He said:

> The Soviet Union does not pursue a League of Nations policy any more than revolutionary workers, when they conclude a collective agreement, are pursuing a policy of class collaboration. The Soviet Union when it enters this League will pursue a Soviet policy just as revolutionary workers in an enterprise where they are working on the basis of a collective agreement pursue a policy of class struggle.

Hence, what pacifism signifies to the American communist is simply a "party line" to strengthen the Kremlin's foreign policies. As such, it becomes another strand in the cable of party lines which now reaches into the most obscure places. The technique in all cases is identical. The Comrades, comprehending that communism cannot succeed without world-wide organization, and realizing further that the Red label attached to any socio-economic enterprise is tantamount to failure, are ceaselessly searching for some cohesive structure which can be utilized to their own ends without displaying the provocative label. The pacifist organizations in America happen to be eminently fitted to their needs, for they bear in most cases the *imprimatur* of honest and altruistic citizens, as well as the better-known church sects. These organizations are rarely attacked by public or press; indeed, they enjoy the moral support of millions of decent persons. Thus they are vulnerable to the Marxist brethren, who find it easy to manipulate them toward collectivist ends.

It is therefore both timely and enlightening to study the whole sweep of the current American peace movement, in order to appraise the extent to which communist and socialist forces are in control. Such a survey will answer the question, now disturbing many minds, whether money being poured so lavishly into a score of pacifist activities is being employed to subsidize avowed enemies of the American form of government.

II

Viewed in the aggregate, American pacifism reveals itself as a loose amalgam of three distinguishable groups, which may be classified as the Left, the Center, and the Right. Of course, no hard and fast lines may be accurately drawn. For instance, the Left and the Right merge with the Center on many important issues, and individual pacifist groups and personalities appear and reappear in changing combinations with singular rapidity. But it is precisely because of this confused character of the pacifist movement that the Marxists and their fascist-baiting friends have found its leadership so vulnerable to persuasion and manipulation.

The two outstanding groups of the pacifist Left are the American League Against War and Fascism and that martial, crusading, distaff organization, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Strictly speaking, the two movements cannot be regarded as separate, for

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the W.I.L. is an affiliate of the former and its delegates attend the annual "Congresses Against War." The executive directorate of the two organizations is autonomous, with the League unquestionably the more extreme of the two movements.

During the last two years, the League Against War and Fascism has come forward rapidly as the most advertised of the current peace groups. By ballyhoo, by shrewdly-staged publicity stunts, and by lugubrious pretenses of anti-war sentiment, it has succeeded in drawing to itself much of the general public interest formerly attached to the milder pacifist bodies. The most amazing feature of its advance has been the fact that prominent non-radicals in public life have been willing to aid it as a genuine peace movement, despite its undeniable communist control.

A case in point was the annual Congress staged by the League in Cleveland last January. By clever manipulation, the officers were able not only to persuade Harold H. Burton, the Republican Mayor of Cleveland, to attend the Congress and to deliver an official address of welcome, but they also succeeded in securing the use of the city-owned Public Auditorium for their meetings, the display of advertisements of the Congress in the city-owned streetcars, and traffic arrows pointing to the Auditorium in the streets. Bishop Edgar F. Blake of the Methodist Church, Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, and Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler gave respectability to the sessions by addressing the delegates. But it was at this same Congress that Dr. Harry F. Ward, the national chairman of the League, gave away the whole game by declaring in his opening speech:

> A good many times our constituent forces and those who come to our meetings ask us this: Is the American League Against War and Fascism anti-capitalistic? Of course it is. How, otherwise, could it stop war? We try to show people in our propaganda that today the economic causes of war are rooted in capitalistic economics.

At another meeting of the League, held recently in Chicago, a newspaper correspondent described the scene as follows:

> Hanging out from the balcony railing, on poles, were many red banners with the insignia of various units of the Communist Party, Young Communist League, Communist International Workers' Order, etc. . . . There was also a small orchestra which played the Communist *Internationale* when, late in the program, the general secretary of the Communist Party, Earl Browder, was announced, and the mob stood up, broke into cheering, whistling, catcalling, and stamping, waved red flags, and with fervor and clenched fists sang the *Internationale*. . . . Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union was the chairman. He announced proudly that, in addition to organizations of the "parties of the Left", the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom was part of the congress. He said that some organizations had objected to co-operating with the communists in this congress, but that it was impossible to have any worthwhile movement without communists.

The success of the Comrades in thrusting this organizational wedge into the American peace movement may be ascribed, principally, to their unceasing exploitation of the "fascist" issue. The coupling of fascism and war in the title of this new League in 1933 was a master publicity stroke. It coincided with the tumultuous reaction against Adolf Hitler among radical and liberal groups at the time. It disarmed those who otherwise would have attacked the League, because it gave the controlling communist group a pretext for accusing all their critics of being actuated by fascist sympathies. By continuous reiteration of this bogus issue, the accused were able to become the accusers.

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An illustration of the manner in which the League holds its fascist-baiting as a club over the heads of public officials was the recent Harvey incident in Queens Borough, New York City. The League sought the use of Borough Hall for a propaganda session. President Harvey, advised that the meeting would be a communist rally under the cloak of an anti-war crusade, rejected the request. Events then moved rapidly. A storm of protest descended upon him from numerous radical and racial groups, accusing him of suppression of free speech. Finally a delegation, hand-picked so as to include no known communists, visited him in the name of the League and served notice that in refusing the use of Borough Hall he was giving comfort to "Fascists and Nazis". They swore solemnly that the League was not a communist organization. At the head of the delegation was James Waterman Wise, son of the most influential church opponent of Nazi-ism in America. The protest placed the Borough President in a dangerous political position, where persistence in his course would have given his enemies a chance to accuse him of Nazi sympathies. In the end he capitulated before this form of communist blackmail and granted Borough Hall to the League.

Of course, it is the firmly-maintained pose of the League that it is not a communist organization. It affects an injured air of astonishment whenever its critics are so rude as to identify it with the Third International. Nevertheless, a brief digression into recent communist history will establish the fact that this much-publicized League is nothing other than what the Socialists have characterized as an "innocents" organization, launched by agents of the communist movement for the purpose of diverting current pacifist sentiment into collectivist political channels.

In 1924, the Fifth Congress of the Communist International at Moscow adopted the new policy of the United Front for all official communist parties throughout the world, including the United States. Briefly, this policy required that communists abandon their former sectarian attitude of total opposition to all other non-communist radical groups, and enter into United Front alliances with Socialists and Left-wing liberals to agitate specific issues.

Two objectives have been accomplished by this strategy. First, a vast public has been brought into the orbit of communist influence by such Red championship of specific causes, a public which the Comrades hope eventually will be shepherded into the actual communist movement. Second, by disguising themselves as champions of civil liberties, or Negro rights, or immigrant welfare, or world peace, communist agitators have won an immunity from attack which they would not enjoy in open roles. Thus, whenever a Hearst or a Chaillaux attacks a communist who at the moment may be doubling in brass as a functionary of the American League Against War and Fascism, the indignant Comrade can shriek "Red-baiter" and appeal to a liberty-loving public to rally to his defense in this "un-American" persecution of a foe of "fascism". It is, indeed, an extremely convenient device for turning defendant into prosecutor before the bar of muddled public thinking.

The issue of pacifism offered a particularly attractive opportunity for such United Front interpenetration. The grotesqueness of communist zeal for peace in view of the bristling militarism of Soviet Russia did not occur to the humorless Marxian mind. Moreover, the achievement of pacifist aims in America coincided directly with revolutionary purposes. It had long been a tenet of the Marxians that dis-

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armament of the bourgeoisie is an antecedent step to successful proletarian revolution. Accordingly, by working with the religious and liberal pacifist elements for the reduction of armaments and the crippling of the American munitions industry, communists would be weakening the defenses of a system which it was their purpose eventually to attack.

The first step taken by the Comrades to enter the pacifist field on an organized scale was the holding of the World Congress Against War in Amsterdam, Holland, on August 27, 1932. The overt communist character of this gathering resulted in its being barred from four countries, Switzerland, Great Britain, France, and Belgium, before it was finally permitted to assemble in Amsterdam.

The American delegates to the Congress returned home to establish a similar permanent organization in the United States. There was, however, considerable acrimonious discussion of the project within the communist family at the time. A representative of the Comintern, Comrade Yurevich, was sent to the United States from Moscow to confer with American communists regarding the launching of the Red peace movement. Earl Browder, secretary of the American Communist Party, at first objected to the Comintern's plans. A sharp rejoinder came from Moscow and Comrade Browder quickly saw the error of his ways. He proceeded to mobilize the full energies of the party behind the campaign for the new peace organization. A United States Congress Against War and Fascism was called in New York for September 29, 1933.

A perusal of the files of the *Daily Worker*, the official American communist organ, for September and October, 1933, will leave no doubt concerning the now-disputed parentage of the convention which launched the American League Against War and Fascism. An official statement by Browder was published on September 15 defining the communist objectives of the meeting. The guest of honor at the Congress was Henri Barbusse, French author and pacifist, who had been the guiding spirit of the World Congress at Amsterdam. "Yes, I'm a communist, and proud of it," Barbusse declared upon his arrival from Europe.

When the delegates assembled, after listening to addresses by Barbusse, Browder, James Ford, Robert Minor, Israel Amter, and Robert Morss Lovett, from a lengthy panel of well-known communist orators, the Congress unanimously passed a resolution declaring an "unyielding struggle against War, Fascism, and for Defense of the Soviet Union". Out of this assemblage was born the American League Against War and Fascism which is now being officially welcomed by conservative mayors, addressed by such men as General Butler and Bishop Blake, and given the cooperation of an incalculable number of befuddled but fundamentally patriotic American pacifists.

Perhaps the best demonstration of the indubitable communist character of the League is seen in the fact that the Socialist Party, after electing a sub-committee to represent it at the New York Congress, withdrew these delegates following the discovery that the movement was merely an "innocents" organization of the communists. In the *New Leader* of August 12, 1933, an official statement of the Socialist Party declared that "the communists have betrayed the United States Congress Against War by attempting to make it a tool to be used against the Socialists". When J. B. Matthews, then a member of the Socialist Party, attended the New York meeting and was elected chairman of the

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newly-formed League, the party forced him to resign the chairmanship under penalty of expulsion. Even after the "Militants" captured the Socialist Party at the Detroit convention in 1934, with a presumably friendly attitude toward a United Front with the Comrades, the party continued to persist in its refusal to be drawn into such an alliance with communism as affiliation with the League would infer. And yet, in the face of such evidence, the League continues to protest shrilly that it is non-communist, and that those who attack it are actuated by fascist sympathies.

An examination of the literature of the League demonstrates that peace is not the primary objective of its efforts. "The points of continuous emphasis at present," a pamphlet declares, "are (1) activity toward the stopping of the Italo-Ethiopian war, and the prevention of conflict in the Far East, and (2) opposition to growing American fascism as expressed by the use of troops, the American Legion, 'Law and Order' committees, and vigilantes in strikes and labor conflicts. . . . Opposition to the war-mongering of government officials, military officers, and others is a part of our activity. The League has been aggressive in its attacks on William Randolph Hearst, opposing his papers and newsreels, his war propaganda and Red-baiting, and his drive against the rights of organized workers."

Of course, such a program bluntly reveals the disingenuousness of the pretense of pacifism. None of the above activities has any legitimate place in a genuine peace movement. It should be obvious, even to the most gullible, that American activity against Italy and Japan would lead the United States not to peace, but to inevitable participation in war. But both programs would strengthen Soviet Russia, whose interests demand the curbing of the fascist nations in Europe and the inveigling of the United States into the expected future war in Manchuria. Of course, such manipulation of American public opinion, in the interests of Russia, is the actual purpose of the League under the cant of pacifist phrases.

Moreover, it is highly difficult to reconcile the campaign of the League against Mr. Hearst with any other but communist objectives. Whatever opinion one may hold of Hearst journalism, there can be little question that during the last eighteen months he has rendered yeoman service in exposing the propaganda maneuvers of the communist movement. It is for this that the League is penalizing him, and not for any mythical "fascist" designs. Since the Hearst press commenced its campaign against communism, a widespread movement has been initiated by the League to inflame racial groups to boycott Hearst papers by appealing to anti-Nazi emotions. In New York, groups of League members have been organized to go from theater to theater, protesting the Hearst newsreels with the object of frightening theater owners into cancelling contracts. The League has actually attempted to set itself up as a censor of the motion pictures to be displayed to American audiences. Any current film which includes strike or labor scenes which may be regarded in any way as unfavorable to the revolutionary movement, or any picture which shows Soviet Russia in an unkind light, is greeted by pickets sent out by the League.

What all this activity has to do with peace is beyond ordinary comprehension. It bears out, however, the fact that the League has little interest in the pacifist cause, apart from the Moscow peace programs which Comrade Litvinoff projects from time to time, and that its primary and unwearying concern is the prosecution

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of class war in America. The actual role of the League, in brief, is to serve as a communist spearhead in all controversial situations wherein it is advisable to act in the name of an organization not directly vulnerable to the revolutionary stigma.

III

While the League Against War and Fascism can be pigeonholed as an unquestionably communist subsidiary, it is not so easy to characterize that other conspicuous Leftist group, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Admittedly its ranks are filled with enthusiasts whose interest in the class war is as keen as their interest in peace. But unlike the A.L.A.W.F., it is not one of the Moscow-inspired "innocents" organizations. Its zeal for peace is genuine, however enmeshed it may be with extraneous political considerations.

The W.I.L. operates primarily as a high-powered pressure movement in Washington. Its lobby is one of the most resourceful and meddlesome on Capitol Hill in all measures relating to national defense, neutrality, or the League of Nations. It has, in Miss Dorothy Detzer, its executive secretary, an extremely capable legislative worker. Miss Detzer has always been classified with the Left-wingers, and she was one of the delegates to the communist-sponsored World Congress Against War in Amsterdam, as well as to the first Congress Against War and Fascism in New York. She is generally credited with the authorship of Senator Nye's resolution which resulted in the Senate Munitions Investigation. She worked closely with Nye and the Socialist, Stephen Raushenbush, throughout the inquisition. That it was her influence which resulted in the disastrous Nye decision to place the main emphasis of the investigation upon the abolition of profit in munitions manufacture is an open secret.

The W.I.L., since its first appearance in the wartime atmosphere of 1915, has always enjoyed an unusual respect from conservatives, in deference to its founder and long-time leader, the late Jane Addams. Respect for Miss Addams' memory, however, should not conceal the fact that the organization is now openly allied with the Socialist and Communist Parties in a number of non-pacifist interests. In its current statement of policies, the League declares as one of its three principles that "We believe that there can be neither peace nor freedom without justice, and that the existing economic system is a challenge to our whole position. Our duty, therefore, and also our opportunity as pacifists, is to work for a better economic and social order by every non-violent means." In its 1935-36 program, announced in the same publication, it does not confine itself to peace objectives, but ranges widely over the field which socialists and communists have long cultivated as their own, advocating such causes as civil liberties (in the Roger N. Baldwin sense), more rights for Negroes, the admission of German refugees to the United States, and the defeat of the Tydings-McCormack military disaffection bill. Quite characteristically, the publications of the League bristle with attacks upon fascism but do not, in any place, express a similar disapprobation of communism.

Perhaps the most indubitable indication of the kinship of the W.I.L. to the Marxians is the fact that it has been generously endowed by the Garland Fund. The organizations which have been selected by the Fund for subsidies comprise a roll-call of those movements which the Reds themselves regard as forerunners of the Revolu-

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tion. The complete administration of the Fund, it will be recalled, was in the hands of a Board of Trustees of thirteen, including such undisguised communists or socialists as Roger N. Baldwin, William Z. Foster, Scott Nearing, Robert Morss Lovett, Norman Thomas, Harry F. Ward, Sidney Hillman, James Weldon Johnson, Lewis S. Gannett, etc. Some of the causes to which the Garland money was allocated by these directors were the *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses*, the Communist International Labor Defense, the anarchist Ferrer School of Stelton, New Jersey, the I.W.W., the Socialist Rand School, etc. The stigma which attaches to the receipt of Garland money is recognized clearly by the pacifists themselves, as instanced by the protestation in an official prospectus of Frederick J. Libby, director of the National Council for the Prevention of War, that "the National Council has never received money from the Garland Fund".

Countless smaller Left-wing pacifist groups crowd the field beyond the W.I.L. Such organizations as the War Resisters League, World Peaceways, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Committee on Militarism in Education, exhibit virtually the same assortment of pink and red names on their letter-heads, together with a window-dressing of inactive conservative peace advocates. Most of these Left-wing groups have been beneficiaries of the Garland Fund. Each has its specific sector of the pacifist front which it cultivates with aggressive and ardent radical enthusiasm.

IV

It is difficult to chart accurately the many church peace movements, although a general view places them in the Center. Traditionally, the Christian peace groups should belong to the far Right in any scale of political coloring. Their zeal for peace is theological rather than political. But the human element in these organizations upsets the equation. Actually, the church groups have for years been so wracked by communist and socialist propaganda that there is serious question whether some of them should not be classified close to the Marxian Left.

One has only to recall the No More War demonstration in New York in May, 1935, when eminent churchmen fraternized with communists and socialists in a parade whose marching thousands chanted "Support the Soviet peace policy!" to realize the faintness of the line which separates many of the clerical pacifists from the revolutionaries. With such supposed non-Socialist clergymen as Dr. Robert W. Searle, secretary of the Greater New York Council of Churches, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and Bishop Robert L. Paddock among others in the line of march, it was apparent that a large section of Christian pacifism is already prepared to accept the co-operation of the extreme Left.

Each denomination now maintains its separate bureau of peace propaganda, whose activities are continuously co-ordinated by Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk's Department of International Justice and Good Will of the Federal Council of Churches. The programs of these separate agencies, in turn, dovetail into the work of the Carnegie-supported World Alliance for International Friendship. It is all very confusing to the outsider and it is doubtless equally confusing to the clergy, who find themselves sprayed continuously by streams of pacifist propaganda and entreaty from a battery of parallel Christian peace agencies.

The extent to which the church is being mobilized for political action on peace issues was demonstrated early this year

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when the ill-fated McReynolds neutrality measure received the brief and ineffectual sponsorship of President Roosevelt in Congress. The official heads of the twenty-five principal Protestant denominations were lined up by the Federal Council behind a crackling manifesto demanding the passage of a neutrality measure which would permit the President to "co-operate with other nations for the prevention of war". It is interesting to note that in the Italian-Ethiopian situation which faced Washington at the time, such a pronunciamento was tantamount to a demand that the American government obligate itself to go to war, if necessary, to prevent war. As such it was obviously a contradiction of the Christian peace concept. Since this was precisely the position which was being taken by all the Left elements at that time, it is not difficult to suspect the hand of the Leftists in this formulating of Christian political policies.

As a matter of fact, the peace and "social action" agencies in the various denominations have long been the favored stamping ground of the Reds inside the churches. Many of these denominational committees have been captured by communists and socialists who have committed them to numerous revolutionary objectives. Such outspoken communist or socialist sympathizers as the Rev. Harry F. Ward, secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service, the Rev. William B. Spofford of the Episcopal Church League for Industrial Democracy, and the Rev. Hubert C. Herring, secretary of the Department of Social Relations of the Congregational Church, have developed to a fine art the exploitation of these denominational names for the support of radical causes, to the indignation of the conservative majority of their co-religionists.

It is regrettable to note, in view of the long honored peace stand which has been taken by the Society of Friends, that the Comrades have been particularly successful in injecting socialistic partisanship into the peace work of the Quakers. Indeed, it is something of a jest among radicals themselves that, nowadays, wealthy Pennsylvania Quakers have become, through their peace sympathies, among the most generous financial angels of the Leftist movements.

The spearhead of peace activities among the Quakers is the American Friends Service Committee, which recently sprang into fame as the recipient of Mrs. Roosevelt's radio earnings. It was this committee which sponsored Mrs. Roosevelt's unhappy national lecture tour on behalf of peace. But the Friends Service Committee, ever since the World War, has exhibited an inordinate tolerance of outspoken socialists and communists as participants in its various activities, as well as a willingness to sponsor and support such dubious lobbying movements as the National Council for the Prevention of War. To mention only a few, the committee has maintained on its staff at different times such militant socialists as Karl M. Borders and Paul H. Douglas. In 1922, it employed as its publicity director Robert W. Dunn, a conspicuous American communist who was later to serve as a member of the board of the Garland Fund. One of its most active lecturers at the present time is Kirby Page, outspoken socialist advocate and successor to Norman Thomas as editor of the late Christian Socialist magazine, *The World Tomorrow*. At this writing, the committee is sponsoring a nation-wide lecture tour for George Lansbury, Left-wing Socialist member of the British Parliament, who is using the Quaker platform as a microphone for revolutionary Socialist propaganda.

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But probably the most important of the Centrist peace movements is the National Council for the Prevention of War. This powerful lobby at Washington comes naturally into the pacifist story at this point, since it is a stepchild of the Friends Committee. It is generally understood that the Council, which was originally projected at the time of the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1922, was made possible by an annual subsidy of $30,000 from the Friends. To this date, Quaker opponents of war are its most reliable financial contributors.

It is no exaggeration to describe the Council as the most effective peace agency in America today. It differs from the dreamy and impractical type of pacifist organization in the hard-headed realism of its policies and tactics. It has attempted to exercise in the peace movement the technique of minority political manipulation which was employed so strikingly by the late lamented Anti-Saloon League. Instead of dissipating its resources in vague peace propaganda, the League has adopted as its slogan, "Say it with votes," and it has initiated a drive which, it hopes, will eventually set up a Peace Action Committee in each of the 435 congressional districts in the United States. Through these congressional committees it is attempting to build a political fire behind every unfriendly congressman who refuses to respond to Washington suasion.

The scope of its work is increasing year by year. In its advertising literature, the Council states that it now enjoys an annual propaganda budget of $150,000. It recently announced the receipt of a gift of $69,000 from an anonymous Washington woman to aid in the extension of its work. The Council now has a permanent staff of eighty persons, and it has recently taken on 500 additional workers to act as salesmen of Peace Bonds, through which it hopes to raise a propaganda fund of $1,000,000 before December 31.

Last year, the Council boasts, it distributed 1,316,688 pieces of peace propaganda literature. Its staff members delivered 2187 speeches in thirty-nine states and the District of Columbia. "Through manifold channels," its literature proclaims, "including press, radio, and mailing lists, the National Council reaches out to the millions of high-school students and teachers, comes into the homes of housewives and mothers, touches 100,000 farmers annually, supplies debating material to college students, stirs churchmen to new zeal for peace, addresses increasing meetings in the ranks of labor."

That the Council is a potent factor in the present hysterical situation at Washington is seen in its 1934 proclamation that "five of the policies of our last year's program have become the official policies of our government." It lists them: "(1) Repeal of the Platt Amendment; (2) Recognition of Soviet Russia; (3) Embargo on the Shipment of Arms to Bolivia and Paraguay; (4) Senatorial Investigation of the Armaments Industry; (5) Membership in the International Labor Organization."

Has the revolutionary Left penetrated this formidable organization? On the surface, there are few signs of such a development. In its literature the Council takes particular pains to point out that "it does not find co-operation possible with the communists nor with the American Legion". It is significant that it does not include the socialists in this disclaimer. But notwithstanding these sharp words, there have been signs of a curious affinity between the executive head of the Council and certain individual communists since the beginning. There has also been a friendly attitude toward those borderline

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causes which engage the ardor of the extreme Left.

The personal element plays a strong part in the Council. Its founder and dominating spirit since the beginning has been the Rev. Frederick J. Libby. In many respects, Libby deserves a niche with Wayne B. Wheeler and James G. McDonald as one of the century's master merchandisers of propaganda. The job which has been done by the Council is all his handiwork. Libby stepped into his work with the Council direct from a staff position with the American Friends Service Committee, where, incidentally, Miss Detzer also received her training. Early in his new undertaking, he constituted himself as a one-man lobby to induce American recognition of Soviet Russia. In his official pamphlet of February 11, 1922, he wrote that "Soviet Russia has found an advocate in our bulletin". Despite his public protestation of communist non-co-operation, it is interesting to note that he finds nothing incongruous in the presence of communists on his own staff. For some time, his publicity man at the Council was Seymour Waldman, now a Washington correspondent for the communist *Daily Worker*. At another time, he employed as his field representative and lecturer Thomas Que Harrison, who had previously attained a wide reputation as a communist advocate and as a writer for the *Daily Worker*. Two of the movements which are listed as "participating organizations" of the Council — the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom — are notoriously Left-wing groups.

It would seem that the very militance of Libby's pacifism, a quality which differentiates him from the sedate and decorous peace apostles who draw salaries from the Carnegie funds, brings him into continuous touch with the Marxists. The experience of the Council illustrates the inescapable dilemma of all militant peace groups today — a dilemma either of inaction or of increasing co-operation with the volatile improvisations of the Left.

V

What may be called the Right of the American peace movement is still overshadowed by the towering figure of Andrew Carnegie. Although a score of years has passed since Carnegie died, the momentum of his money still rules the peace field. In 1919 the various Carnegie endowments added Geneva to the Hague in their peace strategy. Since that time it has been the unceasing impulsion of the foundations which has kept the League of Nations issue alive in the inhospitable atmosphere of American politics.

In an article such as this, it is impossible to do more than list the various foundations which are subsidizing peace propaganda in this country. The pillar of the pacifist Right, of course, is the princely Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. With an endowment of $11,720,978 and under the astute leadership of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, this well-oiled propaganda mechanism has influenced much of the unwritten history of the post-war period. It distributes an income of over $200,000 per year among the various subsidiary bodies which work under its direction. It finances such organizations as the Institute of International Education for the exchange of scholars and lecturers with European nations; the League of Nations Association for the support of its educational program in this country and for the maintenance of the American Committee at Geneva; the International Relations Clubs for peace propaganda among college students, and the Foreign

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Policy Association, for lectures and publications. A recently-launched financial beneficiary of the Endowment is the National Peace Conference, a federation of peace societies which ties in with the Federal Council of Churches through Dr. Van Kirk, its executive secretary. The primary program of this Conference appears to be the committal of the United States to support of the sanctions of the League of Nations. Another Carnegie establishment which has its own separate endowment of $2,297,000 is the Church Peace Union which, with its subsidiary, the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, maintains an elaborate organization for the diffusion of peace propaganda through the American churches.

The power of the Carnegie influence in the peace movement is subtly felt in every direction. Independent peace agencies, hopeful of subsidies from this Croesus hand, are disinclined to diverge from the Carnegie viewpoints. A large professional staff of high-salaried publicists and lecturers occupies these various endowed offices and has a vested interest in the perpetuation of the peace cause. The Carnegie payroll signers are a compact group which jealously endeavors at all times to hold the reins over the general pacifist movement.

Radicalism has penetrated the Carnegie agencies only to a slight degree. The types which are found in the executive chairs of these endowments are mild, middle-of-the-road liberals, whose high sense of social service is tempered by the restraining conservatism of invested money. Occasionally the Carnegie coterie executes a gesture of patronizing tolerance toward the Left as when, last year, the Carnegie Endowment devoted its monthly publication to the reprint of a Stalin speech with a supplementary article by the American Marxist, Sidney Hook. Such episodes, however, are conspicuous only for their infrequency. Generally speaking, the Carnegie agencies, aside from their fanatical obsession with the League of Nations, may be said to be a dependable Right-wing bulwark amid the oscillations of American pacifism toward the Left.

Belonging also to the Right is the World Peace Foundation which, although not one of the Carnegie chain, closely resembles it in policy. This body was established in 1910 by an endowment of $1,000,000 from Edwin Ginn. It has identified itself closely with the League of Nations in recent years, and acts as the American disseminator of League and World Court publications.

VI

To summarize, then, a survey of American peace movements from Left to Right reveals an appalling confusion of aims and political attitudes. There is an opportunistic interlocking of activities and personnel among the rival pacifist groups beyond the controlled area of Carnegie endowments and the League of Nations propagandists. There is an irresponsible willingness on the part of both the Centrist and the Left groups to stultify their pacifism by open co-operation with insincere communist and socialist agents. Particularly, there is an alarming disposition on the part of sincere church peace groups to permit their activities to be directed by the Wards, the Pages, the Niebuhrs, and the Schmalzes whose political loyalties have already gone over definitely to the cause of the social revolution.

Unquestionably the number of men and women in the peace movements who are conscious supporters of communist revolution is small. Outside the American League Against War and Fascism, and

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possibly the Methodist Federation for Social Service, the revolutionists do not openly control any of the major peace movements. Even in these two groups, their control is disguised by a fiction of phrases. But it is the genius of the revolutionist that he is most dangerous when most disguised. He is fortified at all times by a fixed goal, a unifying plan, and he easily outmaneuvers the drifting majority which is planless before the challenge of events. Particularly does the Leftist find it easy to dominate when he enters the ambiguous environs of pacifism. Since pacifism is an attitude rather than a philosophy, the Marxists with their clearly-defined objectives find it easy to manipulate their peace co-workers toward collectivist ends.

From the standpoint of real world peace, the interpenetration of the Reds in the pacifist movement is little short of disastrous. It has weakened the disinterested moral appeal of peace education by confusing it with the social and economic issues of the radicals. And unfortunately, there is little hope of the reversal of the present pacifist trend toward the Left, so long as the Right remains incoherent.

The Marxist seeks not peace but class war. He marches with pacifism, not to end war but to exploit pacifism for the launching of the most deadly internecine strife which has ever been suffered by mankind. To admit such incompatible allies into its ranks is to forfeit for pacifism the moral respect of the world. Without a resolute and realistic attitude on the part of the genuine pacifist — an attitude which pacifism has not yet exhibited — there can be no checking of the present Red advance. Pacifism will become merely another party line for the resourceful schemers who have determined that American democratic government must perish.

STRANGER'S QUESTION

BY JOHN HOLMES

Do you know a country where the brave are brave,
Where no one hates the lonely or the wise,
A country where, till death, no mortal dies?
It is not childhood. It is not the grave.
It is a real country, I believe, where skies
Like these are rainy or with wind blown blue.
Is it the very country I am passing through,
Where no man fights the dark with fists and lies?
Is it somewhere along this common street
That I may hear man's love for man sung loud?
Is it in this country that the poor are proud? — "
The stranger asked, not hearing me repeat
Denial, not even guessing I was kind
Because I thought him lost, or mad, or blind.

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GAMBLING HELLS OF NEW ORLEANS

BY HERBERT ASBURY

THE dominating vice of Creole New Orleans, early in the last century, was a passion for gambling which has never since been equaled on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Addiction to games of chance was so nearly universal, and became so definitely a trait of local character, as to foster a tradition that the first of the riffraff colonists sent to Louisiana by the Mississippi Company stepped ashore with a deck of cards in his pocket and a roulette wheel under his arm. Professional gamblers appeared on the scene in large numbers as soon as the flatboats and keelboats began coming down the Mississippi, and Girod and Tchoupitoulas Streets bloomed as the favorite haunts of the boat crews and the rougher elements of the city's population. In both of these areas every dive, even the bordellos, furnished facilities for gambling, and practically all of them were crooked.

So far as the records show, the only square game among the scores frequented by the river men was to be found in a little roulette house on Tchoupitoulas Street, operated by an old Frenchman named Grampin, who went bankrupt in an extraordinary fashion. Among his regular customers was a flatboat captain who came in every night while he was in port and bet twenty-five cents — never more and never less — on the red at roulette. One night the captain sat down, staked his coin, and leaned his head on his hand while Grampin spun the wheel. Red won, and the money was doubled. As the captain did not pick up his winnings, Grampin again started the little ball rolling, and again it stopped on red, once more doubling the stake. Again and again the frantic Frenchman spun the wheel, and each time red won, while the flatboat captain sat like a stone image, apparently oblivious both to his good fortune and to the excitement which his play was creating. At the sixteenth turn of the wheel, when the captain's winnings amounted to about $8000 on his original investment of a quarter, Grampin pushed all the money he had across the table and excitedly ordered the river man to leave. When the latter still did not move, Grampin pushed him, and he rolled stiffly from his chair to the floor. He was dead. With great promptness several members of his crew, who had accompanied him to the gambling house, gathered up the body, the roulette wheel, the money, and all the furniture, and rushed from the place. When a dozen of the night watch appeared a little later, they found the old Frenchman weeping in the middle of a bare room.

For some twenty-five years after the American accession the gambling houses of the town were as shabby and unpretentious as their proprietors; small places in the side streets, fitted with roulette wheels and a few card tables. The first of the sumptuous palaces of chance, which became famous as the most pleasant spots in the United States in which to lose money,

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was opened in 1827 by John Davis. He established also a branch, of equal magnificence, a mile from the city, which was operated only from Saturday noon to early Monday morning. On Sunday evening an elaborate dinner was served free to all players. The Orleans Street house, however, was open day and night seven days a week, with croupiers and dealers working in four-hour shifts. Although Davis started both of these establishments during one of the periods in which gambling was being rigorously suppressed, he was not molested by the authorities, and he had the field practically to himself until 1832, when the Legislature legalized gambling in New Orleans and thus permitted any man to open a place who would pay the license fee of $7500 a year. Under the protection of this law a score of high-class places quickly appeared.

In these establishments there were a dozen ways by which a man and his money might be parted, but the most popular methods of separation were faro, roulette, and *vingt-et-un*, from which came the American game of blackjack. The proprietors also provided private rooms for the convenience of aristocrats and officials who refused to demean themselves by gambling with *hoi polloi*. Most of these exclusives were devotees of *écarté* and brag, the latter an ancient card game from which poker probably developed. There was no limit in the gambling houses; a loss of $25,000 at a sitting was not uncommon, and many men of wealth poured from $50,000 to $100,000 a year across the gaming tables. Others became paupers overnight, staking their plantations, their city real estate, their slaves, and everything of value they possessed. As a Louisiana historian said, "captains of vessels lost their salaries, ship-owners their cargoes, planters the money which they had gained from the sale of the year's crops". Members of the Marigny family are said to have gambled so heavily, and so unsuccessfully, that in order to pay their losses they were compelled to sell their famous plantation. Perhaps the most consistent loser in New Orleans history was Colonel John R. Grymes, the wealthy lawyer who had acquired considerable notoriety by his defense of the pirate Jean Lafitte. Colonel Grymes' law practice brought him a large income, but he dissipated it at the gaming tables and died a poor man. Tradition has it that although he gambled at every opportunity, not once did he win a hand, and that for more than a decade his losses averaged $50,000 a year.

In the middle 'Fifties, when Price McGrath, James Sherwood, and Henry Perritt, who had successfully operated large establishments in St. Louis and other cities, invaded the field, the industry underwent a great renaissance of splendor. The newcomers formed a partnership under the firm name of McGrath & Company, acquired a property at No. 4 Carondelet Street, refurnished it at a cost of $70,000, and opened a gambling-house which for richness of appointment, and elegance of service, outshone even Davis' famous place of the earlier day. It is said to have been the first resort of the kind in America wherein the croupiers and dealers were required to wear evening dress. The sumptuous buffet suppers served free each evening were celebrated all over the country. Besides being one of the most splendidly equipped gambling houses in the United States, the establishment of McGrath & Company was perhaps the most honest, and the partners really tried to keep from the tables men who could not afford to lose.

The great success of this policy influenced the dozen other large houses which

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were opened about the same time, and New Orleans enjoyed some half-dozen years of remarkably upright gambling. One of the palatial establishments was the scene, about 1860, of a wild gambling spree by the representative of a large Greek importing firm. He is said to have gambled steadily for four days and nights, with only a few hours' rest, and to have lost $80,000 in one night's play. His losses during the four days amounted to $250,000.

II

But the professionals who operated in New Orleans were drab fellows compared with their gaudy brethren of the steamboats; in dress and demeanor they were scarcely distinguishable from the general run of citizens. Whatever color and spectacularity attached to the gamblers themselves in early Creole times were provided by river sharpers who occasionally stopped ashore for brief vacations from their arduous labors of fleecing the traveling sucker. For gambling on the river was recognized as an established institution. Many steamboat captains considered it bad luck to leave a wharf without a gambler on board, and no attempt was made to hinder him when he started operations. He was in his heyday from about 1835 to the Civil War; from 600 to 800 men regularly worked the big boats between New Orleans and St. Louis. During this period, when the "floating palaces" were renowned as the ultimate in luxurious travel, the gambler gave to life on the Mississippi a picturesqueness which in earlier days had been provided by the swaggering bullies of the flatboat crews.

Contemporary writers agree that as a class he was the best-dressed man in the United States; certainly he was the most dazzling. His basic garments were somber enough — black soft hat, black broadcloth coat and trousers, black high-heeled boots, black tie and white shirt — but it was the manner in which he embellished this groundwork that earned him his reputation. The shirt was cut low in the neck, with a loose collar, and a bosom marvelously frilled, and only partly concealed by a fancy vest of unspeakable gaudiness, fastened with pearl, gold, or diamond buttons. At least three diamond rings encircled as many smooth fingers, and another stone, known as "the headlight" and as large as he could afford, gleamed amidst the frizzles of the white shirt. In a pocket of the vest was his watch, usually a big gold repeater set with gems, and attached to the watch was one end of a long gold chain which was looped about his neck and draped across his shirt-front.

Jimmy Fitzgerald, a New Orleans sharper who made — and lost — a fortune playing poker and faro on the river, was perhaps the best dressed gambler of his time. He sent to Paris for his boots, possessed four overcoats and a score of expensive suits, and wore a golden chain a rod long and as big around as his little finger. When he came aboard a steamboat he was followed by three slaves bearing his raiment. He was a reckless and spectacular player, and what he made on the river he lost in the gambling houses ashore. He was frequently known to "call the turn" at faro, and, guessing incorrectly the order in which the last two cards in the box would appear, lose his wardrobe, his diamonds and golden chain, and his Negroes. But a few weeks after such a disaster he invariably reappeared on the steamboats as resplendent as ever, complaining because his newest pair of boots had not yet arrived from France.

Another noted fashion-plate was Colonel Charles Starr, a tall, handsome man of im-

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posing presence, who was also celebrated among the gamblers as the biggest liar on the river. To hear him tell it, he owned at least half of the plantations on the Mississippi, and gambled only because he was bored by his uncountable wealth. He was able to impart a certain air of verisimilitude to his boastings by hiring Negroes to meet whatever steamboat he was traveling on at various landings and hail him as "Massa Kunnel", representing themselves as overseers on his broad acres and asking for instructions. And these the Colonel always gave, pompously and in great detail. Starr accumulated a sizeable fortune by his activities on the Mississippi, but in his later years lost all his money in futile attempts to break the faro banks. When he was finally at the end of his resources, and driven to cadging food, he entered a New Orleans restaurant, where he had been a welcome guest in the days of his prosperity, and ordered an elaborate dinner. The manager demanded payment in advance. Without a word Colonel Starr left the place. In an hour he returned with five dollars (for which he had pawned his overcoat), and ordered the best dinner obtainable for that amount. When it was served, deliberately and very carefully he turned each dish upside down. Then he walked out. That night he died.

At least ninety per cent of the elegant tricksters who preyed upon the river traveler were known in the vernacular as "sure-thing players", a euphemistic way of saying that they were as crooked as the proverbial corkscrew, and ran "brace" games exclusively. They were adepts at palming cards and dealing from the bottom, called "laying the bottom stock"; and used such cheating devices as vest, table, sleeve, and belt holdouts; shiners for reading hands held by opponents; and poker rings fitted with needle-like points for making tiny indentations in the backs of cards. These and other appliances of a like character, known to the trade as "advantage tools", were sold by dealers in New York and Chicago, who flooded the river country with their catalogues, and sent salesmen to demonstrate samples. Most of the big killings on the steamboats, however, were made with marked cards or "readers", which were planted beforehand with the bartender, and sent to the gambler's table when new decks were called for. Sometimes, instead of actually marking the cards, the decks were stripped; that is, a fraction of an inch was cut from the edges of all but three or four of the highest cards, with a tool called a "stripper plate". The fact that these few cards were a trifle larger than the others passed unnoticed, but the expert manipulator, in shuffling, dealing or cutting, could place them wherever he wished. "The benefit of these cards," said a dealer's catalogue, "can be estimated only in one way, and that is: how much money has your opponent got? He never knows what hurt him".

Of the few old-time river gamblers who were known as "square players", and who depended entirely upon luck and skill, the most celebrated were Dick Hargraves, John Powell, and Major George M. White. The last-named followed gambling as a profession for sixty-two years, and won and lost a dozen fortunes. He began his career in New Orleans in 1825, when twenty years old, and dealt his last card in 1887, his hand still firm and his eye clear at eighty-two. Major White made a profit of $30,000 in one year — 1857 — on the Mississippi, and for several years received $400 a week to run a faro bank in New Orleans, said to have been the highest salary ever paid to a faro dealer in the United States. He died in San Francisco in 1900, at the age of ninety-five.

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Hargraves, a slim, dapper man with suave manners, had an extraordinary career. He came to New Orleans from England about 1840, when he was sixteen, and became a bartender, but turned to gambling when he won $30,000 in a poker game. Hargraves followed the river for more than a decade with phenomenal success; at one time he was said to be worth $2,000,000. At the height of his renown he became involved in an affair with the wife of a New Orleans banker, and killed the banker when the latter challenged him to a duel. Then the brother of the wife sent word that he would kill Hargraves on sight. They met in a resort at Natchez-under-the-Hill, one of the famous hell-holes of the Mississippi, and the gambler killed the brother in a desperate fight. When he returned to New Orleans, Hargraves' paramour stabbed him and committed suicide. Hargraves recovered, married a girl whom he had rescued from a fire in Mobile, joined a filibustering expedition to Cuba and, when the Civil War began, became a Major in the Union Army.

John Powell, a native Missourian who lived in New Orleans most of the time he was ashore, was the *beau ideal* of the river gamblers — tall, handsome and distinguished, well-educated, always richly dressed without the vulgar flashiness of his colleagues, and possessing a charm of personality which made him welcome in the best of society — except among the haughty descendants of the casket and correction girls in New Orleans. He refused a nomination for Congress in Missouri when he was a young man, but continued to take an active interest in politics both in his native state and in Louisiana; he was a friend of Andrew Jackson and Stephen A. Douglas. During the period of his greatest success as a gambler — from about 1845 to 1858 — Powell was considered the most daring and expert poker player on the river, and was always ready to back his judgment on cards with everything he possessed. With the exception of Hargraves, he was probably the most consistent winner, and the richest, of all the square gamblers who worked the steamboats. When he was fifty, in 1858, Powell owned a theater and other property in New Orleans, a $100,000 farm stocked with fine horses and slaves in Tennessee, and considerable real estate in St. Louis. His friends urged him to retire, but he declared that gambling was in his blood, and that he would gamble until he died.

Powell's triumphs, however, ended in 1858 when he was one of the participants in a famous poker game aboard the steamer *Atlantic*, with two other professional gamblers, square players, and Jules Devereaux, a rich planter. Within an hour after play had begun there was $37,000 in gold on the table, and on the first hand Powell is said to have won $8000. The game continued without intermission for three days, during which time the four men, drinking the finest wines only, ran up a bar bill of $791.50. Devereaux' losses are said to have been approximately $100,000, of which Powell won slightly more than half. A few months after, Powell played a two-handed game of poker with a young English tourist, and won $8000 and the visitor's luggage. Next morning the Englishman came on deck, shook hands with all the passengers, and then put a pistol to his head and blew his brains out. Powell sent the young man's money and luggage to his relatives in England, and retired from gambling for a year. But when he returned to the river both his luck and his skill had deserted him; he is said to have never won another pot after his tragic triumph over the Eng-

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lishman. Within another year he had lost all his property, and was a shabby, desperate man. When the Civil War began he went to Seattle, where he died in poverty in 1870.

III

Many of the river gamblers abandoned their labors on the steamboats at the outbreak of hostilities between the North and the South, and sought refuge in New Orleans. With the gamblers who had remained in the city they formed a military company called the Wilson Rangers, but better known among the gamblers themselves as the Blackleg Cavalry. The *True Delta* of October 23, 1861, said proudly that "a finer-mounted troop of cavalry, we think, can hardly be found anywhere in the South than the Wilson Rangers . . . From what we have seen of them at drill, we judge them to be a valuable support to our army of gulf coast defense". But George Devol, a noted gambler, has a different tale to tell in his autobiography:

> I was a member of the company. We armed and equipped ourselves, and the ladies said we were the finest looking set of men in the army. . . . When we were ordered out to drill (which was every day), we would mount our fine horses, gallop out back of the city, and the first orders we would receive from our commanding officer would be "Dismount! Hitch horses! March! Hunt shade! Begin playing!". . . . In less than ten minutes there would not be a man in the sun. They were all in the shade, seated on the ground in little groups of four, five and six; and in each group could be seen a little book of tactics (or at least it looked like a book at a distance). We would remain in the shade until the cool of the evening, when the orders would be given: "Cease playing! Put up books! Prepare to mount! Mount! March!" When we would get back to the city, the people would come out, cheer, wave handkerchiefs and present us with bouquets; for we had been out drilling in the hot sun, preparing to protect their homes from the Northern invaders. . . . The citizens called us their defenders; and we did defend them — so long as there was no hostile foe within five hundred miles.

The gamblers' company was ordered on active service in April, 1862, when Farragut's fleet launched its attack, and was sent down the river to engage a large Federal land force which was reported marching on the city. "As we went through the streets," wrote Devol, "the ladies presented us with bouquets, and cheered us; but there was but little cheer in that fine body of gamblers." The Rangers were some six miles below the city when one of the Federal ships saluted them with a salvo of canister, whereupon the doughty gamblers retreated at full speed. "When we got back to the city," according to Devol, "we dismounted without orders . . . cut the buttons off our coats, buried our sabers, and tried to make ourselves look as much like peaceful citizens as possible; for we had enough of military glory, and were tired of war."

Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, in command of the Yankee army, took possession of New Orleans on May 1, 1862, and was the despotic ruler of the conquered city until December 16, when he was recalled to Washington. In those seven months he succeeded in making himself the most thoroughly despised man in all the history of New Orleans; he is still referred to as Butler the Beast, and if one-twentieth of the stories told about him are true he was veritably a scoundrel of the deepest dye. His brother, A. J. Butler, made $2,000,000 in New Orleans by various means, and the General is said to have left with an even greater fortune.

Butler promulgated two orders which directly affected the gamblers. One, issued

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through regular military channels, closed all the houses; the other, circulated privately, permitted any gambler to reopen who would pay a license fee and accept the General's brother as a full but silent partner. Most of the establishments reopened under this arrangement, and from this source the General received a number of huge payments.

Butler's military successors failed to molest the gamblers, and they enjoyed great prosperity for some two years. But practically all of them were Southerners, and they took a keen delight in fleecing the officers and paymasters of the Federal army, most of whom were inveterate gamblers. Devol was fined $1000 and sentenced to a year in prison for showing Federal officers a few tricks at three-card monte. He was released after six months, and celebrated by winning $19,000 from a Federal paymaster at poker.

It was not long, however, before the Legislature placed opportunities for gambling in the way of virtually every man, woman, and child in the United States as well as in Louisiana by granting a charter to an institution which soon became famous as one of the most successful gambling schemes in American history — the Louisiana State Lottery Company. In return for an annual contribution of $40,000 for the support of the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, and whatever private disbursements were necessary to maintain its political influence, the Company was granted a monopoly of the lottery business and the Policy game, which is still played extensively in all American cities, especially among the Negroes. Policy was in its heyday in New Orleans during the 'Eighties, when the whole city went mad over the game.

The Company appears to have had hard sledding for the first ten years, due largely to competition from established lotteries in Alabama, Kentucky, and other states, but the great popularity of Policy enhanced its prestige, and thereafter it was extraordinarily prosperous. At one time, when the question of renewing the charter was being debated, the Company was able to offer the state an annual payment of $1,250,000. By dint of expert lobbying, the Company acquired tremendous political power, and despite strenuous opposition, maintained its existence until 1907. It was finally put out of business by the national government, which not only closed the mails to the company's tickets and advertisements, but prosecuted its agents under a law, passed in 1895 by Congress, which prohibited interstate transportation of lottery tickets.

The Lottery sold tickets in vast numbers all over the United States — in Chicago alone the monthly sales amounted to $85,000, and in Boston, $50,000. Drawings were held daily, semi-monthly, and semi-annually, with a grand prize, awarded semi-annually on a $40 ticket, of $600,000. There were also prizes of $15,000 on a $1 ticket, $30,000 on a $2 ticket, $75,000 on a $5 ticket, $150,000 on a $10 ticket, and $300,000 on a $20 ticket. The yearly total of the daily drawings was $20,000,000, and of the others, about $28,000,000. There is no record of a single person winning the grand prize, but a New Orleans barber once won the prize of $300,000 on a whole $20 ticket, and was promptly paid. Until the last few years of its existence, when the company called itself the Honduras National Lottery and operated clandestinely, a winning ticket was as good as a certified check, and was cashed anywhere. The company gained the confidence of the whole nation by having its drawings supervised by commissioners in whom there was universal confidence. The first of these

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were Generals P. G. T. Beauregard and Jubal A. Early, renowned leaders of the late-lamented Confederacy, who were each paid $30,000 a year for two days' work a month.

IV

During these years virtually every known game of chance was being played on the steamboats. The most popular were poker, faro, twenty-one or blackjack, seven-up or old sledge, three-card monte, and that hoary old standby — the shell game. Faro, one of the oldest of all card games, was better known on the river as "the tiger", while playing it was called "bucking the tiger". It has always possessed a strange fascination for the professional gambler; the river trickster, when ashore, usually lost at faro the money he had gained at his own specialty on the steamboats.

Draw and stud poker were developed on the Mississippi about 1825; before that time cold hands were played with a deck of twenty cards, from the deuce to the six, or the ten to the ace. The hands possessed the same values as now, except that a straight flush was inferior to four of a kind, and remained so until a few years after the Civil War. In those early days there were two unbeatable hands in poker — four aces, and four kings with an ace for a confidence card.

In their essentials, three-card monte and the shell game were very similar, since both took advantage of the fact that the hand is quicker than the eye. The monte operator simply displayed three cards, called "the tickets", usually two aces and a queen, threw them face down upon a flat surface, and then bet that the victim couldn't turn over "the old lady". The shell man moved a dried pea or a little rubber ball rapidly back and forth under three shells or cups of wood or metal. Then the sucker, having staked his money, was invited to lift the shell under which the pea or ball was hidden. If the gambler knew his business, it wasn't under any of them; it was between two of his fingers. Both the shell and monte players were usually assisted by cappers, who got the game started and showed prospective victims how easy it was to win.

The most successful of the monte operators were Canada Bill Jones and Devol, the latter describing himself in his autobiography as "a cabin boy in 1839; could steal cards and cheat the boys at eleven; stack a deck at fourteen . . . fought more rough-and-tumble fights than any man in America, and was the most daring gambler in the world". Devol and Canada Bill worked the steamboats together for many prosperous years, but lost all of their earnings playing faro ashore. About 1850 they formed a partnership with two other gamblers, Tom Brown and Holly Chappell, and the four operated for several years on the Ohio and Mississippi, with frequent excursions to other navigable streams. When the combination finally dissolved, each man's share of the profits was more than $200,000.

The body servant of this quartette was an intelligent free Negro boy called Pinch, whom Devol had found shining shoes in a steamboat barbershop. His real name was Pinckney Benton Stewart Pinchback, and he was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1837, two years before Devol ran away from home to become a cabin boy. Devol taught Pinch the tricks of the trade, and thereafter, while the partners were fleecing the white folks in the saloon with monte, faro, and poker, the boy was on deck roping in the Negroes with a chuck-a-luck game. In later years Pinch continued to do well for himself. After the War he

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organized the Fourth Ward Republican Club and became a member of his party's state committee. Thereafter he was increasingly important in carpet-bag affairs. In 1868 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1871 was chosen Lieutenant Governor to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Oscar J. Dunn. He was acting Governor of Louisiana from December 9, 1872, to January 13, 1873, during the impeachment of Governor H. C. Warmoth, and in 1873 he was elected to the United States Senate. The Senate, however, after three years of debate, refused to seat him.

Devol was always the acme of sartorial perfection, but Canada Bill was conspicuous among the elegant dandies of the river by the slovenliness of his dress. Probably no man on the Mississippi looked less like a gambler. Devol described him as "a medium-sized, chicken-headed, two-haired sort of man with mild blue eyes, and a mouth nearly from ear to ear, who walked with a shuffling, half-apologetic sort of gait, and who, when his countenance was in repose, resembled an idiot. For hours he would sit in his chair, twisting his hair in little ringlets. . . . His clothes were always several sizes too large, and his face was as smooth as a woman's, and never had a particle of hair on it. . . . He had a squeaking, boyish voice, and awkward, gawky manners, and a way of asking fool questions and putting on a good-natured grin, that led everybody to believe that he was the greenest sort of country jake". But as Devol said, Canada Bill was "a slick one". His uncouth appearance disguised one of the shrewdest gamblers in the United States. He was by far the most expert of the monte players, and was one of the few men who could show the two aces and a queen and then, almost in the very act of throwing the cards, palm the queen and substitute a third ace. He made enormous sums of money, but he lost it all ashore, for while almost every professional gambler was an arrant sucker for some particular game, Canada Bill was a sucker for all of them. He would bet on anything and play any sort of game, and the fact that it was a brace made no difference; he loved gambling for its own sake. It was Canada Bill who originated the story which has become the classic gambling anecdote. He and one of his partners were marooned for the night in a little river town, and after diligent search Canada Bill found a faro game and began to play. His partner urged him to stop.

"The game's crooked," he declared.

"I know it," replied Bill, "but it's the only one in town."

Canada Bill worked the river boats until traffic was virtually stopped by the War, and then transferred his activities to the railroads. Some ten years before his death he offered one of the Southern roads $25,000 a year for permission to operate monte and confidence games on its trains without being molested. The offer was refused, although he promised to victimize only preachers. Canada Bill died a pauper and was buried by the mayor of Reading, Pennsylvania, who was afterward reimbursed by Chicago gamblers. As two of his former associates stood watching the coffin being lowered into the grave, one of them offered to bet $1000 to $500 that Canada Bill was not in the box.

"Not with me," said the other. "I've known Bill to squeeze through tighter holes than that."

Devol was not quite the kingpin he made himself out to be in his autobiography, but he was nevertheless an important personage among the sure-thing players of the Mississippi. He began gambling professionally at fifteen, while

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working as cabin boy on a Rio Grande steamboat, and within another year he was an accomplished cheat with a sizeable bankroll. At the end of some fifty years of gambling, at least $2,000,000 had passed through his hands, most of it eventually lost to the faro banks. With the exception of Canada Bill, Devol was probably the most proficient monte player who ever trimmed the suckers of the steamboats. He was also remarkably skillful at poker, seven-up, and other card games, and also at faro when he had the bank and could control the skulduggery. He was particularly adept at "laying the bottom stock" and ringing in cold decks; once in a friendly poker game with four other gamblers he rang in four cold decks on the same hand, dealt each of his opponents four aces, and then sat back and watched the fireworks. Within a few minutes everything the gamblers possessed was on the table, and when the showdown finally came, hours were required to get things straightened out.

Much of Devol's fame was based on his extraordinary ability as a fighter; he was probably correct in saying that he had engaged in more rough-and-tumble fights than any other man in America. He always carried a pistol, which he called Betsy Jane, but he never used it. He seldom hit a man with his hand, either; in most of his encounters he simply butted his opponent into submission with his head; and with the weight of his two-hundred-pound body behind it, his massive, dome-shaped cranium was a formidable weapon. Several doctors who examined him at the height of his fame as a butter said that his skull was more than an inch thick. "It must be pretty thick," Devol wrote, "or it would have been cracked many years ago, for I have been struck some terrible blows on my head with iron dray-pins, pokers, clubs, stone-coal and bowlders . . . I have had to do some hard butting in my early days on account of the reputation I had made for my head. I am now (1886) nearly sixty years of age, and have quit fighting, but I can today batter down any ordinary door or stave in a liquor barrel with that old head of mine."

For several years during and after the Civil War one of the attractions of Robinson's Circus was Billy Carroll, who was advertised as "the man with the thick skull, or the great butter". In the arena Carroll demolished barrels and heavy doors with his head, and butted all comers. He was never downed until Robinson's Circus played New Orleans in the winter of 1867. At the behest of a New Orleans sporting man, Carroll and Devol butted one another "just for fun". When the circus star recovered consciousness he walked over to Devol, put his hand on the gambler's head, and said:

"I have found my papa at last."

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NEW DEAL FEMALES

BY U. V. WILCOX

THERE is no sound reason for expecting that women will ever renounce the jolly and exciting privilege of running a good share of our government. They do as much for other businesses: by prompting the boss, by subtly inoculating him with appealing vanities and prejudices, by assisting him to forget the things they prefer he should not remember, and by being artfully helpful in all the ways in which women excel when they have a man around to look at and time on their hands. The system of diverting more and more of the government's business at Washington through feminine channels — and perfuming it with the boudoir touch, so to speak — has thus been building up through nearly forty years of Presidential administrations: in fact, ever since the first female secretary was encouraged to edge herself up to the first bureau chief's chair and ask him how the lumbago was getting on. At present there are more female bureaucrats in the aggregate and more money is spent on them proportionately than on any government payroll ever before ordained under God.

The best key to the temperamental complexities of this public service harem is to divide the ladies into five types: the Congressional, the Intellectual, the Executive, the Secretarial, and the Emotional. When the voter from Oshkosh has mastered all that the Washington press corps finds out about these special varieties in the course of a year's stalking of statesmanship, the subject of female New Dealers may not be exhausted, but he probably will have learned all that he needs to know about the technique of American government, *circa* 1936. The girls fit neatly into the five categories, as follows:

The Congressional Type

Epitomizing the advance guard of woman's future rule over national affairs stands the congresswoman. While, as a matter of custom, she wears skirts, she asserts that she is without sex in the realm of politics. On the other hand, when, in her zeal for national welfare, she allows herself to exhibit her breed, she prefers the mantle of motherhood and its accoutrements, such as knitting needles and pink yarn. These are always handy when religious delegations appear. In one instance a half-finished baby dress did service for an entire session of Congress, last reports showing the garment still uncompleted.

In bodily structure the Congressional Type may be either short or tall, thick or thin, flat-chested or full-rounded. The final development is yet to be determined. Physically, she is past the menopause, and thus her interest in sex is merely professional, academic, or based on memory. In mentality, the evidence is more definite. There is constant harping on pure public-spiritedness; a willingness to express an opinion on any question that may be propounded — political, economic, social, medical, or engineering. On all matters appertaining

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to the home there is the greatest assurance. Being a woman, it is her assertion that her sex gives her automatic authority — the right of final *dicta* on courtship, conception, and digestion. Conversation on other topics often finds her confused.

Her pose, as she sits in her grandiose office, is that of the supposedly astute congressman, yet if a visiting delegation arrives representing a national bloc of votes, she will immediately assume the role of Whistler's *Mother*. Her conversation then indicates that she is the savior of the Union, teaching the little boys of Congress to be pure and sweet as their mothers wanted them to be. To this end she attends committee meetings, poses for photographers, and wonders about the jokes that the men stop telling when she approaches.

It is true that this standard bearer of feminism finds her dual role of stateswoman and ideal motherhood somewhat fatiguing. In the quiet of her apartment she slips out of binding corsets, kicks off tight shoes, relaxes on the bed, and reaches for a detective story magazine, secretly wondering if public life is worth the glory after all.

Typical Case

Mrs. Q is a large woman, with graying hair, occasionally touched up. She hails from a populous state west of the Mississippi. She is sometimes wittily sarcastic when reporters are around, moody and glum when alone with her secretary. She has been in Congress long enough to wish she had never aspired to office, and is now willing to let the younger girls carry the banner of her sex. She is often called upon for advice when the widow of a congressman receives an appointment, after the husband has been buried at federal expense. She tells the newcomer, if pressed:

"Don't take yourself too seriously. You don't mean very much in the scheme of things under the Capitol dome. Be politically regular. Vote according to party orders; or if there are no orders, be absent — be ill that day. Insist on your share of patronage; don't let the men hog it all. Don't try to be cute — you're too old for that sort of thing. You can't gambol with stays and a girdle. If you must talk to the public, stick to the Flag, God, and the Home. Remember, being a woman makes you an authority on the trials, tribulations, and all problems arising from the marriage relationship. Never cease bluffing about the power of Women's Votes."

Mrs. Q has learned not to demand her rights in the cloakrooms, but she has a standing order with her secretary to pass along any good, new cloakroom story. Away from her duties in Congress, she prefers an old and roomy kimono. She loosens her hair, washes off the rouge, sighs, and lights a cigarette. Her pleasures of the sense are largely vicarious. She eats as much starchy food as she dares, considering her waistline; she takes a drink or two, but only in private, for the Bible Belt mustn't know. She carefully watches her bank account, expecting to retire to comfortable laziness when the political wheel turns. She also watches her family tree, and is flint-like in her denial of relationship to second and third cousins who call upon her to get government jobs. She praises her Party, which can do no wrong. And although woman's supremacy is a beloved theory, she secretly longs for the admonitions and demands of an intimate male.

Favorite expletive: "Blasted snake!" Favorite amusement: a certain lively detective magazine. Favorite food: chicken eaten *sans* knife and fork. Favorite drink: tea. Secret hope: lucky turn on invest-

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ments, making the financial future secure. Best approach: with colorful story on men, or news of the folks back home.

The Intellectual Type

While the Congressional Type is developing slowly, the Intellectual, under the New Deal, is achieving great influence, even approaching dominance in some governmental fields. Intensity is the keynote of her life. Her nearest masculine counterpart is found in the Brain Truster. She may be married, she may have children, for these experiences she counts as necessary aids to a full understanding of the More Abundant Life.

She is pre-eminently the classifier of all things. She has a pigeonhole or a file for every contact made during the day and, if by chance she finds it difficult to label an experience, she becomes frantic, exuding intense irritability. She believes that all human emotions should be marked and bottled, with directions. She has a name for every degree of love, for all political effort, in short, for every human trait; there is nothing that has transpired since Eve that she hasn't read about, or studied.

In all her professional conversation she exhibits strong Freudian leanings, since Freud has conveniently provided her with a simple master-file. This, in no sense, means that the Intellectual feminine executive is emotional. Far from it. She holds that these labels are necessary in the same sense as a dictionary is necessary. It is the erudite attitude. Actually, emotion to her is as thrilling as an algebraic equation and as clearly definable. Personally, she is unmoved by smiles, flowers, silk stockings, or hair on a he-man's chest.

In the governmental sense, this type sees the nation as a vast scientific field, suitable for testing, observing, and recording. To this end she works long hours, imbued with the abstract principle of Service. She exhibits impatience at delays, she is zealous for the cause of reform, she is determined that nothing shall stand in the way of accomplishment. It may be Relief that she is administering; it may be information she is supplying; it may be statistics from the Treasury or the WPA; but whatever it is, she does her job intensely, with disconcerting vigor and an entire lack of emotion, after the manner of an electrical comptometer.

Typical Case

Mrs. X holds a master's degree from Columbia University; small, blonde, attractive; dresses severely; wears a particular sort of headpiece summer and winter; is sensitive about criticism but arrogant to those who give it; exhibits a leaning toward the Social Service method.

She expresses sympathy for the underprivileged, but this is theoretical. Evidence shows she secures her home servants through a governmental agency of employment and for this help she will pay no more than the minimum. There is a constant procession of servants in and out of her establishment, for her demands are great and she cuts her wages to the lowest possible figure, arguing that domestics should realize how lucky they are to have work. In the role of evangelist for the Uplift of the underprivileged she maintains that an aristocracy of brains must rule the Republic. She admits to membership in this aristocracy. Strata of citizenship would be defined through intelligence tests, aptitude tests, and other psychological devices. The emotional urges of cats, dogs, and laboratory rats apply to humans. The sex drive, being the most primitive, is recognized as the most powerful insofar as the masses are concerned. She eloquently argues that this powerful drive can be sub-

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limated for the political good of humanity.

Mrs. X has been known to sip a cocktail. She swears eloquently and profusely and with considerable discrimination. These outbursts come when delays are encountered or she finds disagreements in government policy.

Favorite expletive: "Damn schizophrenic!" Favorite amusement: solitaire. Favorite food: anchovies. Favorite drink: black coffee. Secret hope: to be President.

The Executive Type

The Executive Type should not be confused with the Intellectual, which it might seem at first to resemble. The extensive data collected show there is a vast difference. The Executive Type, in Washington, may at first appear forbidding, and the Intellectual companionable, but this conclusion is to be avoided. The Intellectual has no emotional reactions despite her apparent friendliness, while the Executive is merely attempting to conceal or protect her emotions when she is nasty, quick-tempered, and hard-boiled. She is usually the secretary who has been advanced because of her skill and her ability to comprehend the anfractuosities of politics. It is thus natural that she should carry over with her some of the characteristics of the Secretarial Type.

She often smokes and drinks with intensity. Rarely, however, does she consume alcoholic beverages in public, at least to a degree that indicates a notable difference in her predetermined actions, since her success is primarily due to her mental controls, which are kept in excellent working order. Cigarettes are her weakness. She smokes constantly and with gusto.

Upon occasion, the Executive Type has trivial affairs of an emotional nature. She has been known to be absent on business while keeping a rendezvous with a government official, who will be treated no differently than a visiting politico during office hours. Sometimes she has a husband who is, however, rarely seen, certainly never around the wife's office.

This type is not concerned with ideals or noble concepts; she is practical-minded, whether at work or in her amours; she gives and takes, being a realist. Romance she may have once known, but she has no compunction about obtaining additional thrills of a carefully chosen sort. She is often a fatalist, making an agreeable companion for an evening or a week-end, for she argues that enjoyment must be taken when offered.

Typical Case

Miss Y is of medium build, somewhat underweight, has molasses-colored hair which she sometimes dyes or bleaches. Her eyes are blue, her voice low-pitched except when she is annoyed, when it rises to a shriek. She can swear lustily, although such swearing is now and then ludicrous. She admits to smoking two packages of cigarettes a day. She may be seen hurrying down a government building corridor with a cigarette in her fingers or between her lips. She enjoys flattery if adroitly extended, particularly so if published.

Miss Y has never married, but has several good and loyal masculine friends, one of whom lives in a not too distant city where Miss Y goes on business trips. Her philosophy of life is practical and simple — everyone is appraised according to his influence in government, which is the beginning and end of her experience.

Miss Y understands men better than she does women. On first acquaintance, men have complained that they do not care for her, but later they have found that she has the knack of making herself most agree-

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able. Her willingness to take a sporting approach to any problem, freeing it of all moral significance, is understandable since she subscribes to the *dictum* that the end justifies the means. She is not immoral, but rather unmoral, although reports vary on this point. Miss Y likes alcohol and has been known to keep a bottle in her desk or slip out during the afternoon for a drink, but she has never been seen under the influence. She compares to the steady masculine drinker.

Miss Y dresses well, with a leaning toward the conservative as a matter of office policy. She knows, or appears to know, all the gossip of her department, but has never been heard expressing a desire to reform anyone. She belongs to a popular church where she will often kid the pastor as successfully as she does the senator who calls upon her. Keeps her promises only if it is convenient to do so.

Favorite expletive: "Hell-twitter!" or "Hellish twitter!" Favorite amusement: a musical show. Favorite food: steak, rare. Favorite drink: Tom Collins. Secret hope: for a man "who understands".

The Secretarial Type

The largest distinct type of woman in the governmental camp. She sometimes graduates into the Executive class, but rarely reaches the rarified strata of the Intellectual and, being without franchise in Washington, has no ambition toward the Congressional. The difference between the Secretarial Type in Washington and the type found in any large city is merely a matter of politics. The Capital secretary cannot assume that all visitors are nuisances, since all visitors are voters and have representatives and senators who may make trouble. Hence the Secretarial Type must be generous and pleasing, whether contacted in person or by telephone. This fundamental requirement makes a vast difference between the individuals of this class found in the Capital and elsewhere.

There are many who seek to fill the ranks of this category and many fail in some particular. The unsuccessful are sooner or later disposed of as follows:

a. Made minor executives or straw bosses, librarians, receptionists.

b. Given an apartment where they can be found by their bosses seeking escape, or

c. Returned to stenographic status.

The Secretarial Type early learns that she must dress well, look fresh, and treat each newspaper correspondent with a degree of courtesy commensurate with the influence and the rating of his paper. She must keep policies secret, but not too secret, allowing some information to leak out if it will aid the general political program. She must take all responsibility for her chief's mistakes, care for his morals, and aid his political fortunes, as circumstances may direct. Now and then she accompanies her boss on a trip, which may or may not be significant to the boss's wife.

In her cultivation of reporters she is often a good party girl, a good drinker, sometimes getting delightfully soused. As reporters never publish these things, she can be as intense in her behavior as she desires.

Typical Case

Miss Z is the hail-fellow-well-met type of brunette, slightly taller than the average. She has fair taste in clothes, but is especially fastidious about her lingerie. She is a frequent beauty parlor patron, likes the theater, particularly sophisticated movies, is a buyer of light literature, and a steady patron of a renting library. She has accompanied friends to a burlesque show.

Miss Z expresses a special fondness for newspapermen, an occupation she believes

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is glamorous. She has particular favorites among the reporters, but these are not always the favorites of her boss. She has, at times, appealed to her masculine writing friends to help her obtain increased pay or to solve office difficulties.

At one time Miss Z was such a frequent visitor, after hours, to a government pressroom where reporters were filing their copy, that a number of them doubled her up in a giant wastebasket, her legs projecting ceilingward. She was furnished with a bottle of beer and ordered to be quiet. She exhibited no hurt dignity and was voted a good sport, a title which now gives her much satisfaction.

Miss Z drinks steadily and gets drunk artistically, laughing about it afterwards. She hails from a small town in Iowa, saying that she left all her inhibitions behind her, believing this was necessary if she was to be a success in Washington. While she has learned to play golf she doesn't care for the game, preferring to lie on warm sand in a bathing suit.

Miss Z has an excellent memory for facts; is shrewd in sizing up callers; can exchange wisecracks with adroitness; and has very few blunders to mar her record. She has, nevertheless, been known to allow her favorites to secure confidential information from letters and records, but thus far has never been caught or accused. She demands of her masculine friends the following: gayety, money that can be spent without apparent concern, sufficient alcoholic drinks for enlivening the evening, and witty conversation. Miss Z will return loyalty in protecting a good story about to break, give tips on coming events, and allow occasional freedom in caresses.

Favorite expletive: "God damn it!" Favorite amusement: bathing. Favorite food: quail on toast. Favorite drink: Horse's Neck. Secret hope: to be truly loved.

The Emotional Type

Geographically peculiar to Washington is the Emotional Sister of the press. In other cities she is known to the newspaper trade as a sob sister. In the Capital, she has been classified for her Pollyanna qualities since she thrills to hold a seat on the White House floor when the First Lady stages a press conference. Even though her posterior parts may ache while recording the uplifting philosophy flowing from the oracle of feminine and civic turbulence, all such inconvenience is forgotten in the high honor of being in The Presence. The Emotional Sister belongs to a closed corporation, the members of which are sworn to tell a panting and palpitant world what the First Lady feels, wears, eats, thinks, and plans.

Strangely, the Emotional Sister may be cynical or she may be hard-boiled, but in all matters where the First Lady is concerned she reverts immediately to type. Pursuing her craft of writing, she keeps out of her copy all irony, all detracting phrases. Her writing must radiate light, sweetness, and purity. It having become a habit to glorify and beautify, the Sister not infrequently comes to believe her own statements. The only fly in her sacred nectar cup is the unkind masculine remarks when she tells of the pat on the arm or the stroke on the head given by the First Lady as a reward for her published material.

When not under the immediate influence of the Lady of Light, the Emotional Sister does her stint about new projects for the underprivileged. To maintain the rapture, she smokes, strides, stretches, and strains to find fresh ways of attuning her production to the harmonies of the New Deal and the ideology of the More Abundant Life.

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Typical Case

Miss K is buxom; she has written copy on buying American-made goods in preference to all others; on airplane travel; on diplomatic didoes; all of this before being assigned to record the life of the First Lady. She basks in this radiance until now she shows the visible effects of continued exposure; her former boy-friend wonders if she is not becoming hysterical about it all, and is urging a long rest in the mountains or at the seashore. Miss K scorns him when in her periods of abstraction, but she may be aroused to quote the Queen, maintaining the assumption of superiority on Uplift problems.

Miss K is a heavy user of nicotine and a regular imbiber of alcohol. She is somewhat sexually inhibited. She will talk about doing a great magazine piece interpreting the First Lady and her philosophy and character to the world. The fact that no editor seems interested causes her to rage the more against the cynical detractors. After a half-dozen drinks, Miss K will confide that she and the First Lady are very much misunderstood. There are tears.

Favorite expletive: "Rat!" Favorite amusement: talking. Favorite food: *pâté de foie gras*. Favorite drink: Scotch and soda. Secret hope: to be the First Lady's Number One Ghost.

FAITH'S FIERCE TREASON

BY ALBERT CLEMENTS

THIS was a season of good deeds, and many
A muddled man brought his heart's worship here
Who had no home nor near country nor any
Name that could buy off warring doubt and fear.
And the imperial breath of prayer, how small
It started and how large and furious grew
Until comparisons with men were all
Ridiculous and confused. There were so few
Things understandable and in good season.
The light that branded the sky with burning dark
Flamed both because of faith and faith's fierce treason,
Making of mortality a hideous lark
Since men who worshipped here were men who saw
Faith's image, though faith struck them dead with awe!

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BILBO: MISSISSIPPI'S MOUTHPIECE

BY HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

A BILBO, says the learned Webster, is "a long bar or bolt of iron with sliding shackles, and a lock at the end, to confine the feet of prisoners". Hence, when Theodore G. Bilbo, now junior United States Senator from Mississippi, commenced referring to himself in the third person as The Man Bilbo, some of the more literate Mississippians went into a huddle with the nearest unabridged dictionary to emerge therefrom with the statement that, for the first time, Bilbo had told the truth about himself. But as a matter of fact, it is somewhat less than the truth. A sovereign state which has yet to achieve a hard-surface North-South or East-West highway, and whose educational and economic status is the lowest in the Union, cannot fairly be said to have even the slight freedom of sliding shackles.

As if he consciously enjoyed the word-play involved, The Man Bilbo has contributed more than his share to these unhappy conditions. He has been twice (1916-20, 1928-32) governor of his commonwealth of cultural squalor — itself a considerable distinction since Mississippi has long had a one-term law forbidding a governor to succeed himself. But in office and out, for approximately thirty years, Mr. Bilbo has labored with painstaking diligence and some genius to leave the mental, moral, and emotional aspects of the Mississippians more confused than he found them.

It is on this point that he differs most sharply from the other members of the gaudy crew of cracker paladins who have cast their puckish shadows on Southern demagogic history since the downfall of the Confederacy. With the Ben Tillmans and Cole Bleases, the Tom Heflins and Tom Watsons, the Huey Longs and the Ma Fergusons, the red-necks of the magnolia-and-mansion country have actually voted themselves into something. These various folk heroes may have got the big gravy, but the rag-tag in the ranks at least have got easier farm-lease laws, cheaper mortgages, fancier schoolhouses, smoother highways to the evangelical camp-meeting grounds, more plentiful convict labor, better official co-operation at lynchings: in one way or another, more power to the sharecroppers' soviets all around. But from The Man Bilbo, barring thirty years' orgiastic titillation of the political glandular centers, the Mississippi jungle tribes have got precisely nothing. Instead, The Man's authentic talents have been wholeheartedly devoted to improvising a new method for the art of statesmanship. For thirty years he has dominated the affairs of an unique and sovereign commonwealth by hog-caller's billingsgate and broken promises.

Under the circumstances, the social scientists who now and then refer somewhat patronizingly to The Man as "a typical voice of Southern agrarian discontent" may, with considerable plausibility,

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be charged with confusing their onions. The voice may be the voice of Populism, but the hand, as it guides Mississippi's destinies, looks, to an impartial diagnostician, more like the steering gear of demagoguery in *delirium tremens.*

II

The Man came by both his invective and his promissory genius honestly. During all his adolescent years he was headed straight for the Southern Baptist ministry — an ordination peculiarly consecrated to tongue-lashing the sinners and publicizing the raptures of Paradise. Indeed, in a sense, he was invested with its sanctities. Yet the scholarship which took him from the family farm in Pearl County, Mississippi, to Nashville University in the late '90's as a preparatory theological student was a bad investment for the church. Young Mr. Bilbo never completed his studies in Baptist homiletics, and midway in his educational career switched to worldly Vanderbilt University and the law. But in the meantime a convention of Baptist holy men had paid him off for secretarial services during a summer vacation by granting him a preacher's license. Ever since, in his crusades for the political fleshpots, the canebrake Galahad has used its exhortatory privileges in both barrels.

The first application of his native gifts seems to have been, however, rather on the amatory side. In the early 1900's, after spending a year or two supervising dormitory morals in a girls' boarding school at Wiggins, Mississippi, young Bilbo — then an eligible widower no doubt operating under considerable temptation-pressure — decamped after a violent quarrel with his professorial partner and on the heels of a juicy seduction scandal, involving a Mississippi orphan. The circumstance is notable chiefly as having provoked in Mr. Bilbo's political career a singular experiment in fulfilling a promise. In campaign after campaign the "orphan scandal" bobbed up, to the prurient consternation of the red-necks. At length he laid its libidinous ghost by offering his former professorial partner the office of State Superintendent of Education, and actually delivering it.

In any case, the pitfalls of the intellectual catering to the opposite sex drove The Man by rapid stages into the safer game of politics. After the Wiggins embarrassment, the young pedagogue hastily resumed his law studies at Vanderbilt. As soon as his degree was granted, although there was some question of his Mississippi voting residence, he was offering the Pearl County voters their first chance to become Bilbo constituents. He ran for the State Senate, and as was shortly to become customary, his appeal was a conglomeration of fantastic campaign pledges and blistering pulpit epithets. The issue of the hour — it was 1907 — was the corporate rascality of the Gulf & Ship Island Railroad Company, which, with some assistance from friendly legislators, was developing southern Mississippi to the apparent detriment of the northern section where young Mr. Bilbo was cultivating his stump talents. Mr. Bilbo assailed the builders of the commonwealth's future in the terms with which Southern Baptist evangelists of the moment were denouncing bawdyhouse proprietors, and at the same time promised his sweltering audiences that, when elected, he would liquidate all corporate sinners and grafters *via* the chain gangs.

He wore the flaming red tie and hard straw hat of current fashion, and affected the slightly soiled linen suits which in

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those days set the cross-roads town sports apart from the mere nigger-beating yokelry. But these touches of rustic elegance had their charm for the sartorially starved sharecroppers, and, to atone any offense their frivolous quality may have given, young Mr. Bilbo also had the thin-lipped mouth, the beady eyes, the sullen frown, and the hatchet-hacked features which pass in the Deep South for symbols of evangelical piety. When he turned loose the full horsepower of his sin-scourging vocabulary, the red tie merely made him look like a young man who had been so interestingly reclaimed from the stews of diabolism for the mourner's bench that he hadn't had time to change his clothes. Such an insinuation of religious melodrama was emotionally charming around Poplarville, and The Man was triumphantly elected.

Thereafter, the Mississippians heard nothing more about the crimes of the Gulf & Ship Island, but they were just beginning to hear about young Mr. Bilbo. The climax of his first session was the election of a United States Senator — under the rules of the old constitutional game which wished the choice back on the legislature usually to the accompaniment of tornadic violence in state capitol politics. The 1908 candidates were James K. Vardaman, an orotund statesman who cultivated the flowing ties and hair-cuts (if not the genealogical refinements) of the Old Massas and whose political stock in trade was a periodic outburst against the menace of Negro propinquity to the purity of white womanhood; and one LeRoy Percy, a gentleman of somewhat more clearly defined lineage who had once made the mistake of referring to the rednecks as "cattle".

Mr. Percy, to the horror of the hookworm counties, was elected. Whereupon Senator Bilbo, previously an inconspicuous Percy supporter, announced in open session that he had cast his vote for the foe of democracy simply because one Dulaney, a Percy political fixer, an amiable go-between in the factional warfares and "down the line" stag parties of the city of Jackson, had given him $645.

The young Senator Bilbo produced $645 in marked bills before a grand jury, and a year of juicy judicial exhibitionism was on. Mr. Dulaney was tried and acquitted by his peers, with the octoroon madam of one of the capital's fanciest bawdyhouses as a witness. Mr. Bilbo was tried by his fellow senators and by one vote escaped expulsion. But Jackson and the Mississippi gapers-on at political circuses unquestionably took in the hottest burlesque of statesmanship they had enjoyed since blackamoor lawgivers were whipped back to the green pastures at the close of the Reconstruction period.

Out of it, however, certain discrepancies arose. Statesman Bilbo explained one of them away by citing that he had gone through with his alleged Dulaney contract and failed to mention it before the senatorial election merely in order to deepen the guilty stain on the briber's soul and the court record. This strategy, he insisted, was of a piece with his program of abandoning the ministry for politics as a means of coming to closer grips with the devil.

On another question-stirring point Mr. Bilbo was for the time being somewhat more reticent. A United States Treasury official had testified in Defendant Dulaney's behalf that the marked bills in the $645 batch of "evidence" belonged to a series which had not yet been issued on the night when Mr. Bilbo had come to his prayerful decision to entrap the corruptionist. Senator Bilbo pondered his an-

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swer on this technicality considerably. In fact, he pondered it for several years. But when finally, as a *tour de force* of Mississippi politics, the question was put to him if he had not actually made $1000 in the Dulaney-Percy intrigue and, after the swag had been spent on his genteel pleasures, raised the actual "evidence money" in small change contributions from his Vardaman friends, he was unusually ready with the answer.

It was in the middle of his 1915 campaign for the governorship. The Man crushed his challenger, a temporarily disaffected Vardamanite by the name of John Armstrong, with the choicest of his evangelical billingsgate. Said Mr. Bilbo:

> John Armstrong is a vicious, malicious, deliberate, cowardly, pusillanimous, cold-blooded, lop-eared, blue-nosed, premeditated, and self-made liar.

Young Mr. Bilbo was made. He had a hotter press for his statesmanly utterances than Mississippi had ever given John Sharpe Williams or Jefferson Davis; the musks of juicy scandal and of persecution for a holy cause clung to his glamorously ascetic body; he had given indubitable proof that he could pack more sulphur into a string of adjectives than any pietist since the Great Revival of 1800.

III

Meanwhile the kudos of the senatorial election scandal had swept its chief vaudevillian onward and upward into the lieutenant-governorship. Previously, most Mississippians had taken their ease in this office on their way to Congress or to Confederate burial rites; but The Man, with his rich gifts for showmanship, created more excitement in the sideshow than his gaping red-neck audience had seen for forty years in the main tent.

Having learned that there was political luster in the hurly-burly of bribery trials and insinuations, Mr. Bilbo went into the business of manufacturing these excitements with a brisk, professional thoroughness. As combination ward-boss and ringmaster of the Legislature's performance, the Lieutenant-Governor built up early in his term a lurid crusade for one of those measures for hijacking the insurance companies which were popular with provincial statesmen during the first two decades of the century. The bill which expressed Mississippi's version of this profitable squeeze play proposed that seventy-five per cent of all the life insurance reserves on policies sold in the state be invested inside Mississippi borders.

The Man remained, with becoming mystery, somewhat in the background of the agitation. But with the blessing of the red-necks, whose imagination foresaw Yankee insurance magnates rushing to Mississippi on de luxe trains to inaugurate a bull market on farm mortgages, the bill was introduced by George A. Hobbs, The Man's chief House lieutenant, while Mr. Bilbo ostentatiously closeted himself in the Lieutenant-Governor's office with the state's leading insurance-company-baiters. Jackson meanwhile swarmed with insurance lobbyists with bulging bankrolls, overflowing liquor stocks, and charge accounts at all the Confederacy's more decorous sporting houses from New Orleans to Memphis. In the way of free debauchery, few politicians have had a better time since Roman millionaires stopped buying consulships, and the air crawled as thickly with scandal rumors as at a Holy Roller heresy trial.

But when the vote was taken in the Legislature's lower chamber, the Bilbo following — the trusting Mr. Hobbs excluded — walked out on civic virtue and the

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Hobbs bill to a man. Quite obviously with the young Lieutenant-Governor's silent blessing, the insurance companies could go on doing business in the same old bad way at the same old stand. The Man, as he hurried back to his post on the Senate rostrum, explained the defeat in language somewhat singular for a political strategist.

"I never dreamed," he said, "that the bill would be so unpopular."

The red-necks, in a word, had been led into their first Bilbo slaughter house. But if they missed their bull market on farm mortgages, they still had their consolations. As rumors and campaign charges hurtled through the sultry Delta air that the Lieutenant-Governor had built up the whole Hobbs Bill agitation simply as a means of feeling out the "take" in the insurance companies' war chest, The Man went from one political platform to another, flashing his thin-lipped, suffering smile. The red-necks could still believe that their hero was a martyr to the scandalmongers.

Just to prove it to them, The Man shortly plunged up to his neck in another bribery melodrama. One Steve Castleman, a northern Mississippi land promoter, was interested — presumably to the vote-buying point — in the creation of a new county to further his real estate operations. The Lieutenant-Governor put it to the shattered but faithful Hobbs that the best way to retrieve the insurance bill discomfiture would be to entrap Mr. Castleman. The intrigue was rolled up for months — more or less to the accompaniment of bands, crowded grandstands, and press announcements. On the final night when the tainted money was to be delivered, the Edwards Hotel in Jackson swarmed with detectives — Castleman detectives out to catch Bilbo, Bilbo detectives out to catch Castleman, and the detectives of Governor Earl LeRoy Brewer, who distrusted both the Lieutenant-Governor's and his entrapment victim's detectives, out to catch everybody, including the other detectives.

The Man entered the hotel lobby, took one look at the Brewer detectives, and without making even a move to go to the entrapment chamber, fled. The Mississippi press stormed with such furies as might have been let loose if the challenger had failed to show up for a world's championship prize fight. The Man had actually broken a promise to go through with a bribery circus.

Yet to the red-necks he was still their suffering, their villainously persecuted hero. "The Crooks", according to the folk interpretation of the great man's miscarriage, had so malignantly banded together against him that his most expensively publicized efforts to "kotch 'em" had ended in personal tragedy. By the emotional illuminations of the canebrakes he was like the faithful old hound dog who had failed to tree the coon merely because he was set upon by a ring of wildcats.

When The Man eventually was tried because the disbursement of some fairly lavish "traveling expenses" which Mr. Hobbs had collected from Mr. Castleman proved difficult to audit, the pietist oratory of his defense battery and his triumphant acquittal left the Mississippi veldt ringing with happy war cries. The Man was a "sho' thing" for the governorship.

IV

In and between governorships and afterward, Bilbo the Statesman has geared in with Bilbo, the Happy Irresponsible of the rabble-rousing arts. In an early campaign he denounced one Henry, a former penitentiary warden, as "a cross between a hyena and a mongrel . . . begotten in a nigger graveyard at midnight, suckled by

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a sow, and educated by a fool". Eventually Mr. Henry, at a chance meeting on a railway day coach, did things to Mr. Bilbo from which it took him twenty-four hours to regain consciousness. But neither this experience nor the responsibilities of office have impressed him with the advantages of exact diction, even as exactness is understood by demagogues.

So in his first gubernatorial campaign — the 1915 one — The Man went in for what might be called vitrified brick imagery. Every Mississippi farm, he informed his sweating audiences, possessed somewhere between a few dozen and a few thousand cubic acres of red clay. What could be more profitable than that each farmer should sell his sovereign state a few carloads with which to make brick highways, and keep the rest to plant boll weevil food and niggers in?

"We can wear the bricks on one side for fifty years," The Man assured them ecstatically, "turn them over on the other side and wear them for fifty years more, and then stand them up on end and wear them forever."

There was to be a $60,000,000 bond issue to pay for the state brick plant and the highways — still unconstructed in 1936. Every rural voter visualized himself as getting paid for letting the state build a bright, smooth road, crowded with churchgoers and Saturday dram-drinkers, right past his door.

Along with the vitrified bricks went other enticing fancies. There was to be a state printing plant which would free Mississippi from the clutches of the Book Trust and supply endless free school texts to the future generations of Mississippi children. There were to be agricultural experiment stations in every tier of counties, and a state farmers' loan institution that would shovel out money to distressed sharecroppers at interest rates which would make the Jackson bankers feel downright ashamed of themselves.

Yet when The Man took his seat in the Governor's office, nothing happened. The agricultural experiment stations bill was vetoed, ostensibly for technical reasons. The farm loan bank measure was slain with the gubernatorial pen on the grounds that the author was a political enemy and therefore it must have a joker in it. Midway in his first session, Bilbo support for the state printing plant and free school books was withdrawn because of quarrels with the legislative leaders, while the vitrified brick poem simply was never again mentioned.

To The Man, in short, last year's stump promises were no more than last year's love lyrics to a poet now in the grip of fresh and hotter passions. Indeed, the artist in the gubernatorial chair succeeded in removing even the memory of his late offerings from the easily diverted minds of his constituents. The method was simple. In the canebrakes, anathemas against legislators and other breeds of fellow politicians were infinitely more exciting than free school books. Mr. Bilbo gave the red-necks anathemas, dripping with the juice of Baptist pulpit cadences, and left items like school books and agricultural experiment stations to be collected in a Fundamentalist heaven.

But when the matter of unfulfilled pledges occasionally was brought up in meeting by a reckless heckler, The Man would crush the marplot by pointing a bony, ministerial finger at him and shrieking:

"If *you* aren't getting the services you think you ought to have out of the State of Mississippi, it's because *you* elected a bunch of damn fools to the Legislature."

Having put the blame where it belonged, on some lonely butt of his vast audiences, the Governor would sweep on. There were

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times when, without once making a concrete accusation, he proved his ability to expatiate oratorically on the theme of the "damn foolishness" of legislatures, for a full Mississippi word-painter's day of sixteen hours.

When, at the end of his first year in the Governor's mansion, the World War came along to save him from further embarrassments on the score of the late campaign's slogans, The Man did not seriously need it. And long before the Armistice, he was so deep in the pyrotechnics of a campaign to seat his Lieutenant-Governor, Lee Russell, as his successor that the 1915 issues had come to seem as remote on the cane-veldt as the politics of Mississippi's former ruling races of Creeks and Cherokees.

In or out of office, however, The Man continued to dominate the political scene. He went through the motions of giving orders to the Russell Administration even when the new Governor was proving most restive. Finally, as the Russell regime was drawing to its close in 1923, he proved how close he was to the center of authority by dramatizing himself as the star witness in a $100,000 seduction suit brought against Governor Russell by a Jackson stenographer. Characteristically, he placed himself in the role of a persecuted folk hero by refusing to testify. Less characteristically, considering his high average of personal inviolacy in his long record of court tussles, he finally came up before a judge who sent him to jail for it.

Those ten days in the prison shadows insured Mississippi, however, thirteen more years of fancy exhibitionism. The Martyr went behind the bars bawling that he would get revenge on his enemies by promoting himself to another term in the governorship. He came out, with a fully organized campaign staff in his wake, howling electioneering speeches. From then on the sole issue in five years of Mississippi politics was whether The Man was a wanton accomplice in governor's palace seductions, or a plain man of the people being crucified for his loyalty to a noble-hearted fellow-statesman caught in the badger game.

In the 1923 election, Dr. Henry L. Whitfield, president of the Mississippi State College for Women, had slightly the better of the argument, and the star seduction witness, for the first time in his Democratic primary experience, took the count. So in 1927 the battle of Bilbo's Virtue had to be fought all over again. It led to The Man's overwhelming vindication among the rednecks and to the most startling "blood purge" in American educational history.

Dr. Whitfield had taken the governorship away from The Man in 1923 by mobilizing the Mississippi educators against the moralist's light on the ethics of talebearing in seductions. Now, as The Man saw things in his triumph, the educators could pay for it. As the first act of his second administration he called Hugh Critz, the somewhat astonished press agent of an electric power company, into his office, and asked him how he would feel about firing most of the faculty if he should happen to be appointed president of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Mr. Critz subsequently explained in public that the proposal gave him a slight "Garden of Gethsemane" feeling, but partly, no doubt, out of his delight in being restored to the bosom of an alma mater where he had spent five years doing four years of not very arduous degree work, he managed to conquer it. He accepted, at the same time that The Man appointed a degree-less real-estate salesman president of the University of Mississippi, a bachelor of arts of less than a year's standing, president

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of the Mississippi State College for Women, and put a former public stenographer in charge of affairs at the State Teachers' College.

Then the blow fell. One hundred and twelve faculty members were dismissed from the Agricultural and Mechanical College, fifty from the University, and seventeen from the College for Women. Not only was every educator who had taken an active part in an anti-Bilbo campaign thrown back to the bread-line, but also every educator whose neighbor's maiden aunt had heard — or fancied she heard — him breathe a syllable's criticism against The Man's sense of honor in seduction mysteries. While educational panjandrums thundered from San Diego to Boston, The Man dismissed the affair cavalierly to his followers as a routine engagement in a plain Mississippi moralist's lifelong war against Satan and the highbrows. But he knew, and they knew, that the Battle of Bilbo's Virtue had ended in the most decisive victory the Delta country had seen since the Battle of New Orleans.

V

"The People," Mr. Bilbo is credited with having remarked in one of his rare moods of philosophical relaxation, "will forget." It explains, perhaps, why The Man's career has never yet been successfully trapped in anti-climax.

At the close of his second gubernatorial term, he seemed on the verge of it. The delirium of billingsgate and graft charges, of smashed promises and messianic prophecies with which his public service closed, was bewildering even to the red-necks. In the canebrakes they were demanding to know why out of an $80,000,000 road bond issue, the flivvering sharecroppers had got only 800 miles of paved highway. The inmates of the state insane asylum, sleeping five in a bed, were disturbing each others' slumbers with jittering outbursts about how long it was taking a maddened commonwealth to build them a new $5,000,000 pleasure palace, and how much time the $10,000 architect in charge of the work was spending on the Pearl County first citizen's earthly mansion — publicized among the new breed of cracker plantation barons as Bilbo's Dream House.

As Deep South politics go, The Man, in his 1931 phase, was as discredited as it seemed possible for a white Mississippian to be without being a suspect atheist or an avowed Republican. To cap the climax, two years later, even the New Deal Administration took cognizance of his potential nuisance value, and walled him in at Washington in a $6000 a year job superintending the news clipping collections of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. As nearly as could happen to a burnt-out folk hero in the odor of Baptist sanctity, The Man had been put away in a monastery.

Yet he came back. Deep in the fastnesses of the "Paste-Master General's" office in Washington, the voices of the outer world still reached him. So, in the summer of 1934, Mississippi discovered, to its delight or consternation, that its Bilbonic plague was chronic. The Man rushed home at the height of the United States senatorial campaign and entered the contest with loud cries that if he was elected he would "raise more hell than Huey Long." In their confusions with the New Deal economic issues, it was precisely the medicine the red-necks were yearning for. And it knocked over aging and conservative Senator Hubert Stephens, who had stopped raising political hell in early adolescence.

True to his promissory technique, The Man as yet has raised no hell in Washing-

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ton. During their brief simultaneous term of office, he never once so much as attempted to brush a chigger from Long's coat lapel. His only explosion in national statesmanship was an outburst — of merely four hours' duration — against the promotion of the federal judge who sentenced him in the Russell seduction case.

Quite evidently, as his analytical fellow-Mississippians see it, he is saving his verbal poisons for the place where their potency has been established: for the piney woods and the canebrakes where the happy rednecks choose them in lethal doses and, year in and year out, prefer them to civilized government.

A MAN WITHOUT WILDERNESS

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

A MAN without wilderness to challenge him
Is a strong blade rusting in a corner.
His thighs are curved to fit a saddle,
His hands are shaped to hold a harness-rein:
A man without miles of brush to clear
Is a field that gives no grain.

There must be peril imminent about him;
He must hear water, restless and rebellious;
He must see thorns beyond his window sill,
Sharp to bring his blood.
A man without mountains on his horizon
Is an ax that cleaves no wood.

A man without brambles to tear his fingers
Before he can sow a stretch of earth with seed,
Is a plow that crumbles in a farmyard.
His mind must think in terms of harvest-yield,
His ear listen to axles turning,
His eye compute the stacked sheaves to a field.

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A MILITARY ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND

BY LORD BEAVERBROOK

THE United States and Great Britain will, I believe, enter into a military and naval alliance in the course of time. They will make such an alliance because they must do so. There is no alternative for these two nations but to find security for the future in the companionship of one another.

In some quarters in Britain it is believed that the United States will not have the alliance. And there is, accordingly, a reluctant tendency to put this ideal of closer relations in the category of admirable but unattainable objects. This regretful conviction is, in my view, profoundly mistaken. Perhaps the people of the United States take the view that Britain's liabilities are too big and her assets not big enough. If this were an accurate estimate of the situation of Britain, then, of course, it would be a reasonable attitude to adopt. No one could quarrel with it. The matter would be at an end. But it is not accurate. Indeed, it is totally wrong. Britain would bring very substantial assets to any joint account that the two nations might enter on. And, if we are to have a true picture of the situation between the two countries, we must not leave the liabilities of the United States out of the reckoning. Make no mistake, those liabilities are great indeed, and you do not escape from them by withdrawing from the Philippines. On balance, I believe the surplus of assets is to be found on the side of the British Empire.

There is, to begin with, the very great burden you have incurred under the Monroe Doctrine, to defend all the independent States of the American continent against the aggression of a foreign power. This is a heavy responsibility. It may seem that an attack on any South American country by a foreign State is a very remote contingency. But are you so sure that it is? For instance, we have seen Italians in the Argentine determining the policy of that Republic to the League of Nations. Will the Italians go further? We live in an age of hungry and ambitious powers whose governments are not subject to the same democratic checks upon reckless adventure as exist in the United States and in Britain.

But another liability is, of course, much more immediate and obvious: the peril in the Pacific. The threat of the Japanese fleet, with, behind it, the threat of the Japanese army. There is no need to indulge in scaremongering on this subject. It would be as foolish as it would be wicked. But the simple fact is that in the Japanese Empire we have a proud and ambitious race, fanatically devoted to a national ideal, courageous in battle, and highly equipped for war. This Oriental race of splendid qualities has shown itself in recent years swift and ruthless in action, patient and resolute in carrying out a program of expansion. For the moment, its activities are directed to the continent of Asia. But there are necessities which cannot be fulfilled in China. The Japanese

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seek an outlet for their population. They cannot find it in China, already overcrowded, or in Manchuria, where the climate is unsuitable to their people. Where will they find it? They must look out, across the Pacific Ocean. And what do they see as they look towards the rising sun, the symbol of their national flag? The beautiful seaboard of California.

It may be said that the Japanese will look rather to Australia. But an invasion of Australia would be a military enterprise fraught with immense perils. The tropical archipelago which separates Japan from Australia would be infested with mines, with submarines, and with other destructive craft. Japanese communications would be intolerably harassed. And besides, the British naval base at Singapore, with the Indian Ocean behind it, would provide Britain with the necessary authority, so long as we did not abandon our naval domination.

An attack by the Japanese on the Pacific Coast of the United States would certainly have to deal with a serious obstacle in Hawaii, although an attack on Pearl Harbor would not compare in danger with an assault on Singapore. And whereas a landing on the north coast of Australia would be a landing on an undeveloped tropical territory with a small population, and separated by deserts from the centers of Australian life, a landing in California would not present such problems. California, moreover, has something which the Japanese want very badly and which they would not find in Australia — oil.

So far as the Pacific is concerned, then, it seems that the United States carries heavier liabilities than the British Empire. But there are other things to be borne in mind. Britain has assets of a positive character. She has the biggest merchant fleet in the world, valuable in itself and with an additional potential value as a source of splendid seamen in time of war. Her navy — on paper, equal to the navy of the United States — is in all probability more powerful in fact. Her air force is reported to be of the highest efficiency and is expanding swiftly at the present time — some say at the rate of more than a squadron a week. There are, in the British Empire, immense resources of raw materials and of industrial power, sufficient to equip, for a war of modern character, her millions of white people who, though peaceful, are not without courage.

If there were closer relations between the two nations, if there were an understanding, Britain would not come empty-handed into the association. Indeed, it is obvious that she could contribute something of the highest value to the security of the United States, an undertaking to protect the Atlantic seaboard of your country with her fleet. If America could concentrate her whole navy in the Pacific with the knowledge that her front door was barred and bolted by battleships flying the British flag, that would be a matter of great comfort to the American people in a moment of stress. And Britain has the resources, the ships, and the naval stations to confer this benefit.

II

It is quite true that there are liabilities as well as assets on the British balance sheet. One of these is of a serious character. As an island lying off the coast of the European continent, Britain has for centuries taken an interest in the affairs of the European peoples. We have fought in their wars, believing that our own safety was involved in the fortunes of one side or another in the conflict. It has for long been a basic doctrine of British policy that the

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mouth of the River Scheldt must not be in the hands of a great power. And, so slow are statesmen in awakening to changed circumstances, that some of them still fail to realize that the policy which was suitable for an island kingdom is quite out of place for an Empire which spans the globe and contains vast Dominions populated by vigorous and growing peoples.

Americans may argue that closer relations with Britain involve the danger of entanglement in European wars. It is well understood that this would be too high a price to pay for the British association. For this reason those who desire most earnestly to advance towards an understanding with America are most determined and persistent in urging a policy of isolation upon Britain, a policy of detachment from European quarrels.

It is remarkable how slow a nation is to learn by bitter experience, how readily it forgets painful lessons. The Crimean War, so painful in its memories for the British people, sprang out of a situation similar to that with which we recently have had to deal in the war between Italy and Ethiopia. In that case, the British Government egged on the Turks to defy the power of Russia. Left to their own devices, the Turks would have submitted to the Russians in the trifling dispute which arose over the possession of the holy places in Palestine. But, with the might of Britain behind them, they chose to resist. In the end there came war, not only upon Turkey but upon Britain also — a long, weary, bloody war on which the nation looked with gloomy horror.

Yet there is no doubt about it: the Crimean War was, in the beginning, a popular war. The people favored it. A section of the newspapers demanded it. The mood of the people was expressed at a dinner held in the Reform Club when Admiral Sir Charles Napier, commander of a British fleet about to leave for the Baltic, said in public that he expected he would be able to declare war against Russia when he reached there. The audience greeted this with cheers and shouts of "Good old Charlie!" And when John Bright opposed the war he was looked upon as a base man guilty of unpatriotic actions.

We have not got so far as that on this occasion. But we have had an English archbishop telling us that it may be necessary to have another great and horrible war to establish the efficacy of the League of Nations. "This generation or the next will probably have to be sacrificed," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

But there is good reason to suppose that this is a passing mood of the people, not a fixed attitude. It has sprung up swiftly during days of excitement, and generous, although misguided, emotion. The cause of "Little Abyssinia" appealed very much as the cause of the Cuban rebels did to the people of the United States forty years ago. And these storms of passion rarely, if ever, have an influence in shaping permanent policy. The mood changes too swiftly. Certainly, the change in viewpoint is very marked compared with the situation we had in 1922. At that time I was able to take part in a movement which brought down the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and destroyed his government. And what was the charge against him? What was the crime he had committed in the eyes of the public? Simply that he had threatened to use military sanctions against the Turks for an offense against a peace treaty, and, therefore, against the League, every bit as glaring as the Italian invasion of Ethiopia.

The growing strength of the isolation sentiment in the country will be sufficient to defeat any attempt to saddle Britain

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with a fixed commitment to take part in war on the continent of Europe. And, if there is any movement in the direction of the United States — a movement for which the American people can give the signal — it would inevitably be accompanied by a decision to turn away from Europe.

III

I have tried to establish my belief that in such close relations of the two peoples the balance of advantage would not be all on the one side. It would be an equal association of risks and benefits. By uniting our resources, we both gain a measure of security such as we can hardly hope to attain by any other means. Indeed, if we cannot work together, if we must conduct separately our preparations for defense in this troubled world, then, of course, there will be an expenditure on arms, a concentration on military affairs, which our peoples would find irksome, and maybe intolerable. We are peaceable-minded folk; we wish to be left to mind our own business and contribute to the welfare of ourselves and our fellows. We hate war. We detest the compulsion and regimentation which is a characteristic of militarist societies. These things are alien to both of us.

Yet we face this situation. The dictator-ruled States are powerful and warlike, openly ambitious and predatory; they use a monopoly of information and the press in order to shape the minds of their populations and prepare the war-spirit. And therefore the democracies, standing alone, may have to choose between imitating the methods and emulating the armaments of the dictatorships, or, on the other hand, going down to defeat.

Is there any way out of this dilemma which faces us? Indeed there is. The way out of the dilemma is an association of the two great democracies, children respectively of the Puritan Revolution and the American Revolution, which would offer us the prospect of security without the loss of the civilian freedom which we cherish, and which would enable us to look on the threatening ambitions of other nations without weighing ourselves down with a load of armaments.

And certainly this conception of closer relations does not rest on self-interest alone. It is based on the belief that there are bonds between the two peoples closer and stronger than those between any two free nations on earth. It is the presence of these bonds which argue most persuasively for the association and which would be the surest guarantee of its success. We spring from the same racial stock. We speak the same language. We cherish the same religious ideas. If there are differences between the creeds and rites found in one country, these differences are repeated in the other. And, having inherited a common stock of traditions, we pursue the same ideals in politics, morals, and social life. Our life, as peoples, consists in the protection, the strengthening, and the spreading of those ideals. And the fact that we hold them in common offers us a reasonable confidence that a real basis of cooperation exists between us. Already it can be said the relations between us are not conceived on the usual pattern of mutual distrust and envy which exists between two foreign nations. We are agreed at least in declaring that war between us is impossible. And this is not a mere commonplace. There are three thousand miles of undefended common frontier to give it reality.

I do not deny that there have been in the past misunderstandings between our two peoples, sometimes of a serious character. But on no occasion for many gen-

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erations have these misunderstandings given rise, in the most pressing circumstances, to the fear of war between our nations. It is true that President Cleveland, in 1896, made use of the old, time-honored expedient of twisting the lion's tail over a boundary dispute in Venezuela. But what was the result? His political opponents at once charged him with attempting to make political capital at the expense of the national interest. Most of his supporters refused to follow him in such expedients. The New York and other newspapers condemned him out of hand. Ministers of the gospel over the length and breadth of the land advised the President to pursue the paths of peace. But if fight he must, the preachers took the view that the cause of Armenia might be of more interest to the American people than boundary disputes in Venezuela. And, while jingoes sang the words of the national anthem, a cartoon which had given the public in an earlier campaign a representation of Mr. Cleveland joining in the demonstration with a variation of the sentiment by singing "My country, 'tis of me!", was widely reproduced.

Only a few years had passed when Admiral Dewey, moving to the attack on Manila and pursued by German naval forces, was protected by British warships under the command of Captain Chichester. These British ships, ready for action, deliberately sailed into the path of the oncoming Germans, thus forming a rearguard for the advancing American squadron.

Those pages in history are, I regret to say, not well known nor widely read on either side of the Atlantic. Nor is it realized in Britain or the United States that at the time of the War of Independence, the American cause was more popular in the City of London than in the City of New York, and that the American insurgents got support of more value in the House of Commons at Westminster than in the Congress sitting in Philadelphia.

IV

That is the story of the past. What of the days to come?

The issues are graver now than they used to be. War brings with it not the danger of defeat, indemnity, loss of territory, but the possibility of complete devastation, destruction — it may be, the wiping out of whole populations. That is what we have to face. If science has made war so much more deadly and damaging, we should adjust our policies to the new situation. We should, if possible, double our insurance. And what better guarantee of the safety of ourselves and our children could we have than a broad understanding between our two nations, a resolve to walk in companionship?

In that association we should be unassailable, for no possible coalition of hostile nations could equal our strength. We should be free from external quarrels, since we do not harbor aggressive designs in any quarter of the globe. We should follow the rightful purposes of our peoples, free from the obsession of war and able to devote ourselves to beneficial projects. We should be an example to the whole world of the advantages of a determined policy of peace. And in this we should realize, as we can do in no other way, the highest ideals of those Christian peoples, the United States and the British Empire.

These are some of the benefits which will flow from closer relations between the two nations, sundered for more than a hundred years, and now, I believe, destined to be reunited in a community of interest and of purpose.

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THOMAS HARDY

BY FORD MADOX FORD

THE first words of Thomas Hardy's that I ever read I read editorially and they were the title of a poem—*A Sunday Morning Tragedy*. They were in his clear, large handwriting that seemed like the cuttings of a chisel on hard stone. That I should have read him only so late—in 1907 or so—was because my youth was crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Somerset House and the vast Ionic building in Great Russell Street. As a child, that is to say, I was carefully shielded from the companionship of Common Little Boys. In consequence, such consciousness of the Higher Things as has been vouchsafed me was awakened in the contemptuous companionship of the children of Dr. Garnett of the British Museum and the still more contemptuous society of the still younger Rossettis, whose father, my uncle by marriage, was another prop of the Empire in that he was Secretary to Her Majesty's Inland Revenue—pronounced Rev*en*nue. The one gang of my persecutors represented orthodox Anglicanism and Virtue; the other stood militantly for Established Rationalism, which was a menacing affair. The result was that I never read Hardy, whom I understood to represent reasoned revolt against Established Anglicanism. I wanted a plague on both those houses. . . . Nevertheless I was extremely aware of a sort of astral presence of Thomas Hardy, as if he were planing, eagle-like in the empyrean, far from the sphere of our quarrels.

That was in the days before *Tess* whilst Mr. Hardy had an aura of being just as "advanced" as the Quite Nice could allow themselves to go. It was a little daring that to a Church of England Ruling Class the English peasant should be represented as having a psychology at all. But once you had got over that there was considered to be lots of buttercups and chaffinches and country dances and hawfinches and bottle-tits, and little in his pages that could shock the most delicate mind. . . . I suppose I wanted my mind to be shocked.

To normal, healthy youth, then, Mr. Hardy was already a Classic—and a Classic is a thing you do not read. I am not talking of *the* Classics. A good many of us would still read with enthusiasms both the *Bacchae* and the *Satyrikon* and most of what lay between. But when we read for entertainment we read Artemus Ward's *Among the Mormons* or *Sam Slick* or *Soldiers Three* or *Life on the Mississippi* . . . not *The Mayor of Casterbridge* . . . not even *Tess* when she came. We were aware that Deans and Archdeacons condemned that work as being immoral; but the Distinguished Unorthodox, the followers of Darwin, Huxley, and Ingersoll, proclaimed that to the pure it would prove a miracle of Uplift. That was enough for us. If we wanted smut we knew where to get it. So that Hardy became even more aloof and solitary-soaring . . . a part, as it were, of Her Majesty's Opposition and thus unreadable.

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Besides we could not but be aware that the book concerned itself with the hanging of a nice young woman. I don't know that I didn't even glance at the last pages and read the episode of the black flag going down over Salisbury Gaol. And I did not think — as I don't now, just after reading the book for the first time — that one ought to be harrowed by having to read of nice young women being hanged.

At the same time I was keenly aware of a Mr. Hardy who was a kind, small man, with a thin beard, in the background of London tea parties . . . and in the background of my mind. . . . I remember very distinctly the tea party at which I was introduced to him by Mrs. Lynn Lynton with her paralysing, pebble-blue eyes, behind gleaming spectacles. Mrs. Lynn Lynton, also a novelist, was a Bad Woman, my dear. One of the Shrieking Sisterhood! And I could never have her glance bent on me from behind those glasses without being terrified at the fear that she might shriek . . . or be Bad. I think it was Rhoda Broughton who first scandalized London by giving her heroine a Latchkey. But Mrs. Lynn Lynton had done something as unspeakably wicked. . . . And I was a terribly proper young man.

So, out of a sort of cloud of almost infantile paralysis — I must have been eighteen to the day — I found myself telling a very, very kind, small, ageless, soft-voiced gentleman with a beard, the name of my first book which had been published a week before. And he put his head on one side and uttered, as if he were listening to himself, the syllables: "Ow . . . Ow. . . ."

I was petrified with horror . . . not because I thought he had gone mad or was being rude to me, but because he seemed to doom my book to irremediable failure. . . .

I do not believe I have ever mentioned the name of one of my own books in my own print . . . at least I hope I have been too much of a little gentleman ever to have done so. But I do not see how I can here avoid mentioning that my first book was called *The Brown Owl* and that it was only a fairy tale. . . . I will add that the publisher — for whom Mr. Edward Garnett was literary adviser — paid me ten pounds for it and that it sold many thousands more copies than any other book I ever wrote . . . and keeps on selling to this day.

And on that day I had not got over the queer feeling of having had a book published. . . . I hadn't wanted to have a book published. I hadn't tried to get it published. My grandfather had, as it were, ordered Mr. Garnett to get it published. . . . I can to this day hear my grandfather's voice saying to Mr. Garnett, who was sitting to him on a model's throne:

"Fordie has written a book, too. . . . Go and get your book, Fordie!" . . . and the manuscript at the end of Mr. Garnett's very thin wrist disappearing into his capacious pocket. . . . And my mother let me have ten shillings of the money paid by Mr. Garnett's employer. . . . And that had been all I had got out of authorship. . . . So that I thought authorship was on the whole a mug's game and concealed as well as I could from my young associates the fact that I was an Author. I should have told you that that was my attitude and should have believed it. My ambition in those days was to be an Army Officer!

And then suddenly, in Mrs. Lynn Lynton's dim, wicked drawing room, in the face of this kind, bearded gentleman, I was filled with consternation and grief. Because it was plain that he considered that the vowel sounds of the title of my book were ugly and that, I supposed, would mean that the book could not succeed. So

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I made the discovery that I — but tremendously! — wished that the book should succeed . . . even though I knew that if the book should succeed it would for ever damn my chances as one of Her Majesty's officers. . . .

And I could feel Mr. Hardy feeling the consternation and grief that had come up in me, because he suddenly said in a voice that was certainly meant to be consolatory:

"But of course you meant to be onomatopœic. Ow — ow — representing the lamenting voices of owls. . . . Like the repeated double O's of the opening of the Second Book of *The Aeneid*. . . ."

And he repeated:

"C*O*nticuer' *O*mnes intentiqu' *O*ra tenebant
Inde t*O*r*O* pater Aeneas sic *O*rsus ab alt*O* — "

making me really hear the Oh . . . Oh's of those lamenting lines. . . .

. . . . Years and years afterwards, when I was walking with him over the links at Aldeburgh, I reminded him that he had quoted those onomatopœisms to me and he would not believe that he had ever thought anything of the sort. Then he said:

"Oh, yes, of course. . . . And isn't it true? Because if you go on to the third line you get: "Infandum, Regina, iubes ren*O*vare d*O*l*O*rem. . . ." And then, "Myrmid*O*num, D*O*l*O*pumu' aut duri miles Ulixi. . . ."

. . . . But, on that distant day in Mrs. Lynton's drawing room, I was struck as dumb as a stuck pig. I could not get out a word whilst he went on talking cheerfully. He told me some anecdotes of the brown owl and then remarked that it might perhaps have been better if, supposing I had wanted to represent in my title the cry of the brown owl, instead of two "ow" sounds I could have found two "oo's". . . . And he reflected and tried over the sound of "the brooding coots" and "the muted lutes". . . .

And then he said, as if miraculously to my easement:

"But of course you're quite right. . . . One shouldn't talk of one's books at tea parties. . . . Drop in at Max Gate when you are passing and we'll talk about it all in peace. . . ."

Marvelously kind . . . and leaving me still with a new emotional qualm of horror. . . . Yes, I was horrified . . . because I had let that kind gentleman go away thinking that my book was about birds . . . whereas it was about Princesses and Princes and magicians and such twaddle. . . . I had written it to amuse my sister Juliet. . . . So I ran home and wrote him a long letter telling him that the book was not about birds and begging his pardon in several distinct ways. . . .

Then a storm burst on the British Museum. The young Garnetts went about with appalled, amused, incredulous, or delighted expressions, according as the particular young Garnett was a practicing Anglican, an Agnostic, or a Nihilist. . . . It began to be whispered by them that Mrs. Hardy, a Dean's daughter, had taken a step. . . . She had been *agonized* . . . she hadn't been able to *stand* it. . . . The reception of *Tess* had been too *horrible* . . . for a Dean's daughter. . . . All the Deans in Christendom had been driven to consternation about *Tess*. They had all arisen and menaced Max Gate with their croziers. (I know that Deans do not wear croziers. But that was the effect the young Garnetts had produced.)

It came out at last. . . . Mrs. Hardy had been calling on Dr. Garnett as the Dean of Letters of the British Isles and Museum to beg, implore, command, threaten, anathematize her husband until he should be

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persuaded or coerced into burning the manuscript of his new novel — which was *Jude*. She had written letters; she had called. She had wept; like Niobe she had let down her blonde hair. . . . The Agnostic and Nihilist young Garnetts rejoiced, the Anglicans were distraught. Dr. Garnett had obdurately refused. . . . I don't believe I cared one way or the other. I didn't like the Church of England. On the other hand I didn't want any lady or a multitude of Deans to be distressed. . . .

A long time after — six months, I dare say — I had my answer from Mr. Hardy. It seemed to be part of his immense kindness that, though he should have so long delayed the answer, nevertheless he should have answered. The tendency of ordinary men, if they have not answered a letter for a long time, is to tear it up and throw it into the waste-paper basket. I imagined him to have waited until the tremendous stir and racket over *Jude the Obscure* should have died away, but never to have put out of his mind altogether the letters that his kindness told him he ought eventually to write.

Mr. Hardy told me again to drop in on him any time I might be in the neighborhood of Dorchester. He told me not to be ashamed of writing fairy tales. Some of the greatest literature in the world was enshrined in that form. When I came to Dorchester he would perhaps be able to give me pointers out of his store of Wessex folklore. So I staged a walking-tour that should take me by Weymouth and Wooler and the Lyme Regis of Jane Austen and Charmouth . . . and of course Dorchester, for I could not bring myself to take the straight train down to that city. I had to obey his orders and "drop in" casually whilst strolling about that country of chalk downs and the sea.

Alas, when I got to Max Gate, Mr. Hardy was away for the day. He had gone, I think, to witness a parade of the militia at Weymouth which I had just left. So, instead of listening to Mr. Hardy's Wessex folklore, I listened nervously whilst Mrs. Hardy in her Junonian blondeness of a Dean's daughter read me her own poems over a perfectly appointed tea-table in a room without roses peeping in at the windows but properly bechintzed.

I don't know whether it was really a militia parade that he had gone to Weymouth to witness any more than Mrs. Hardy was really a Dean's daughter. That was merely the Garnettian slant on the Hardy household. Those lively young people whose father was really very intimate with the novelist, had projected such an image of that household that I had gone there expecting to find in a low inner room of a long white farmhouse with monthly roses peeping in at the window, the kind elderly gentleman who had held his head on one side and said: "Ow . . . ow". . . . And in another room the Dean's daughter would be burning the manuscript of *Jude the Obscure*.

It was all naturally nothing of the sort. Max Gate was not an old, long, thatched farmhouse; it was quite new, of brick, with, as it were, high shoulders. Not a single rose grew on it at that date. And the Dean's daughter was not a dean's daughter but an Archdeacon's niece . . . the Archdeacon of London's niece. And she was not burning *Jude the Obscure*, but read me her own innocuous poems. And the kind, bearded gentleman whose beardedness made him resemble any one of the elder statesmen of the day — Sir Charles Dilke, or Lord Salisbury, or the Prince of Wales, or Mr. Henry James . . . that kind, bearded gentleman was not there. . . .

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And immediately on hearing that he was out, my mind had jumped to the conclusion that he was witnessing a review of the militia . . . I suppose because I knew that one of his stories was called *The Trumpet Major*. . . .

And then nothing more for years. *Jude the Obscure* came out amidst a terrific pother. But the pother took place in circles remote from my own . . . circles where they still fought bloodily about the Real Presence, the Virgin Birth, or whether the human race had in the beginning been blessed with prehensile tails . . . none of which seemed to be any affair of mine. . . . And the Literary Great of the country sat about each on his little hill . . . Mr. Meredith at Box Hill, Mr. Kipling at Burwash, Mr. Hardy at Max Gate, and the William Blacks and James Payns and Marion Crawfords and Lord Tennysons each on his little monticule. . . . Official Literature in short drowsed on on its profitable way and we, *les jeunes,* had other fish to fry.

For myself, I could not believe that that kind, bearded gentleman could have written anything that need really have brought the blush to the cheek of the purest virgin in her white chamber. That I knew to be the real test of the Official Literature of the day. There must be some mistake. And if I could have convinced myself that *Jude the Obscure* was really terrible I should have read it. Once or twice I nearly did. But the impulse passed and with it Mr. Hardy himself passed regretfully from my mind . . . regretfully, because my one contact with him had left me with the impression of his great, benevolent, though slightly muted charm. . . .

Then I heard that he had given up novel-writing for good . . . because of the pother over *Jude the Obscure*, and was going to take to poetry. I remember thinking that he might do something good, for in those days I held — and I don't know that I don't still hold — that the British novelist would almost invariably be better employed writing verse. The climate, the unmanageable language, the untidy minds, the dislike of definiteness, all seemed to make it desirable that they should employ the easier, the less scientific method. . . . Mr. Meredith was certainly a better poet than novelist; Thackeray might well have been; or Dickens; or Mr. Blackmore, author of *Lorna Doone*. . . . So it might very well be with Mr. Hardy. In my bones I felt him writing very English, fantastic, a little harsh, woodland idylls . . . a cross, perhaps, between Donne and Tibullus . . . so in my mind I wished him well and didn't see how his wife and the Archdeacons could get at him anymore.

And then one day there burst on me, sitting on the terrace of my cottage that overlooked the Romney Marsh and the Channel and the coast of France, beneath the immense pale blue sky flecked with little pink, dolphin-shaped clouds . . . there burst in, his features white and rigid with fury, that Tory Yorkshire Squire, Arthur Marwood — usually pink-and-white-faced, stolid, expressionless, bulky — like a meal sack. His voice shook as he held out a paper — I never knew what it was — and exclaimed:

"The *Cornhill* has refused to print Thomas Hardy's last poem!" And as a corollary: "We must start that *Review* at once to print it."

II

The incident introduced me immediately and forcibly to Thomas Hardy as a poet. And I am glad the introduction took that form . . . that, I mean, the first words of

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Hardy to which I paid any serious attention should have been in his lovely, rugged manuscript and should have been a poem called *A Sunday Morning Tragedy*. It gave me at once if not the measure of the very great man that England, in Hardy, had produced, then the very strong sense of what his exact excellence really was.

Till then I had felt strongly enough his personality and the sense that he existed — gentle, modest, kind, unassuming . . . extremely sensitive and easy to hurt, even. He had seemed, for me, till that moment, to float as I have said like a serene eagle, in heights not meant for me and mine. . . . Very high, in a blue heaven, on a Sunday morning, with, miles beneath, the scent of Russian leather hymn books and gloves, of the beef roasting for dinner and cauliflower a-boil, and the rustle of starched petticoats running downstairs so as to be in time to walk very slowly to church, and the bells pealing from the steeples . . . all over the country of my birth . . . that perpetual irruption into the hodden Victorian week of a gilt-framed half-day when what spirituality there was — and all its adiposities of comfort — manifested themselves at their fullest and most tranquil all over the broad counties and the rolling shires.

It had always seemed to me, in short, that such a civilization — if it could be called a civilization — so interrupted, could not possibly produce a Great Man since it had so little to express that its expression could not possibly lead to greatness. . . . But there, in the enraged, pale face and shaking voice of my Yorkshire Tory friend, I had at once at least the forewarning that I was going to come on Greatness. A Yorkshire Tory of his intensity had to be continually expressing contempt for the stupidities of his Party over the innumerable small matters with which Parties occupy themselves. But this white flame of passion could only have been induced by a manifestation so stupid that it must be of the type that causes disaster not only to Parties but to Countries themselves.

And that was what it really was. . . . Marwood was not the man to pay any more lip service than George II to "painting and boetry", but he had vision sufficient to see that a Toryism that permitted its principal Organ to refuse publication to its chief Brain was a Toryism that must soon die . . . and with it the spirit that had given greatness to the nation. It was about the end of what Toryism could allow itself. . . . So there *must* be a Tory organ that could publish Hardy.

Until that time we had regarded our proposed *Review* mostly as a means for putting money into the pockets of Conrad, for whose career that Yorkshireman who affected to despise literature was at least as anxious as myself. And we had hitherto hesitated in the uncertainty as to which would the more contribute to Conrad's material prosperity — to set up for him a sort of fund or to spend the money on a *Review* which should give him less money but greater public backing and support. The censoring of *A Sunday Morning Tragedy* left no doubts in Marwood's mind and I was ready to follow him. I was not actively interested either in Toryism or in Saving the Nation, but if Marwood could get that much extra fun out of our joint venture I was going to be glad enough. In the meantime I knew that my scale of things was going to be presented with another great man.

So, in due course, that sheet of manuscript that I can still see with a startling plainness came onto my desk . . . and it did not take me two lines of reading of harsh, unsinging, but as if chanting,

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words that had been knocked out of old woodland rocks . . . not two lines, not even one whole one, to see that what I had foreseen had come true . . . and that I had at my disposal a long tale of living reading.

To say that my eyes had never fallen till that day upon a word of Thomas Hardy's might not be true literally. I had vaguely at the back of my mind the idea of the servant girl who got her letters to her lover written for her by her mistress — which is the tale called *On the Western Circuit*, and another story of a man who met his own executioner somewhere on the tiresome cliffs of Wessex. So I must actually have looked into *Life's Little Ironies* or one or other of Mr. Hardy's books of short stories. But my active professional mind had not been occupied with the tales. It was completely taken up with what was then Literary Modernism.

Thus the stories had made almost no impress on me. They were good enough anecdotes put down with the gentlemanly amateurishness that distinguished my countrymen. . . . Yes, good anecdotes. . . . Indeed, I had then the impression that today's re-reading merely strengthens in me, that the rather tremendous situations the anecdotes set up were merely glanced at and not treated at all. There was about Hardy none of the tremendous passion that Conrad displayed for getting the last drop of interest out of a "subject". He heard a good story, got it down anyhow and always rather listlessly — as if his heart was not much in his work — and let it go at that. This was particularly the case with *On the Western Circuit*, which is one of the worst instances of the throwing away of a subject that I have ever come across. Listen to it. . . .

A servant girl who has been seduced by a young barrister gets her kind young mistress to write him delicate and uncomplaining love letters . . . because she cannot write. Writing the love letters, the kind young mistress falls in love with the barrister and the barrister falls in love with the writer of the letters . . . thinking of course that it is the servant girl who has written them. So he marries the girl who, anyhow, is going to have a baby. And on the wedding day the truth comes out between barrister and kind young mistress. . . . And the story ends there.

But for the merest tyro amongst professional novel writers the "subject" could only begin there, given that the barrister was any kind of man at all. For even if you didn't — which you probably would — want to treat the subsequent relations of the barrister and the kind young mistress as an adulterous "affair", there would still remain the relations of the barrister and the illiterate servant girl whom he had married because he had taken her to be an epistolary poetess. . . . Goodness me! . . . Hardy might at least have taken the trouble to invent an accident in which the girl could have had her hand cut off or rendered nerveless. As it was he took a subject that every real novelist would itch and ache to handle and, having thus spoilt it for others, just dropped it as he might have dropped a bunch of withered flowers. It was rather wicked of him.

It was wicked of him in the sense that it was wicked to "restore", as in his youth he did, innumerable beautiful and ancient churches . . . against his conscience, just to make a living and in the barbarous fashion of the mid-Victorians. He used, he said, sometimes to writhe in his bed when he thought of what he had done to those beautiful monuments of antiquity. And if he didn't go as far as to admit to himself or anyone else that he had as cruelly mangled in his Wessex novels and

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tales an infinity of beautiful subjects, his novels and tales seemed to present almost no interest to him at all once he was done with them.

Indeed, one may be pretty certain that it was with a sigh of relief that he dropped from his shoulders the yoke of the prose writer, once *Jude the Obscure* was published and the outcry with which it was received by Mrs. Hardy and all the Archdeacons, Deans, and female columnists of two hemispheres, reached its height. One may even imagine that he took, in his perverse, ironic way, a little pleasure in exaggerating the outrageousnesses of his hero and heroine because he wished to bring about an outcry that would give him an excuse to abandon novel-writing forever. . . . *Jude* is at any rate so far and away his best book . . . is to such an extent inspired by the passionate mind of a great nature . . . that one can be pretty certain that in its working out he did employ some sort of conscious artistic knowledge. And it is interesting to speculate as to what he would have done in the way of novels if he had not abandoned the trade just at the moment when he seemed to have awakened to the fact that that avocation was really an art. For the difference between *Jude* and *Tess* is the difference between a mass of clay handled rather indifferently by a tiredly sentimental sculptor and another mass bitterly handled and struck and wrestled with by a creator until suddenly it comes alive. The other novels form indeed a long, more listless or less listless string of prentice works for that last near-masterpiece. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* isn't "done" at all — if we compare it with the bubbling, boisterous *Grandeur et Décadence de César Birotteau* of another — but an immense, high-blood-pressured amateur. *The Woodlanders* is enlivened by the touches of rather impish adultery, the rendering of which always brought Mr. Hardy to life.

But in *Jude*, the passionate protest of the great writer's soul against, not the creed, but the practices of mid-Victorian Anglicanism — against the Russian leather of the hymn books, the starched petticoats, the sirloin and cauliflower and the cap-touchings beneath the pink clouds to the peals from the steeples — that passionate revolt of a being who was a woodland man shot through with the impishnesses of Pan, inspired him in those pages to a skill such as he only elsewhere displayed in his poems.

He was, in short, a great poet of a great nature. It is impossible not to be thrilled by any two or three pages of Hardian prose that you take up and into which you dip. I was, as it were, startled out of my life a month or so ago when, after not having looked at the Wessex novels for at least twenty years, I read the first three of four pages of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. Like Thackeray over his own work I struck my forehead and exclaimed: "Why, this is genius!" Because the writing, if it isn't the writing of me and mine, if I may be excused the phrase, is the authentic writing, chiseled and firm, of a real writer. And the temperament, in the comment on bird or married couple, is the contemplative temperament of the tranquilly consummate poet. And the projection of the incidents seems to herald the unfolding of an immense tragedy.

But Hardy was not a novelist, never wanted to be a novelist, didn't care what he did in his novels so long as decently they brought him in enough money to maintain the niece of an Archdeacon in the style to which she was entitled. And once he could find a decent pretext for giving up labor of that sort, he took it,

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and for the rest of his life was like a man who having for years been married and faithful to an uncongenial and domineering wife suddenly sees himself at liberty for the rest of time to sport in woodlands with . . . the muses! . . . It had not been for nothing that, at about the time when he was contemplating the writing of *Jude*, he shaved off his beard. It is always an ominous sign, that.

I don't mean to say that he was not lamentably hurt by the world-wide, sadistically imbecile chorus of abuse that saluted *Jude*. He was to a singular degree naïve in the ways of the world. So that he really imagined that if he revealed, powerfully, overwhelmingly, the core of heartlessness that underlay the Russian leather of the Sunday morning hymn books, the Deans and Archdeacons would get down off their stalls and thrones and say to the first intelligent man who happened to be standing about; "Please take my seat, Mr. So and So!" . . . Something like that. . . .

But it is to be remembered that, criticize as he might the temporal dispositions of the Anglican Church, he remained a Believer. Indeed, I think one of the most memorable occasions of my life occurred when before the fair-sized houseparty at Mr. Clodd's at Aldeburgh, Thomas Hardy made the curiously shy avowal that he was a practicing and believing communicant of the Church of England. It fell, I believe on all the rest of the party, with a little shock of surprise.

The party itself has, I believe, been made famous by another writer. Mr. Clodd had invited some representative English people for a long week-end with the purpose of ascertaining to that extent the complexion of the religious belief of the country at the time. Mr. Clodd had been in the 'Eighties a militant leader of the agnostic wave that swept over the world after the publication of *The Origin of Species*, and Mr. Hardy's shyness at making his confession arose from his dislike of hurting the feelings of his old friend. It was indeed a bad day for Mr. Clodd. Of the nine people present, five of us announced ourselves as Roman Catholic at least in tradition and turn of mind — all being writers of a certain position. A very distinguished Professor of Greek at Oxford professed belief in some form of spiritualism that included somewhere a black velvet coffin. There was another spiritualist or theosophist present, the only agnostic besides Mr. Clodd being a relative of his. The agnostic pendulum seemed indeed to have swung back.

In such a body Mr. Hardy's confession might well come as a shock since neither Catholics nor Spiritualists — nor yet indeed Agnostics — are inclined to regard the Church of England as anything but a social Institution. . . . And Mr. Hardy's profession of belief impressed myself — and I dare say several of the others — with a feeling that if the creed of that church could in that day and hour hold the mind of a man so indisputably great as the author of *The Dynasts*, the church was as a spiritual organization worthy of a respect that one had hitherto withheld from her . . . just indeed as one may well feel today that if Victorian England could produce a figure so authentically great as that little, inwardly smiling, ineffably modest poet, there is more to be said for Victorian England than one is usually inclined to say.

He stood there indeed a singular and intriguing mystery. He seemed to have dropped on that remote seashore out of clouds of temporal glory such as could have attended on few not themselves temporally royal in origin. As far as one

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could trust the papers, behind the billowing skirts of Mrs. Hardy he passed continually across the lawns of royal garden parties; sat in the carriages of the vice-regal lodge at Dublin; mounted the stairs of the Admiralty; vice-presided at his own table over incredibly be-coroneted ranks of guests. . . .

And there he was — infinitely simple, extraordinarily self-effacing; as if ineradicably a peasant, with a face varnished and wrinkled by the weather as the exposed roots of ancient oaks are gnarled amidst their moss . . . and with amazing powers of perception in his keen, limpid, liquid, poet-peasant's eyes . . . and as instinct with the feeling of escape as a schoolboy who had run out from his school ranks on some down and was determined on naughtiness. . . . Much as I have seen Henry James suddenly look naughty when, temporarily escaping from the vigilance of his doctors, nephews, and housekeepers, he had determined to have a glass of port. . . .

I imagined Mr. Hardy to have looked like that when, shaving off his elder-statesman's beard and waxing his mustache till it stuck out like that of the sergeant major of a bantam regiment, he determined to abandon prose for poetry. . . . He was a man obviously of free passions who had borne long disciplining with a silent patience and had now definitely retired from trade to take up his life's hobby to the exclusion of all else.

Because first — and long before he had had any prevision of becoming a novelist — he had yearned with an almost green-sickness to be a poet. And he had practiced poetry and studied prosody minutely and with passion . . . for years. At a turning of the ways such as must be occasioned by the contemplation of marriage with a young woman of position, he had had to decide whether to earn his living as an architect — by restoring churches — in a profession in which he was already middling well-established. In that way he would have been able to continue being a poet on the side. But at the pressing instance of his bride-to-be, he had launched out into the occupation of the commercial novelist — an occupation of a breathless labor that left him almost no time for anything else.

That he cared almost nothing for novel-writing, though he was almost over-sensitive about the reception of his works of fiction, is amply proved by the continual alterations he made in his stories to suit the prudishnesses of editors and of old-maid readers. No novelist of passion could have done that, whereas he gave almost as much trouble to restoring his novels to their original form after they had been mangled for purposes of serialization as he gave to the original writing. The restoration of *Jude* took years and left him long prostrate with exhaustion.

Of his verse, on the other hand, he was fiercely jealous. No one could have persuaded him to alter a word either in the interests of fluidity of meter or of the delicacies. The shocked *Cornhill* would have published *A Sunday Morning Tragedy* if he would have omitted some verses and changed others, and would have published "Who now remembers Almack's balls?" if he would have altered a word or two — though I can't imagine what words they could have desired to see altered . . . unless they are perhaps contained in the lines:

> Is Death the partner who doth moue
> Their wormy chaps and bare?

And I like to think that some of his lightness of heart during that Aldeburgh week-end was caused by the fact that he

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had at last at his disposal a periodical that would publish whatever he wrote exactly as he chose to write it. It was, as it were, another escape. . . . And it was symbolic that at Aldeburgh he only once mentioned his novels . . . that being to say that until the publication of *Tess* he had made almost no money in the United States by his books because of the nonexistence till that date of copyright for foreign authors. . . . On the other hand he talked — after sufficient pressing — by the hour about *The Dynasts*, going over page after page minutely in a nook on the beach, explaining why he had used here heroics, here Alcaics or Sapphics or ballad forms or forms invented by himself, explaining how such and such an incident had been suggested to him . . . and keenly delighting in his achievement. For you could trust that mercurial, simple old peasant to know what he had done and what a great thing that tragedy is. . . .

For me, I have a passionate liking for passages in literature which open up physical immensities of landscape, and that pleasure I get supremely from that work. One stands on a height and sees at infinite distances tiny sailors hauling up boats, tiny hussars dismounted, digging entrenchments, tiny tricolors prancing from Paris to Rome. . . . I can get no greater pleasure from literature.

But indeed the whole of his poetic work forms such another immense panorama . . . of the great landscape of the human heart. It is a matter of observation of minutenesses rendered with an immense breadth and breath. You would imagine there is nothing human, hodden, and down to the ground that he had not noticed with his quick glances. They penetrated right in behind nearly all surfaces as if he had been an infallible sleuth of all human instances. I still remember my extreme amazement — as if of a Doctor Watson — when looking at a fisher boy who was patching an old boat, he told me that that boy whom he had never seen before was probably the stepson of a woman lately widowed — who got on well with him. . . . He had deduced it — and it was quite correct — from the boy's red canvas trousers which had been cut down and patched with blue cloth. . . . Think what an amazingly handy gift that was for a projector of panoramas of the human heart.

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THE FALLACY OF FREE TRADE

BY MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

ALTHOUGH academic economists throughout the world still adhere tenaciously to free trade principles, such doctrines are no longer considered wholly respectable in the realm of practical politics. When Great Britain, the cradle of free trade, switched over to a protectionist policy five years ago, the climax in the modernization of world policies was reached. In this country, however, under the tutelage of Secretary of State Hull, who still retains mid-Victorian predilections on matters pertaining to foreign trade, there has been a partial throwback to tariff conceptions of an earlier period. Rates have been cut furtively, instead of openly. Realizing that it would be politically dangerous to recommend a general downward revision of American tariff schedules by Congress, the New Deal has attempted to achieve the reality of reductions without the appearance. The process, moreover, has involved lawmaking by New Deal bureaucrats instead of by the national legislature.

In these efforts to revise American tariff policies, Secretary Hull has been running counter to nationalistic policies in the other principal countries. He is cognizant that he is bucking the trend, yet he believes that the United States, in the messianic spirit, should set a good example to the rest of the world. In other words, Mr. Hull presupposes that tendencies to bolster domestic economy in various countries, rather than foreign trade, are based on error and confusion. But as a matter of fact, newer instruments for foreign trade control can be forged only from a realistic grasp of the fundamental economic forces sweeping the world. The old British free trade theories, which reflected the former *status quo* when England planned to be the workshop of the world, no longer fit changing conditions in which most of the principal nations are in the midst of a period of quickened industrial development. Likewise, the recurrence of the martial spirit in Europe discloses the naïveté of the assumption that it is safe for nations to specialize in their own economic activities and draw upon the outside world for the remainder of their needs. Similarly, a survey of practical conditions indicates that free trade among nations with unequal living standards tends to bring those with superior living conditions down to the status of those with coolie standards.

As the debating points of the free traders are subjected to scientific analysis, it will be understood why practical statesmen and captains of industry alike have been rejecting the teachings of the classical school. The real need is for a scientific and effective technique for relating foreign trade to the requirements of the domestic economy. The successful post-war history of the American chemical industry reveals ways and means of using trade barriers to foster science and invention, rather than to retard them. Indeed, the very reluctance of the Roosevelt Administration to advo-

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cate an old-fashioned slashing of rates entails in itself a recognition of changes that have taken place in informed opinion. But though the State Department pays lip service to the ideal of protection, it has been using the series of so-called reciprocal trade agreements as a furtive means of breaking down American tariff rates. Dr. Henry F. Grady, an economic advisor to the State Department, gave the plan away in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs*, in which he described the subtle technique by which the New Deal has been reducing American protection under the guise of reciprocal agreements. He declared:

> One of the large barriers to world trade has been our own excessively high tariff. The tariff policy of this country since the war has gone far beyond the bounds of legitimate protection. It has given rise to retaliatory measures, which, implemented by new instruments of commercial warfare, have greatly injured our trade. The trade agreements program is not in any sense a free trade program. It is merely an attempt to remove the causes of retaliation and to restore thereby to American enterprise its natural markets abroad and to retain at the same time reasonable protection for domestic industry.
>
> We have already lowered many rates, which have been generalized to other countries. When we shall have gone the rounds of most of the important countries of the world, reducing in each case the duties on commodities of which it is the principal or important source, we shall have lowered our tariffs on a great many items where the case for lowering is justified. As a result of extending these reductions to virtually all countries, we will obtain, it would seem, what the proponents of unilateral tariff reduction desire; but we will do it more carefully and scientifically than is possible by legislative action. We will at the same time bring about a substantial downward revision of foreign trade barriers.

Apparently the Administration's reciprocal treaties have benefited foreign countries more than America, because imports to this country have been rising faster than exports. Whereas last year exports amounted to $2,282,000,000, or seven per cent more than in 1934, the total value of goods entering the country amounted to $2,048,000,000, or a twenty-four per cent increase over 1934. This reduction in America's favorable trade balance has occurred while Secretary Hull was undertaking to revive a dead horse of economic doctrine. Free trade theories have been losing favor so rapidly among practical men throughout the world that the State Department, in bringing about tariff reductions, has been obliged to proceed indirectly rather than directly. For during recent times, free trade was not only respectable, but anyone who had the temerity to reject the theory was considered somewhat of an economic rebel. Even Frederick List, the German economist, who threw down the gauntlet to Adam Smith, the father of free trade, wrote a century ago to a friend that anyone who did not accept free trade was considered an idiot. If free trade principles now are being rejected, this does not mean that today's generation is necessarily more sophisticated and more discriminating in dissecting economic theory than its forebears. It may merely signify that new and important factors have come into play in this changing and developing world since 1776, when Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations.*

II

The old ideas of free and unrestricted international trade were based on the premise of international specialization. Each country, it was assumed, possessed special endowments in the form of natural resources and human talents. Accordingly, the free

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traders advocated that nations should concentrate on those things in which they excelled, sell their surplus in world markets, and buy from overseas the products in which other countries specialized. This plausible doctrine, which was made in England, seemingly rationalized the earlier British ambition to serve as the industrial center of the world. The original conception was that other countries — relatively backward — would concentrate on the production of agricultural products and other raw materials to be traded for British manufactured goods.

As long as England was the manufacturing center, the free trade doctrines accurately described the world that then existed. But gradually the set-up was transformed by the ambitions of other peoples to participate in economic progress. Gradually, competitive manufacturers appeared in the North Atlantic States in America, in continental Europe, especially in Germany, later in Japan, and even in Latin America. Since the World War, nearly all countries have felt the urge to stand on their own economic legs, and industrialization has spread with astounding celerity. The old balance of backward and progressive powers has been disturbed and the wide demand for a different set of policies in foreign trade springs from a recognition of these changes.

The war made nations everywhere conscious of the hazards of undue dependence on foreign sources of supply. Even Great Britain was amazed in 1914 to discover the extent of German economic penetration in England itself. It was soon learned that modern warfare was fought as much in the laboratories and the factories as in the trenches. The British naval blockade of Germany aroused neutral nations, including the United States prior to April 6, 1917, to the fact that maintenance of living standards hinged on ability to assure a continuous volume of essential imports. So dependent were American institutions on specialized German manufactures that care of the sick in our hospitals was jeopardized by the shutting off of German shipments of basic drugs. Anxious to bring pressure on the United States to force Great Britain to relax the blockade, Germany, it was charged, deliberately withheld exports of therapeutic chemicals. In brief, it soon became apparent that the defense of countries which depended on imports was vastly weaker than had been assumed. Lesson One was then grasped, namely, that classic free trade was practicable only in a world in which a lasting peace was assured. As long as the possibility of war hung over the horizon, it was sheer blindness to lean on warships, submarines, and artillery for defense while neglecting essential aspects of the technique of modern, scientific, industrial production.

But this was no exclusive discovery by the militarists. The need was equally discerned by humanitarians of pacifistic leanings. After the Armistice, President Wilson, on May 20, 1919, sent a message to Congress advocating unusual protection for the American coal-tar chemical industry, saying:

> There are parts of our tariff system which need prompt attention. The experiences of the war have made it plain that in some cases too great reliance on foreign supply is dangerous, and that in determining certain parts of our tariff policy, domestic considerations must be borne in mind which are political as well as economic. Among the industries to which special consideration should be given is that of the manufacture of dyestuffs and related chemicals. Our complete dependence upon German supplies before the war made the interruption of trade a cause of exceptional

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> economic disturbance. The close relation between the manufacture of dyestuffs, on the one hand, and of explosives and poisonous gases on the other, moreover, has given the industry an exceptional significance and value. Although the United States will gladly and unhesitatingly join in the program of international disarmament, it will, nevertheless, be a policy of obvious prudence to make certain of the successful maintenance of many strong and well-equipped chemical plants. The German chemical industry, with which we will be brought into competition, was, and may well be again, a thoroughly knit monopoly capable of exercising a competition of a peculiarly insidious and dangerous kind.

Now in order to render feasible the classic doctrine of international specialization in production, it would be necessary to create an international super-state, which would displace national governments. But until such time as a single world state is invented to supplant nations, the doctrine of free trade and international specialization is inconsistent with national defense. In the present militarized status of the world, it is natural to observe a quickened trend away from free trade toward protection and national self-containment. Yet even if the problem of national defense were not involved, there are other controlling reasons for the tendency of nations to seek to come of age in an economic sense.

The theory of international specialization, instead of widespread diversification, places a country in a highly speculative position. A specialized nation has too many of its eggs in one basket; it is unprepared for revolutionary discoveries by creative scientists. For example, Chile built up its national economy upon the nitrate trade, in which it had long enjoyed a virtual world monopoly. The revenues of the state, like the national income of the people, came largely from this key industry. The monopoly seemed to make Chile's position impregnable, and as a result the Republic was able to float huge foreign loans. But meantime, creative chemistry succeeded in developing synthetic methods for producing nitrates, and suddenly the props were knocked from under Chile's monopoly. This is not an isolated incident, but is typical of how scientific research is producing synthetic substitutes which liberate peoples from dependence on foreign monopolies.

A further premise of the free trade movement rests on differing national skill and talent. The academicians point out that each group of peoples is equipped to do certain jobs more effectively than others. By concentrating on the work for which they are most fitted, they are supposed to procure the best results, buying other products from foreigners who because of natural resources or peculiar racial fitness excel in making these products. This doctrine, if ever valid, would apply only to a static, motionless world — scarcely to the dynamic, fast-moving world of today. It is entirely inconsistent with the modern application of the scientific mind to business. Modern business is guided by research, which is animated in turn by the hope that it will always be possible to shake new secrets from the hidden bushes of undisclosed knowledge.

III

From its beginning, the United States has pursued a protectionist policy. When, occasionally, the policy was debated — or momentarily altered — the country was subjected to temporary setbacks. Under protection, this country succeeded admirably in establishing better living standards than ever previously reached by any nation at any stage of history. Hence, it

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would be an immensely costly undertaking to turn the United States into a gigantic laboratory for tariff experimentation. If, for example, the deviations from American traditional policy which Secretaries Hull and Wallace advocate, should be found by experience to be fallacious, the testing period might set back the economic development of the country for generations. Fortunately, however, this generation can without expense profit from examining similar proposals made in England nearly a century ago by Richard Cobden, who uttered the same type of trade doctrines which Secretary Hull now expounds.

Cobden advocated repeal of the Corn Laws which gave protection to British farmers. At Manchester on January 15, 1846, he made this inaccurate forecast:

> I believe that, if you abolish the Corn Law honestly, and adopt Free Trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in less than five years to follow your example.

Other prognostications of Cobden proved equally fatuous. In following his advice to abandon protection of home agriculture, England gradually lost much of her domestic farming industry, and became dependent on imports for sixty-five per cent of her foodstuffs. Yet in an address at Manchester on October 19, 1843, Cobden made this strange prediction:

> I have never been one who believed that the repeal of the Corn Laws (a free trade gesture) would throw an acre of land out of cultivation.

A year later, he attempted to foreshadow what the future historian would say about the repeal of the Corn Laws, in the following words:

> It was not until, by the aid of the Anti-Corn Law League, the Corn Law was utterly abolished, that agriculture sprang up to the full vigor of its existence in England, to become what it now is, like her manufactures, unrivalled in the world.

England tried these doctrines and found them wanting. They tended to make depression the normal in Great Britain. Yet in the last five years, since England reversed its policy and became committed to protection, the nation has risen spectacularly from its prolonged recession. It now is more prosperous than in 1928, and the improvement has come primarily out of domestic economy rather than external trade. Exports are lower than in 1928. In that year, exports were £843,862,333, compared with £447,371,016 (provisional) in 1934, and £481,800,000 (provisional) in 1935. Thus England has become conscious of the desirability of developing a balanced internal economy. She has set out to repair the deficiencies in her agriculture which grew out of the repeal of the Corn Laws; she is concentrating on home industries; she is showing new energy in rebuilding her transportation, her communications, and her roads.

Yet marked as progress has been in England since 1931, it would have been still greater if she had not tempered her new protectionist policy to meet the formula of imperial preference. Specifically, imperial preference has restrained the Minister of Agriculture from going the whole way in a program for developing home agriculture. As a result, Empire goods, particularly agricultural products, are still displacing English working men. As the British leaders, however, are coming to recognize that prosperity under the new technology of the power age depends on balance, which enables the principal social and economic groups, such as farmers and factory workers, to employ one another through interchanging the prod-

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ucts of a year's labor, Britain seems destined for a period of accelerated economic progress. And she will do this job, unlike Italy and Germany, without surrendering her traditional democratic institutions.

Public opinion in England by 1931 had been converted to the viewpoint that other nations had valid reasons for rejecting the free trade doctrines of the classical British economists. Realists recognized that the whole principle rested on a false premise, namely, that hours of labor are equally valuable in the principal trading countries. For example, under the disparities in living standards existing between the American skilled worker and the coolie in the Orient, free trade would lead to infinite complications. This warning is more applicable to the United States than to any other nation because, with barely more than six per cent of the world's population, America has more than one third of the world's wealth and from forty to fifty per cent of the world's income. As a matter of fact, it has been computed that more than half of the world's foreign and domestic trade takes place within the borders of the United States. The essential truth is that because of rich natural resources, superlative management technique, and an intelligent working population, Americans have vastly more of the world's goods than they would have on a per capita basis as citizens in a world state. Once this country safeguards the home market through embargoes where necessary and then limits exports to amounts which foreigners can purchase by shipping to the United States essential raw materials, such as coffee, tea, and rubber, then the pressure of excessive and dangerous international competition will abate. Thus an enlightened and streamlined economic nationalism can become a healing, peace-making influence throughout the world.

IV

When American liberals speak of free trade, they really mean one-sided free trade. They want their own government to let down the barriers in the vague hope of setting a good example to the rest of the world. Though these suggested changes would expose the rich home market of the United States to world competition, it by no means follows that they would result in a corresponding new regime in other countries. Foreign governments — and Japan has been pre-eminent in this movement — co-operate closely with their business interests. When it becomes a matter of national policy to expand particular industries, especially in the export trade, governments pay subsidies during the developmental period. Moreover, undeterred by a Sherman anti-trust law, foreign governments, including Germany, permit cartels, which are combinations of an entire industry, to raise prices arbitrarily on goods intended for domestic consumption in order temporarily to recoup losses incurred in the foreign field, where it seems advantageous to kill off international competition through selling below cost.

In order to pursue to a logical conclusion the old-fashioned international economic ideas which the Roosevelt Administration has espoused, it would be necessary to change radically the relationship between business and government in the United States. The anti-trust laws relating to combinations in restraint of trade and prohibitions against price-fixing would have to be scrapped. Accordingly, if liberals, who in their confusion have sided with the free trade school, would think this subject through, they would find themselves in the illogical position of reversing themselves on the fundamentals

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of federal legislation designed to curb arbitrary power in the domestic field of industry.

During the era of this country's highest post-war foreign trade, Americans not only exported goods and services, but also the money to pay for them — in the form of loans, many of which are now uncollectible. Moreover, a substantial portion of the trade recorded in official statistics was not profitable business. Much of it represented reprisals consisting of price-cutting overseas for the purpose of punishing foreign concerns in their home markets for similar tactics within this country's borders. And yet, if the new fashion is to be a trend toward economic self-containment, the United States has the easiest adjustment to make. Even in the prosperous years 1927 to 1929, Americans depended on exports for only six per cent of their national income, compared with a ratio of twenty to sixty-five per cent in other principal countries of the world.

Curiously enough, protection in the United States was originally intended almost exclusively for industry. The opposition to it came largely from agriculture. Now, as a result of the kaleidoscopic changes in world economy, our domestic agriculture, crowded increasingly out of foreign markets, needs the protection of a monopoly at home. In spite of this growing need, the United States is in the peculiar position of taxing heavily native agricultural products, such as tobacco, while exempting many foreign products, such as coffee, tea, and other non-competitive imports. Likewise, the recently outlawed processing taxes fell on native agricultural products used at the American dinner table. This system amounts, in effect, to applying tariff protection in reverse.

Since England turned to protection, comparatively few articles remain on her free list. In this country, however, 60.5 per cent of total imports by value in 1934 entered free of duty. Upwards of seventy-six exempt commodities are regularly brought into the United States, embracing numerous agricultural products in addition to tea and coffee, rubber, silk, bananas, wool, herbs, and spices. As a result, the average American duty on total imports in the calendar year 1934 was only eighteen per cent, compared with the average British duty of twenty-seven per cent.

Secretary Hull took advantage of the large number of items on the free list to induce foreign nations to make reciprocal tariff agreements with the United States. He offered the seemingly innocuous commitment on the part of this country to bind such items to the free list for a period of years. Nominally this entails no sacrifice. But in reality it tends to tie the hands of Congress at the very time when it is searching for new sources of revenue. Apparently foreign negotiators were more canny than the American diplomats. Representatives of other countries, foreseeing that in the logical sequence of events Congress might want to impose an excise tax on coffee, tea, and other non-competitive imports for purely revenue purposes, as England used to do when it was still on a predominantly free trade basis, persuaded the American government to keep such items on the free list.

With national interest as the touchstone for evaluating policy, tariffs or embargoes should not be used to subsidize the inefficient and the greedy. The government, acting for all the people, should expect a *quid pro quo* from protected industrialists and agrarians. If the records reveal a significant influx of certain products from overseas, this country's tariff authority —

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a reconstructed Tariff Commission of first-rate men of scientific bent of mind—should inquire into the reasons behind such a movement. As part of this survey, the Commission should determine whether American interests can produce the imported article. It should insist on proof that goods of at least as excellent quality can be produced in this country. If not, it should encourage the industry to start research to enable it to turn out such merchandise.

Until equal quality can be attained, imports should be permitted in order to give American consumers access to the best offered in the world markets. To do less would be to interfere with opportunities to live well, and would tend to protect incompetence and to reward backwardness. Once goods of equal or better quality can be produced, the price factor would next be considered. Decision as to this would rest on what would be best for the interests of the American people as a whole. As long as millions of Americans are unemployed, it is false economy to buy cheaper imported goods, which affords employment to foreign labor while leaving idle American workers as a burden on the taxpayers.

THE ADMONITION

BY LESLIE CROSS

LIKE a white antelope in rivered storm,
You heard the admonition of the flesh,
Putting a finger to the lips: *Be warm*
As blood, but never as the fire's mesh.

Be gay as peasant shawls, but never half
So gay as fire running through the wheat,
For fire burns the cloak and chars the staff;
Keep the white fire from your dancing feet.

I am the flesh, the very body of life:
Nay, I shall have none other, hotter gods;
Than me, you shall not wive another wife;
I bring no rod save that which breaks the rods.

You heard the voice. You saw the waving hands.
You turned and walked into the fiery lands.

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WORK IN PROGRESS

THE MERCURY *presents herewith portions of forthcoming novels by three of America's most distinguished writers. The selections, incomplete in themselves, are offered in advance of book publication as interesting previews of the writing these novelists are at present undertaking.* WORK IN PROGRESS *will appear semi-annually in* THE MERCURY *henceforth.*

I. THE BELL REMEMBERED

From the forthcoming novel, now in preparation, title as yet unchosen, to be published by Scribners.

BY THOMAS WOLFE

IT SOMETIMES seems to me my whole life has been haunted by the ringing of the courthouse bell. The courthouse bell gets into almost every memory I have of youth; it beats wildly with receding and advancing waves of sound through stormy autumn days; and in the sharp burst suddenness of spring, the blade of April and the green of May, the courthouse bell is also there with its first stroke, giving a brazen pulse to haunting solitudes of June, getting into the rustling of a leaf, cloud shadows passing on the hills near home, speaking to morning with its wake-o-day of come-to-court; jarring the drowsy torpor of the afternoon with "court again".

It was a rapid and full-throated cry; a fast stroke beating on the heels of sound; its brazen tongue, its fast hard beat was always just the same, I knew, and yet the constant rhythm of its stroke beat through my heart and brain and soul and through the pulses of my blood with all the passionate and mad excitements of man's fate and error.

I never heard it — as a boy — without a faster beating of the pulse, a sharp dry tightening in the throat, the numb aerial buoyancy of deep excitement, even though I did not always know the cause. And yet, at morning, shining morning, in the spring, it would seem to speak to me of work-a-day, to tell me the world was up-and-doing, advancing to the rattling traffics of full noon. And then, in afternoon, it spoke with still another tongue; it broke the drowsy hush of somnolent repose with its demand for action; it spoke to bodies drowsing in the mid-day warmth, and it told us we must rudely break our languorous siesta, it spoke to stomachs drugged with heavy food, crammed full of turnip greens and corn, string beans and pork, hot biscuit and hot apple pie, and it told us it was time to gird our swollen loins for labor, that man's will and character must

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rise above his belly, that work was doing, and that night was not yet come.

Again, in morning it would speak of civil action; of men at law and the contention of a suit; its tone was full of writs and summonses or appearances and pleading; sometimes its hard fast tongue would now cry out "appear!"

"Appear, appear, appear appear appear appear appear appear appear appear!"

Or, "Your property is mine — is mine — is mine — is mine — is mine!"

Or, again, harsh and peremptory, unyielding, unexplained:

"You must come to court — to court — to court — to court — to court — to court — to court."

Or, more brutal still and more peremptory, just:

"Court — court — court — court — court — court — court — court — court —"

In afternoon, the courthouse bell spoke of more fatal punishment: murder on trial, death through the heated air, a dull slow-witted mountain wretch who sat there in the box, with a hundred pairs of greedy eyes upon him, and still half unaware of what he did, the killer's sudden sob, itself like blood and choking in the throat, the sun gone blood-smeared in the eyes, the feel and taste of blood throughout, upon the hot air, on the tongue and in the mouth, across the visage of the sun, with all the brightness of the day gone out — and then the sudden stroke, and the gold-bright sun of day returning, a cloud-shape that passes on the massed green of a mountain flank, bird-thrumming wood-notes everywhere, swift and secret, bullet-wise within the wilderness, the drowsy stitch and drone of three o'clock through coarse wet grasses of the daisied fields, and the life-blood of a murdered man soaking quietly before him down into an unsuspected hand's-breadth of familiar earth on mountain meadow — all as sudden, swift, and casual as this, all swiftly done as the swift thrummings in a wood — and all unknowing of the reason why he did it; now the prisoner's box, two hundred greedy eyes upon him, a stunned animal caught in the steel traps of law, and the courthouse bell that pounds upon the torpor of hot afternoon the brutal imperative of its inflexible command:

"To kill to kill to kill to kill to kill to kill — "

And then, simply:

"Kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill —"

II

I sometimes wonder if the people of a younger and more urban generation realize the way the courthouse bell, the county courthouse, shaped life and destiny through America some sixty years ago. For us in Libya Hill, at any rate, it was the center of the life of the entire community, the center of the community itself — for Libya Hill was first a county courthouse, then a town — a town that grew up round the courthouse, made a Square, and straggled out along the roads that led away to the four quarters of the earth.

And for the country people round about, even more than for the people who lived in the town, the courthouse was the center of their life, and of more interest to them than it was to us. They came to town to trade and barter — they came to town to buy and sell, but when their work was over it was always to the courthouse that they turned.

When court was being held one could always find them here. Here were their mules, their horses, ox-teams, and their covered wagons; here their social converse, their communal life; here were their trials, suits, and punishments; here their drawl-

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ing talk of rape and lust and murder — the whole shape and pattern of their life, the look of it, its feel, its taste, its smell.

Here was, in sum, it seems to me, the framework of America; the abysmal gap between our preachment and performance, our grain of righteousness and our hill of wrong. Not only in the lives and voices and the persons of these country people, these rude mountaineers, who sat and spat and drawled and loitered on the courthouse steps, but in the very design and shape and structure of the courthouse building itself did the framework of this life of ours appear. Here in the pseudo-Greek façade with its front of swelling plaster columns trying to resemble stone, as well as in the high square dimensions of the trial courtroom, the judge's bench, the prisoner's box, the witness stand, the lawyer's table, the railed-off area for participants, the benches for spectators behind, the crossed flags of the State and of the nation, and the steel engraving of George Washington — in all these furnishings of office, there was some effort to maintain the pomp of high authority, the dignified impartial execution of the law.

But, alas, the impartial execution of the law was, like the design and structure of the courthouse itself, not free from error, and not always sound. The imposing Doric and Corinthian columns were often found, upon inspection, to be just lath and brick and plaster trying to be stone. And no matter what pretensions to a classic austerity the courtroom itself would try to make, the tall and gloomy-looking windows were generally unwashed; no matter what effect of Attic grace the grand façade could make upon the slow mind of the country man, the wide dark corridors were full of drafts and ventilations, darkness, creaking boards, and squeaking stairways, the ominous dripping of an unseen tap.

And the courthouse smell was also like the smell of terror, crime, and justice in America — a certain essence of our life, a certain sweat out of ourselves, a certain substance that is ours alone and unmistakable — the smell of courthouse justice in this land.

It was — to get down to its basic chemistries — first of all a smell of sweat, tobacco-juice, and urine — a smell of sour flesh, feet, clogged urinals, and broken-down latrines. It was, mixed in and subtly interposed with these, a smell of tarry disinfectant, a kind of lime and alum, a strong ammoniac smell. It was a smell of old dark halls and old used floorways, a cool, dark, dank, and musty cellar-smell. It was a smell of old used chairs with creaking bottoms; a smell of sweated woods and grimy surfaces; a smell of rubbed-off arm-rests, bench-rests, chair-rests, counter-, desk-, and table-rests; a smell as if every inch of woodwork in the building had been oiled, stewed, sweated, grimed, and polished by man's flesh.

In addition to all these, it was a smell of rump-worn leathers, a smell of thumb-worn calfskin, yellowed papers, and black ink; it was a smell of brogans, shirtsleeves, overalls, and sweat and hay and butter; and it was a kind of dry exciting smell of chalk, starched cuffs that rattled, the incessant rattling of dry papers, the crackling of dry knuckles and parched fingers, the dry rubbing of white chalky hands; a country lawyer smell of starch and broadcloth.

And oh, much more than these — and *all* of these — it was a smell of fascination and of terror, a smell of throbbing pulse and beating heart and the tight and dry constriction of the throat; it was a smell made up of all the hate, the horror, the fear, the chicanery, and the loathing that the world could know, a smell made up of

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the intolerable anguish of men's nerve and heart and brain and sinew; the sweat and madness of man's perjured soul enmeshed in trickery — a whole huge smell of violence and crime and murder, of shyster trickeries and broken faith — it was one small smell of justice, fairness, truth, and hope in one high and mountainous stench of error, passion, guilt, and graft, and wrong.

It was, in short, America — the wilderness America, the sprawling, huge, chaotic, criminal America; it was murderous America soaked with murdered blood, tortured and purposeless America; savage, blind, and mad America, exploding through its puny laws, its pitiful pretense; America with all its almost hopeless hopes, its almost faithless faiths; America with the huge blight on her of her own error, the broken promise of her lost dream and her unachieved desire; and it was America as well with her unspoken prophecies, her unfound language, her unuttered song; and just for all these reasons it was for us all our own America, with all her horror, beauty, tenderness, and terror, with all we know of her that never has been proved, that never yet was uttered — the only one we know, the only one there is.

III

I suppose my interest in the courthouse and the courthouse bell was a double one; the sound of that great and brazen bell not only punctuated almost every experience of my youth, but it also punctuated almost every memory that I had of my father. He had been made a Judge of the Circuit Court some years after the War, and the whole record of his life about this period might have been chronicled in the ringing of the bell. When the bell rang, court was in session and my father was in town; when the bell did not ring, court was not in session, and my father was holding court in some other town.

Moreover, when the bell began to ring, my father was at home; and before the bell had finished ringing he was on his way to court. The ceremony of his going was always the same; I suppose I watched him do it a thousand times, and it never changed or varied by a fraction. He would get home at one o'clock, would eat dinner in a pre-occupied silence, speaking rarely, and probably thinking of the case that he was trying at the moment. After dinner, he would go into his study, stretch himself out on his old leather sofa, and nap for three-quarters of an hour. I often watched him while he took this brief siesta; he slept with a handkerchief spread out across his face, and with only the top of his bald head visible. Often, these naps produced snores of very formidable proportions, and the big handkerchief would blow up beneath the blast like a sail that catches a full wind.

But no matter how profound these slumbers seemed to be, he would always rouse himself at the first stroke of the courthouse bell, snatch the handkerchief from his face, and sit bolt upright with an expression of intense and almost startled surprise on his red face and in his round blue eyes:

"There's the *bell*!" he would cry, as if this was the last thing on earth he had expected. Then he would get up, limp over to his desk, thrust papers, briefs, and documents into his old brief case, jam a battered old slouch hat upon his head, and limp heavily down the hall where my mother would be busy at her sewing in the sitting room.

"I'm going now!" he would announce in a tone that seemed to convey a kind of abrupt and startled warning. To this my

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mother would make no answer whatever, but would continue placidly at her knitting, as if she had been expecting this surprising information all the time.

Then my father, after staring at her for a minute in a puzzled and undecided manner, would limp off down the hall, pause half-way, limp back to the open door, and fairly shout:

"I say, I'm *going*!"

"Yes, Edward," my mother would answer placidly, still busy with her needles. "I heard you."

Whereupon Father would glare at her again, in a surprised and baffled manner, and finally blurt out:

"Is there anything you want from town?"

To which my mother would say nothing for a moment, but would lift the needle to the light, and squinting, thread it.

"I say," my father would shout, as if he were yelling to someone on top of a mountain, *"is — there — anything — you — want — from town?"*

"No, Edward," Mother would presently reply, with the same maddening placidity. "I think not. We have everything we need."

At these words, Father would stare at her fixedly, breathing heavily, with a look of baffled indecision and surprise. Then he would turn abruptly, grunting, "Well, good-by then," and limp down the hall and down the steps, and heavily and rapidly away across the yard — and that would be the last I would see of my father until evening came: a stocky, red-faced man, with a bald head and a battered-up old brief case underneath his arm, limping away up the straggling street of a little town down South some sixty years ago, while the courthouse bell beat out its hard and rapid stroke.

I have heard my father say that, outside of a battlefield, a courtroom could be the most exciting place on earth, and that the greatest opportunity for observing life and character was in a courtroom; and I think that he was right. When an interesting case was being tried, he sometimes took me with him; I saw and heard a great many wonderful and fascinating things, a great many brutal and revolting things, as well; but by the time I was fifteen I was not only pretty familiar with courtroom procedure, but I had seen men on trial for their lives; the thrilling and terrible adventure of pursuit and capture; the cunning effort of the hounds of law to break down evidence, to compel confession, to entrap and snare — hounds running, and the fox at bay; and I had heard trials for every other thing on earth as well — for theft, assault and robbery; for blackmail, arson, rape, and greed and petty larceny; for deep-dyed guilt or perjured innocence — all of the passion, guilt, and cunning, all of the humor, love, and faithfulness, all of the filth and ignorance, the triumph or defeat, the pain or the fulfillment, that the earth can know, or of which man's life is capable.

Although my father's house on College Street was just a few blocks from the courthouse on the Square — so near, in fact, that he could be in court before the bell had finished with its brazen ringing, in those days we could pass a large part of the whole town's population in the course of that short journey. It certainly seemed to me, every time I went along with him, that we *spoke to* the whole town; every step of our way was punctuated by someone greeting him with "Hello, General," or "Good morning, General," or "Good afternoon" — (outside the courtroom everybody called him General) — and my father's brief, grunted-out replies as he limped along:

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"'Lo, Ed," "Morning, Jim," "'Day, Tom."

He was a good walker in spite of his limp and, when in a hurry, he could cover ground fast — so fast indeed that I had to stir my stumps to keep ahead of him.

Arrived at the courthouse, we were greeted by the usual nondescript conglomeration of drawling country folk, tobacco-chewing mountaineers, and just plain loafers who made the porch, the steps, and walls of the old brick courthouse their club, their prop, their stay, their fixed abode and almost, so it seemed to me, their final resting place — certainly some of them were, in Father's phrase, "as old as God", and had been sitting on the courthouse steps or leaning against the courthouse walls longer than most of us could remember.

Chief among these ancient sons of leisure — I think he was, by tacit consent, generally considered chief of them — was the venerable old reprobate who was generally referred to, when his back was turned, as Looky Thar. My father had given him that title, and it stuck forever after, chiefly because of its exceeding fitness. Old Looky Thar's real name was Old Man Slagle; although he called himself Major Slagle, and was generally addressed as Major by his familiars, friends, and acquaintances, the title was self-bestowed, and had no other basis in fact or actuality.

Old Looky Thar had been a soldier in the War and in addition to the loss of a leg, he had suffered a remarkable injury which had earned for him the irreverent and flippant name of Looky Thar. This injury was a hole in the roof of his mouth, "big enough to stick your hull fist through", in Looky Thar's own description of its dimensions, the result of an extraordinary shrapnel wound which had miraculously spared his life, but had unfortunately not impaired his powers of speech. I think he was just about the lewdest, profanest, dirtiest-minded old man I ever saw or heard, and furthermore his obscenities were published in a high cracked falsetto and accompanied by a high cracked cackle, publishable for blocks, and easily heard by people a hundred yards away.

He was, if anything, prouder of that great hole in his mouth than he was of his wooden leg; he was more pleased about it than he would have been over election to the Legion of Honor, the bestowal of the Victoria Cross, or the winning of a famous victory. That hole in the roof of his mouth not only became the be-all and the sufficient reason for his right to live; it became the be-all for his right to loaf. Moreover, the hole not only justified him in everything he said or thought or felt or did; but he also felt apparently that it gave to all his acts and utterances a kind of holy and inspired authority, a divine and undebatable correctness. And if anyone had the effrontery — was upstart enough — to question any one of Looky Thar's opinions (and his opinions were incessant and embraced the universe) whether on history, politics, religion, mathematics, hog-raising, peanut growing, or astrology, he might look forward to being promptly, ruthlessly, and utterly subdued — discomfited — annihilated — put in his place at once by the instant and infallible authority of old Looky Thar's chief "frame of reference" — the huge hole in the roof of his mouth.

It did not matter what was the subject, what the occasion, what the debate; old Looky Thar might argue black was white, or top was bottom, that the earth was flat instead of round — but whatever his position, no matter what he said was right, was right because he said it, because a man who

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had a big hole in the roof of his mouth could never *possibly* be wrong in anything.

On these occasions, whenever he was questioned or opposed in anything, his whole demeanor would change in the wink of an eye. In spite of his wooden leg he would leap up out of his old splint-bottomed chair as quick as a monkey, and so angry that he punctuated almost every word by digging the end of his wooden peg into the earth with vicious emphasis. Then, opening his horrible old mouth so wide that one wondered how he would ever get it closed again, exposing a few old yellow fangs of teeth, he would point a palsied finger at the big hole, and in a high cracked voice that shook with passion, scream:

"Looky thar!"

"I know, Major, but — "

"*You* know?" old Looky Thar would sneer. "Whut do *you* know, sir? A miserable little upstart that don't know *nothin'* tryin' to talk back to a man that fit all up an' down Virginny an' that's got a hole in the roof of his mouth big enough to stick your hull fist through. . . . *You* know!" he screamed, "*Whut* do you know? . . . Looky thar!"

"All right, I can see that hole, all right, but the argument was whether the earth was round or flat, and *I* say it's round!"

"*You* say it's round!" Looky Thar would sneer. "What do *you* know about it, sir — a pore little two-by-fo' upstart that *don't know nothin'*? . . . How do *you* know whether it's round or flat? . . . When you ain't *been* nowhere yet . . . and ain't *seen* nothin' yet . . . an' never been five miles from home in your hull *life*! . . . talkin' back to a man that's fit all up an' down Virginny an' that's got a hole in the roof of his mouth you could stick your hull fist through — Looky thar!" and he would dig viciously into the earth with his wooden peg, crack his jaws wide open, and point to the all-justifying hole with a palsied but triumphant hand.

Otherwise, if not opposed in any way, old Looky Thar was amiable enough, and would talk endlessly and incessantly to anyone within hearing distance, who might have leisure or the inclination to listen to unending anecdotes about old Looky Thar's experiences in war, in peace, with horses, liquor, niggers, men and women — especially with women, his alleged relations with the female sex being lecherously recounted in a high cracked voice, punctuated by high-cracked bursts of bawdy laughter, all audible for several hundred yards.

My father loathed him; he represented everything my father hated most — shiftlessness, ignorance, filth, lechery, and professional veteranism; but hate, love, loathing, anger, or contempt were not sufficient to prevail above old Looky Thar; he was a curse, a burden, and a cause of untold agony, but he was there in his splint-bottomed chair against the courthouse porch, and there to stay — a burden to be suffered and endured.

Although old Looky Thar could pop up from his chair as quick and nimble as a monkey when he was mad, and someone had opposed him, when he greeted my father he became the aged and enfeebled veteran, crippled from his wounds, but resolved to make a proper and respectful greeting to his honored chief.

At Father's approach, old Looky Thar, who would have been regaling his tobacco-chewing audience with tall tales of "how we fit 'em — we fit 'em up an' down Virginny" — would cease talking suddenly, tilt his chair forward to the ground, place his palsied hands upon the arms of the chair, and claw frantically and futilely at the floor with his wooden stump, all the

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time grunting, groaning, and almost sobbing for breath, like a man at the last gasp of his strength, but resolved to do or die at any cost.

Then he would pause and, still panting heavily for breath, gasp out in a voice mealy with hypocrisy and assumed humility:

"Boys, I'm 'shamed to have to ask fer help, but I'm afraid I got to! Here comes the General an' I *got* to get up on my feet; will one of you fellers lend a hand?"

Of course, a dozen lending, sympathetic hands were instantly available; they would pull and hoist old Looky Thar erect. He would stagger about drunkenly and claw frantically at the floor with his wooden peg in an effort to get his balance, catch hold of numerous shoulders in an effort to regain his balance — and then, slowly, and with a noble effort, come up to the salute — the most florid and magnificent salute you ever saw, the salute of a veteran of the Old Guard saluting the Emperor at Waterloo.

There were times when I was afraid my father was going to strangle him. Father's face would redden to the hue of a large and very ripe tomato, the veins in his thick neck and forehead would swell up like whipcording, his big fingers would work convulsively for a moment into his palms while he glared at Looky Thar; then without another word he would turn and limp away into the court.

To me, however, his comment on one occasion, while brief, was violent and descriptively explosive.

"There's another of your famous veterans," he growled. "Four years in War and forty years on your hind-end. There's a fine old veteran for you."

"Well," I protested, "the man *has* got a wooden leg."

Father stopped abruptly, faced me, his square face reddened painfully as he fixed me with the earnest, strangely youthful look of his blue eyes:

"Listen to me, my boy," he said very quietly, and tapped me on the shoulder with a peculiar and extraordinarily intense quality of conviction. "Listen to me; a wooden leg is no excuse for *anything*!"

I stared at him, too astonished to say anything; and not knowing what reply to make to what seemed to me one of the most extraordinary and meaningless remarks I had ever heard.

"Just remember what I tell you," he said. "A wooden leg is no excuse for anything!"

Then, his face very red, he turned and limped heavily and rapidly away into the court, leaving me still staring in gape-mouthed astonishment at his broad back.

IV

One day, about six months after this conversation with my father, I was in his study reading an account of the Battle of Spottsylvania by one of the generals in Hancock's command who had been present at the fight. I had finished reading his description of the first two movements of that bloody battle — namely, Hancock's charge upon the Confederate position and the thrilling counter-charge of our own troops — and was now reading the passages that described the final movement — the hand-to-hand fighting that was waged by the forces of both armies over the earth embankment — a struggle so savage and prolonged that, in the words of this officer, "almost every foot of earth over which they fought was red with blood". Suddenly I came upon this passage:

> There have been other battles of the War in which more troops were engaged, where the losses were greater, and the operations carried on on a more extensive scale, but

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in my own estimation, there has been no fighting in modern times that was as savage and destructive as was the hand-to-hand fighting that was waged back and forth over the earth embankment there at Spottsylvania in the final hours of the battle. The men of both armies fought hand to hand and toe to toe; the troops of both sides stood on top of the embankment firing pointblank in the faces of the enemy, getting fresh muskets constantly from their comrades down below. When one man fell, another sprang up to take his place. No one was spared — from private soldier up to captain, from captain to brigade commander; I saw general officers fighting in the thick of it shoulder to shoulder with the men of their own ranks; among others, I saw Mason among his mountaineers, firing and loading until he was himself shot down and borne away by his own men, his right leg so shattered by a Minié ball that amputation was imperative —

Something blurred and passed across my eyes, and suddenly all of the gold and singing had gone out of day. I got up and walked out of the study, and down the hallway, holding the book open in my hand.

When I got to the sitting room I looked in and saw my mother there; she looked up placidly, and then looked at me quickly, startled, and got up, putting her sewing things down upon the table as she did.

"What is it? What's the matter with you?"

I walked over to her, very steadily, I think.

"This book," I said, and held the page up to her, pointing at the place — "read what it says here — "

She took it quickly, and read. In a moment she handed it back to me, her fingers shook a little, but she spoke calmly:

"Well?"

"What the book says — is that Father?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then," I said, staring slowly at her and swallowing hard — "does that mean that Father — "

Then I saw that she was crying; she put her arms around my shoulders and said:

"Your father is so proud — he wouldn't tell you. He couldn't bear to have his son think he was a cripple."

Then I knew what he had meant.

A cripple! Fifty years and more have passed since then, but every time the memory returns, my vision blurs, and something tightens in my throat, and the gold and singing passes from the sun as it did on that lost day in spring, long, long ago. A cripple — he, a cripple!

I see his bald head and red face, his stocky figure limping heavily away to court . . . and hear the fast hard ringing of the bell . . . and remember Looky Thar, the courthouse loafers and the people passing . . . the trials, the lawyers, and the men accused . . . the generals coming to our house the way they did all through the 'Eighties . . . the things they talked of and the magic that they brought . . . and my heart boy-drunk with dreams of war and glory . . . the splendid generals and my father, who was so un-warlike as I thought . . . and the unworthiness of my romantic unbelief . . . to see that burly and prosaic figure as it *limped* away toward court . . . and tried to vision him with Gordon in the Wilderness . . . or charging through the shot-torn fields and woods at Gettysburg . . . or wounded, sinking to his knees at Sharpsburg, by Antietam Creek . . . and failing miserably to see him so; and, boy-like, failing to envisage how much of madness or of magic even brick-red faces and bald heads may be familiar with . . . down the Valley of Virginia, long years ago. . . .

But a cripple! — No! He was no cripple, but the strongest, straightest, plainest, most

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uncrippled man I ever knew! . . . And fifty years have gone since then, but when I think of that lost day, it all comes back . . . the memory of each blade, each leaf, each flower . . . the rustling of each leaf and every light and shade that came and went against the sun . . . the dusty Square, the hitching posts, the mules, the ox-teams, and the horses, the hay-sweet bedding of the country wagons and the smell of bedded melons . . . the courthouse loafers . . . and old Looky Thar — and Spangler's mule teams trotting by across the Square . . . each door that opened . . . and each gate that slammed . . . and everything that passed throughout the town that day . . . the women sitting on the latticed porches of their brothels at the edge of Niggertown . . . the whores respiring in warm afternoon, and certain only of one thing — that night would come! . . . all things known or unseen — a part of my whole consciousness . . . a little mountain town down South one afternoon in May some fifty years ago . . . and time passing like the humming of a bee, time passing like the thrumming in a wood, time passing as cloud shadows pass above the hill-flanks of the mountain meadows or like the hard fast pounding of the courthouse bell . . . a man long dead and long since buried who limped his way to court and who had been at Gettysburg . . . and time passing . . . passing like a leaf . . . time passing, fading like a flower . . . time passing like a river flowing . . . time passing . . . and remembered suddenly as here, like the forgotten hoof and wheel of sixty years ago . . . time passing as men pass who never will come back again . . . and leaving us, Great God, with only this . . . knowing that this earth, this time, this life are stranger than a dream.

II. ABSALOM, ABSALOM!

From the novel of the same title to be published by Random House this fall.

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

FROM a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon they sat in what Miss Coldfield still called the office because her father had called it that — a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for forty-three summers because when she was a girl someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which (as the sun shone fuller and fuller upon that side of the house) became latticed with yellow slashes full of motes which Quentin thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds like wind might. There was a wistaria vine blooming for the second time that summer on a wooden trellis before one window into which sparrows came now and then in random gusts making a dry vivid dusty sound before going away: and opposite Quentin, Miss Coldfield in the eternal black which she had worn for forty-three

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years now, whether for sister father or no husband none knew, sitting so bolt upright in the straight hard chair that was too tall for her that her legs hung straight and rigid as if she had iron shinbones and ankles, clear of the floor with that air of impotent and static rage like children's feet and talking in that grim haggard amazed voice until at last listening would renege and hearing-sense self-confound and then the dead man himself would appear as though by outraged recapitulation evoked, quiet inattentive and harmless, out of the biding, dreamy, and victorious dust.

Her voice would not cease, it would just vanish. There would be the dim coffin-smelling gloom sweet and oversweet with the twice-bloomed wistaria against the outer wall by the savage quiet September sun impacted distilled and hyperdistilled and now and then the sparrows with a loud cloudy flutter like a flat limber stick whipped by an idle boy and rank with female old flesh in virginity long embattled and the wan haggard face watching him above the faint triangle of lace at her wrists and throat from the too tall chair in which she resembled a crucified child, and the voice not ceasing but vanishing into and then out of the long intervals like a stream a trickle running from patch to patch of dried sand while the ghost appeared with that shadowy docility as if it were the voice which he haunted where a more fortunate one might have had a house. Out of quiet thunderclap he would abrupt (manhorsedemon) upon a scene peaceful and decorous as a schoolprize watercolor, faint sulphur-reek still in hair clothes and beard and grouped behind him his band of wild niggers like beasts half tamed to walk upright like men, in attitudes wild and reposed and manacled among them the French architect with his air grim, haggard and tatter-ran. Immobile, bearded, handpalm-lifted like a racing barrier, the horseman sat; behind him the wild blacks and the captive architect huddled quietly, carrying in bloodless paradox the shovels picks and axes of peaceful conquest. Then in the long unamaze Quentin seemed to see them overrun suddenly the hundred square miles of tranquil and astonished earth and drag house and formal gardens violently out of the soundless Nothing and clap them down like cards upon a table beneath the up-palm immobile and pontific, the Be Sutpen's Hundred like the oldentime Be Light. Then hearing would reconcile and he would seem to listen to two separate Quentins now — the Quentin Compson preparing for Harvard in the South, the deep South dead since 1865 and peopled with baffled garrulous outraged ghosts, listening, having to listen, to one of them which had refused to lie still even longer than most had, telling him about old ghost-times; and the Quentin Compson who was still too young to deserve yet to be a ghost, yet having to be one for all that since he was born and bred in the deep dead South the same as she was — talking to one another in the long silence of notpeople in not-language.

"Because you are going away to attend the college at Harvard they tell me," she said. "So I don't imagine you will ever come back here and settle down as a country lawyer in a little town like Jefferson since Northern people have already seen to it that there is little left in the South for a young man. So maybe you will enter the literary profession as so many Southern gentlemen and gentlewomen too are doing now and maybe some day you will remember this and write about it. You will be married then I expect and perhaps your wife will want a new gown or a new chair for the house and you can write this and

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submit it to the magazines. Perhaps you will even remember kindly then the old woman who made you spend a whole afternoon sitting indoors and listening while she talked about people and events you were fortunate enough to escape yourself."

"Yessum," Quentin said. *Only she don't mean that* he thought. *It's because she wants it told. So that people whom she will never see and whose names she will never hear and who have never heard her name nor seen her face will read it and know at last why God let us lose the War: that only through the blood of our men and the tears of our women could He stay this demon and efface his name and lineage from the earth.* Then almost immediately he decided that neither was this the reason why she had sent the note, and sending it, why to him, since if she had merely wanted it told, written and even printed, she would not have needed to call in anybody — a woman who even in his (Quentin's) father's youth had already established (even if not affirmed) herself as the town's and the county's poetess laureate by issuing to the stern and meager subscription list of the county newspaper poems, ode eulogy and epitaph, oft of some bitter and implacable reserve of undefeat; and these from a woman whose family's martial background as both town and county knew consisted of the father who, a conscientious objector on religious grounds, had starved to death in the attic of his own house, hidden (some said, walled up) there from Confederate provost marshals' men and fed secretly at night by this same daughter who at the very time was accumulating her first folio in which the Lost Cause's unregenerate vanquished were name by name embalmed; and the nephew who served for four years in the same company with his sister's fiancé and then shot the fiancé to death before the gates to the house where the sister waited in her wedding gown on the eve of the wedding and then fled, vanished, none knew where.

II

As though in inverse ratio to the vanishing of the voice, the invoked ghost of the brother-in-law with whom at one time she herself had been engaged to marry, began to assume a quality almost of solidity, permanence. Itself circumambient and in turn enclosed by its effluvium of hell, its aura of unregeneration, it mused with that quality peaceful and now harmless and not even very attentive — the ogre-shape which, as the voice went on, began to resolve out of itself the two half-ogre children, the three of them forming a shadowy background for the fourth, the wraith of the mother, the dead sister Ellen: a Niobe without tears who had conceived to the demon in a kind of nightmare and who even alive had moved but without life and grieved but without weeping and who now, at this distance shadowy too, had an air of tranquil and unwitting desolation, not as though she had either outlived the others or had died first, but as if she had never lived at all — the four of them arranged into the conventional family group of the time, with formal and lifeless decorum and seen now as the fading and ancient photograph enlarged and hung on the wall behind and above the voice and of whose presence the voice's owner was not even aware, as though she had never seen this room before; — a picture, a group which even to Quentin had a quality strange, contradictory and bizarre; not quite comprehensible, not (even to twenty) quite right — a group the last known member of which had been dead twenty-five years and the first, fifty, evoked, now out of the airless

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gloom of a dead house between an old woman's grim and implacable unforgiving and the passive chafing of a youth of twenty telling himself even amid the voice, *Maybe you have to know anybody awful well to love them but when you have hated somebody for forty-three years you will know them awful well so maybe it's better then maybe it's fine then because after forty-three years they can't any longer surprise you or make you either very contented or very mad.* And maybe it had even been a cry aloud once, he thought, long ago when she was a girl, of young and indomitable unregret, of indictment of blind circumstance and savage event but not now: now only the old lonely thwarted flesh embattled for forty-three years in the old insult, the old unforgiving outraged and betrayed by the final and complete affront which was his death:

"He came here with a horse and two pistols and nothing else, looking for shelter; and Yoknapatawpha County gave it to him. He wanted the guarantee of reputable men to make his position secure; and Jefferson gave him that. Then he wanted respectability, the shield of a virtuous woman, to make his position impregnable; and it was our father who gave him that. I hold no brief for Ellen: blind romantic fool who had only youth and inexperience to excuse her even if that; blind romantic fool just as later blind woman mother fool when she no longer had either youth or inexperience, when she lay dying in that house for which she had exchanged pride and peace both and nobody there but her daughter who was already the same as a widow without ever having been a bride and within the next three years was going to be a widow sure enough without ever having been anything at all; and the son who had repudiated the very roof which he had been born under and would return to it just once more before disappearing for good and that already a murderer and almost a fratricide; and he in Virginia too where the chances of the earth's being rid of him were the best anywhere under the sun yet Ellen and I both knowing that he would return, that every man in our armies would have to fall before bullet or ball found him; and only I, a child, a child mind you, two years younger than the very niece whom I was asked to save, for Ellen to turn to and say 'Protect her. Protect Judith at least'.

"Blind romantic fool, who did not even have that hundred miles of plantation which apparently moved her father nor that big house and the notion of slaves under foot day and night which reconciled, I won't say moved, her aunt. No, just the face of a man who contrived somehow to swagger even on a horse — a man who so far as anyone (including the father who was to give him a daughter in marriage) knew either had no past at all or did not dare reveal it — a man who rode into town out of nowhere with a horse and two pistols and a herd of wild beasts that he had hunted down single-handed because he was stronger in fear than even they were in whatever heathen place he had fled from, and that French architect who looked like he had been hunted down and caught in turn by the Negroes — a man who fled here and hid, concealed himself behind respectability, behind that hundred miles of land which he took from a tribe of ignorant Indians, nobody knows how, and a house the size of a courthouse where he lived for three years without a window or door or bedstead in it and still called it Sutpen's Hundred as if it had been a King's grant in unbroken perpetuity from his great grandfather — a home, position: a wife and family which, being necessary to concealment, he accepted along with the

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rest of respectability as he would have accepted the necessary discomfort and even pain of the briers and thorns in a thicket if the thicket could have given him the protection he sought.

"He was not a gentleman. Marrying Ellen or marrying ten thousand Ellens could not have made him one. Not that he wanted to be one, or even be taken for one. No. That was not necessary since all he would need would be Ellen's and our father's names on a wedding license (or on any other patent of respectability) that people could look at and read just as he would have wanted our father's (or any other reputable man's) signature on a note of hand because our father knew who his father was in Tennessee and who his grandfather had been in Virginia and our neighbors and the people we lived among knew that we knew and we knew they knew we knew and we knew that they would have believed us about who and where he came from even if we had lied, just as anyone could have looked at him once and known that he would be lying about who and where and why he came from by the very fact that apparently he had to refuse to say at all. And the very fact that he had had to choose respectability to hide behind was proof enough (if anyone needed further proof) that what he fled from must have been some opposite of respectability too dark to talk about. Because he was too young. He was just twenty-five and a man of twenty-five does not voluntarily undertake the hardship and privation of clearing virgin land and establishing a plantation in a new country just for money; not a young man without any past that he apparently cared to discuss, in Mississippi in 1833, with a river full of steamboats loaded with drunken fools covered with diamonds and bent on throwing away their cotton and slaves before the boat reached New Orleans; — not with this just one night's hard ride away and the only handicap or obstacle being the other blackguards or the risk of being put ashore on a sandbar and at the remotest, a hemp rope. And he was no younger son sent out from some old quiet country like Virginia or Carolina with the surplus Negroes to take up new land because anyone could look at those Negroes and tell that they may have come (and probably did) from a much older country than Virginia or Carolina but it wasn't quiet; and anyone could have looked at his face and known that he would have chosen the River and even the certainty of the hemp rope, to undertaking what he did even if he had known that he would find gold buried and waiting for him in the very land which he had bought.

"It was five years before any man or men in Jefferson began to awake to him, though apparently it only took him a matter of days to take the town's measure — that measure of crass stupidity to which even the revelation of that first Spanish goldpiece was only a matter of a two days' agog, as though he who admitted and professed to have nothing dared them not with recklessness but with actual contempt by paying for the recording of the land which no one knows yet how he got, with a coin found usually in the possession of banks or pirates and which, in the possession of the man which he professed by his actions to be, was conclusive evidence of that which even United States money would have been a symptom. No. It took them five years during which he held them spellbound with that raree show which he conducted out there with his wild beasts and that poor harried frightened little architect while he built his house and then lived in it for three years without a bed or a stick of furniture to sit

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on even while he ate — a Punch and Judy booth before which the men of this town stood spellbound until even they could be fooled no more; until his very contempt for them became so crass that he even returned from his final expedition bringing the actual loot with him in wagons. Then it was too late. Yes, he did not even need the raree show now, because the fatality the curse on us and our family was now sufficient. Just exactly sufficient to permit or decree that they follow him to our very gate that day without quite working themselves up to arrest him in time to at least delay the engagement, the betrothal — the sheriff and a dozen citizens and a mob of fifty more, following behind him in case his own solitary passage might not be quite enough to draw attention, up this very street like so many dogs following a bear and the bear not quite daring to run and the dogs not quite daring to charge. Yes, up this street and into this house, with that bouquet of flowers which he had gathered out of ditches on the road to town and plighted faith and honor, who did not possess either, to a fool young woman who did not possess judgment or discretion either in herself or in the person of the aunt who at least might have been expected to protect her. I don't mention our mother, because she had already married the curse and the fatality. But there was at least our aunt who, kin to the curse though she might have been, had apparently reserved (and certainly exercised) the right to decline to participate beyond a certain point. He knew they were waiting for him out there at the gate. He knew why. But he did not think or did not bother to mention it to Ellen. He just turned and went back out and let himself be arrested without a word and be paraded back to town at the head of his mob of blackguards and hooligans like a runaway slave. Without the flowers now. As though he had brought the bouquet for that purpose: that he had known, realized that he would not be given time to tell our neighbors what he was about to do and so he would have to use some symbol that they would recognize and understand in the short time he would have before the sheriff overtook him. Or maybe he was just keeping the sheriff back with the bouquet, knowing that the pistols would not be enough in this case, until he could get into our house, even though knowing that directly afterward he would have to go out again and at least go through the form of facing retribution. But apparently it was sufficient, since our father and your grandfather seem to have reached the jail almost before he and his mob did. I don't know how they got him out. But then I nor Ellen nor any other woman in Jefferson ever knew just which of his crimes they had arrested him for in the first place. No. We, being women, were not to know that: we were merely to supply him with a wife. Maybe they were afraid. Perhaps the crime of which they had learned (or put credulity in) at least happened not to be murder and so they knew that they could not hold him long and perhaps they remembered about the pistols and how he was said to be able to use them, which I don't doubt to be true since it is a poor carpenter who cannot use his chosen tools. That evening he came back home with Papa, to supper. Two months later he and Ellen were married.

III

"Yes. I was born too late; I was not there: — a child who was to remember those three faces (and his too) as seen for the first time in the carriage on that first Sunday morning when the town finally realized that he had turned the road to

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church into a racetrack. I was three then and doubtless I had seen them before. But I cannot remember it, even having seen Ellen before. It was as though the sister whom I had never seen, who had vanished before I was born into the stronghold of an ogre or a djinn, was now to return for one day only to the world through a special dispensation; and I, a child of three, waked early for the occasion, dressed and curled as though for Christmas, for an occasion more serious than Christmas even since now and at last this ogre or djinn had agreed, for the sake of the wife and children, to come to church, to permit them at least to approach the vicinity of salvation, to at least give Ellen one chance to struggle with him for the children's souls on a battleground where she could be supported not only by Heaven but by her own family and people of her own kind; and even for the moment submitting himself to redemption, or lacking that, at least chivalrous even though unregenerate. That's what I expected. This is what I saw as I stood with Papa and our aunt before the church that first Sunday, waiting for the carriage to arrive from the twelve-mile drive; and though I must have seen Ellen and the children before this, this is the picture of my first sight of them which I shall carry to my grave: a glimpse like the forefront of a tornado, of a carriage and Ellen's high white face since doubtless she still had left what she called pride and the two replicas of his face on either side of her and the teeth of the wild Negro who was driving and his face on the front seat with the Negro and looking exactly like the Negro's except the teeth because of his beard doubtless — all in a thunder and a fury of wild-eyed horses and of galloping and of dust.

"Oh there were plenty to abet him, to assist him yet: there had been only ten with the sheriff that day, the others being merely blackguard curious; there were plenty of them: at ten o'clock on Sunday morning and the carriage on two wheels up to the very door of the church and that wild Negro looking in his christian clothes exactly like a performing tiger in a linen duster and a top hat and Ellen with no drop of blood in her face and holding those two children who were not crying and who did not need to be held in either, who sat there perfectly still too, with in their faces that infantile enormity which we did not yet quite realize; oh there were plenty of them to abet him: even he could not have held a horserace without someone to race against. It was not even public opinion: it was the minister speaking in the name of the women of Jefferson and so he quit coming to church. He did not come again. It was just Ellen and the children in the carriage now and at least we knew there was no betting now because now we could not tell if it was an actual race or not since now, with his own absent, it was only the wild Negro's perfectly inscrutable face and the teeth glinting a little and if there was any triumph it must have been on the face twelve miles back which did not even require to see or even be present. No. It was that Negro now who in the act of passing another carriage spoke to that team as well as to his own, something without words, not needing words probably, in that tongue in which they slept in the mud of that swamp and brought here out of whatever dark swamp he had found them in to bring here; — up to the church door and women and children scattering and screaming and men catching at the bridles of the other team and the Negro would let Ellen and the children out at the door and take the carriage on around behind the church and beat the horses for running away; there was even a fool who tried to interfere once

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and the Negro turned with the stick lifted and his teeth showing a little and said, 'Marster say; I do. You tell Marster!'

"Yes. From them; from themselves. And this time not even the minister: it was Ellen. Our aunt and Papa were talking and I came in and my aunt said Go out and play though even if I could not have heard through the door at all, I could have repeated the conversation for them: 'Your daughter, your own daughter' my aunt said; and Papa: 'Yes. She is my daughter. When she wants me to interfere she will tell me so herself'. Because this Sunday when Ellen and the children came out of the front door, it was not the carriage waiting, it was Ellen's phaeton with the old gentle mare which she drove and the stableboy that he had bought instead of the wild Negro. And Judith looked once at the phaeton and realized what it meant and began to scream, screaming and kicking while they carried her back into the house and put her to bed. No, he was not present; I claim no triumphant face behind a window curtain; probably he would have been as amazed as we were since we would all realize now that we were faced by more than a child's tantrum or even hysteria: that it had been Judith, a girl of six, who had instigated and authorized that Negro to make the team run away. Not Henry, mind; not the boy, which would have been outrageous enough; but Judith, the girl. . . .

"So it was six years now, though it was actually no secret to Ellen, since it had apparently been going on ever since he drove the last nail in the house, the only difference being that now they would hitch their teams and horses and mules in the grove behind the stable so they could come up through the pasture without being seen from the house, now that there was a woman in the house. Yes, plenty of them still; it was as though God or the devil had taken advantage of his own vices in order to supply witnesses to the discharge of our curse not only from among gentlefolks, our own kind, but from the very scum and riffraff who could not have approached the house itself now even from the rear; — Ellen and those two children and indomitable unregret, of indictment of, alone in that house twelve miles from town, and down there in that stable, with lanterns nailed to the posts for light, a row of white faces on three sides and black ones on the fourth side and in the center, two of them fighting not like white men fight, by rules and weapons, but like niggers fight to hurt one another quick and bad. No. Ellen knew that, or thought she did. As though there is a breathing-point in outrage where you can accept it even by thinking *Thank God this is all; at least I know all of it*; yes, thinking that, clinging to that anyway even when she ran into the stable itself and the very men who had stolen into the stable from the rear falling back with at least some grain of decency, and Ellen seeing, in place of the two black beasts whom she had expected to see, a white one and a black one naked to the waist and gouging at one another's eyes as though their skins should not only have been the same color but should have been covered with fur too. Yes. It seems that on certain occasions, perhaps at the end of the evening, the spectacle, or perhaps as a matter of sheer deadly forethought toward the retention of supremacy, domination, he would enter the ring with one of them himself; perhaps the purpose of the earlier battles was to tire his own opponent out since this seems to have been the first one which he had engaged in himself, though at the time he was bloody enough to have been fighting all evening. Yes. That's what Ellen saw:

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he standing there naked and bloody to the waist and the Negro just fallen only it would not look like blood on him but just grease or sweat and Ellen running down the hill from the house, bareheaded in time to hear the sound, the screaming too even before it occurred to one spectator to say 'It's a horse' and then 'It's a woman' and then 'My God it's a child'; yes, she ran in and the spectators fell back in time for her to see Henry come plunging out from among the Negroes who were trying to hold him, screaming and vomiting, and Ellen not pausing, not looking at the faces even: just kneeling in the dirt and stablefilth to raise Henry and not looking at Henry either but up at him standing there with even his teeth showing now under his beard and a Negro wiping the blood off him with a towsack. 'I know you will excuse us, gentlemen,' Ellen said. But they were already going, nigger and white, creeping out again as they had crept in though a good deal faster and Ellen not watching them now either but kneeling in the dirt with Henry holding to her and crying, and he standing there yet while a third nigger prodded his shirt or coat at him as though the coat were a stick and he a caged snake. 'Where is Judith, Charles?' Ellen said.

" 'Judith?' he said. Oh he was not lying; his triumph had outrun even him; he had builded better in evil than even he must have hoped. 'Judith? Isn't she in bed?'

" 'Don't lie to me, Charles,' Ellen said. 'I can understand your bringing Henry to see this, wanting Henry to see this; I will try to understand it; yes, I will make myself understand it. But not Judith, Charles. Not my baby girl, Charles.'

" 'I don't expect you to understand it,' he said. 'Because you are a woman. But I didn't bring Judith down here. I would not bring her here. I don't expect you to believe that either. But I swear to it.'

" 'I wish I could believe you,' Ellen said. 'I want to believe you.' Then she began to call. 'Judith!' she called in a voice calm and sweet and filled with despair; 'Judith, honey! Time to come to bed.' But I was not there. I was not there to see the two Sutpen faces this time: once on Judith and once on the Negro girl beside her, looking down through the square entrance to the loft."

III. LONG ISLAND SUNDAY

From The Big Money, *to be published soon by Harcourt, Brace.*

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

He said good night to Doris at the elevator. She shook her head with a smile when he asked if he could come up. He walked home weak in the knees through the afterthetheater bustle of Forty-second Street. He could still feel her mouth on his mouth, the smell of her pale frizzy hair, the littleness of her hands on his chest when she pushed his face away from hers.

He didn't get to see Doris again before she went to York Harbor for the summer. The only people he knew who were anybody were the Johnsons. He went down

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there a couple of times a week. He built them bookshelves and one Sunday helped them paint the livingroom floor. When he was alone with her he didn't know what to do about Eveline. She had a funny manner towards him that kept him teased and stirred up. He didn't know just what to do about it. It was more comfortable when Paul was around.

One Sunday he called up early to see if the Johnsons wanted to go down to Long Beach to take a swim. Eveline said Paul was in bed with a sore throat but sure she'd go. He felt fine but jumpy walking downtown, through the empty grime of the hot Sundaymorning streets. She came to the door in a loose yellow silk and lace negligee that showed where her limp breasts began. Before she could say anything he'd pulled her to him and kissed her. She closed her eyes and let herself go limp in his arms. Then she pushed him away and put her finger on her lips. He blushed and lit a cigarette. "Do you mind?" he said in a shaky voice. She didn't answer. He walked over to the window to pull himself together. She followed him and reached for his cigarette and took a couple of puffs of it. Then she said aloud in a cool voice, "Come on back and say hello to Paul."

Paul was lying back against the pillows looking pale and sweaty. On a table beside the bed there was a coffee pot and a flowered cup and saucer and a pitcher of hot milk. "Hi, Paul, you look like you were leading the life of Riley," Charley heard himself saying in a hearty voice. "Oh you have to spoil them a little when they're sick," cooed Eveline. Charley found himself laughing too loud. "Hope it's nothing serious, old top." "Naw, I get these damn throats. You kids have a good time at the beach. I wish I could come too."

"Oh it may be horrid," said Eveline. "But if we don't like it we can always come back."

"Don't hurry," said Paul. "I got plenty to read. I'll be fine here."

"Well you and Jeremy keep bachelor hall together."

Eveline had gotten up a luncheon basket with some sandwiches and a thermos full of cocktails. She looked very stylish, Charley thought, as he walked beside her along the dusty sunny street carrying the basket and the Sunday paper, in her little turned up white hat and her light yellow summer dress. "Oh let's have fun," she said. "It's been so long since I had any fun."

II

When they got out of the stuffy crowded train at Long Beach a great blue wind was streaming off the sea blurred by cool patches of mist. There was a big crowd along the boardwalk. The two of them walked a long way up the beach. "Don't you think it would be fun if we could get away from everybody?" she was saying. They walked along, their feet sinking into the sand, their voices drowned in the pound and hiss of the surf. "This is great stuff," he kept saying.

They walked and walked. Charley had his bathingsuit on under his clothes; it had gotten to feel hot and itchy before they found a place they liked. They set the basket down behind a low dune and Eveline took her clothes off under a big towel she'd brought with her. Charley felt a little shy pulling off his shirt and pants right in front of her but that seemed to be on the books.

"My you've got a beautiful body," she said. . . . Charley tugged uneasily at his bathingsuit. "I'm pretty healthy, I guess," he said. He looked at his hands sticking out red and grimed from the white skin of

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his forearms that were freckled a little under the light fuzz. "I sure would like to get a job where I could keep my hands clean." "A man's hands ought to show his work. . . . That's the whole beauty of hands," said Eveline.

She had wriggled into her suit and let drop the towel. It was a pale blue onepiece suit very tight. "Gosh you've got a pretty figure. That's what I first noticed about you on the boat." She stepped over and took his arm. "Let's go in," she said. "Oh I think this is fun, don't you?"

Her arm felt very silky against his. He could feel her bare thigh against his bare thigh. Their feet touched as they walked out of the hot loose sand onto the hard cool sand. A foaming wide tongue of seawater ran up the beach at them and wet their legs to the knees. She let go his arm and took his hand.

He hadn't had much practice with surf and the first thing he knew a wave had knocked him galleywest. He came up spluttering with his mouth and ears full of water. She was on her feet laughing at him, holding out her hand to help him to his feet. "Come on out further," she shouted. They ducked through the next wave and swam out. Just outside of the place where the waves broke they bobbed up and down treading water. "Not too far out, on account of the seapussies. . . ." "What?" "Currents," she shouted, putting her mouth close to his ear. She had slipped out of her bathingsuit. He could see her all white in the clear green water except the dark little triangle between her thighs. She had her suit in her hand. "You take yours off, too. It's so much nicer."

Wriggling out of his suit he got swamped by another roller and came up spitting and gasping. She was laughing. "Don't lose it." She was swimming on her back with her eyes closed and her lips pouted. He took two strokes toward her and kissed her cold wet face. He tried to grab her round the body but a wave broke over their heads. She pushed him off as they came up sputtering. "You made me lose my bathing cap. Look." "There it is. I'll get it." He fought his way back through the surf and grabbed the cap just as the undertow was sucking it under. "Some surf," he yelled.

She followed him out and stood beside him in the shallow spume with her short hair wet over her eyes. She brushed it back with her hand. "Here we are," she said. Charley looked both ways down the beach. There was nobody to be seen in the early afternoon glare. "Adam and Eve," he said and tried to put his arm around her. She skipped out of his reach.

III

They lay down on the warm sand sheltered from the wind by thick tufts of beachgrass. She poured out a cocktail into the top of the thermos. She sipped it and handed it to him. He drank it off. He could feel his face reddening under the drying salt water. "Say hadn't we better put our suits on? I'm scared somebody might come."

"Do women ever tell you how attractive you are, Charley?"

"Overseas I didn't have any trouble. . . . You know *Aviat-err, Lewtenong, Croix de Guerre, couchay, we we*. . . . That was all right but in this man's country no girl you want'll look at a guy unless he's loaded up with jack. . . . Sure they'll lead you on an' get you half crazy." He was a fool to do it but he went to work and told her all about Doris while they sat there on their towels eating the sandwiches and drinking the cocktails. "But they're not all like that," she said, stroking the back

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of his hand. "Some women are square."

She seemed to think it was terribly funny when he insisted on getting back into his suit. She lay with the towel around her and her arms behind her head. He began to get fidgety. The sun began to get low. They got up chilly and sandy and with the sunburn starting to tease a little. As they walked back along the beach he felt sour and blue. She was talking about the evening and the waves and the seagulls and squeezing his arm as she leaned on it. They went into a hotel on the boardwalk to have a little supper and that cleaned his last fivespot.

He couldn't think of much to say going home on the train. He left her at the corner of her street, then walked over to the Third Avenue L and took the train uptown. The train was full of fellows and girls coming home from Sunday excursions. He kept his eye peeled for a pickup but there was nothing doing. When he got up into his little stuffy greenpapered room, he couldn't stay in it. He went out and roamed up and down Second and Third Avenues. One woman accosted him but she was too fat and old. There was a pretty plump little girl he walked along beside for a long time, but she said she'd call a cop when he spoke to her, so he went back to his room and took a hot bath and a cold shower and piled into bed. He didn't sleep a wink all night.

NEVER FEAR

BY LENORE G. MARSHALL

SAY this to your sorrow,
Tuck it in your purse,
Though there be a morrow
It will not be worse.

This is your felicity:
Nothing more will hurt.
With an old agony
You will be girt.

Shrivel at the crater
Breast the steel rain
These will not matter
Ever again.

Never fear the last breath
Or the pulse unsteady,
There is no death
When you have died already.

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EDITORIALS

Now It Can Be Seen

ONCE every four years American politicians shed their protective coloring and creep out into the open. This performance, which corresponds to the mating season among the higher Primates, affords the innocent citizen his one chance of finding out what dreadful business is to befall him in the near future. His masters, the demagogues, are forced by circumstances beyond their control to make carefully garbled statements of their dishonorable intentions, and are frequently led by their own congenital ineptitude to expose in part their duplicity. The present campaign is a precise case in point — and the news for the innocent citizen is uniformly dismal.

Because, as the politicians warm to their work, it becomes ever more obvious that, no matter who wins the coming election, the old-fashioned American will take a drubbing. Citizens recently naïve enough to expect from the Republican Party a tangible alternative to the New Deal were rudely jerked back to their senses by the Cleveland Convention's platform, which managed to endorse almost every feature of the More Abundant Life except Franklin Delano Roosevelt himself. And following close upon the heels of this bandwagon-leap, the Democratic Party convened in Philadelphia where, to the surprise of no one, it again endorsed the entire New Deal — with the exception of the Republican platform. In the meantime the Third Party wizards were whooping up their own special brand of cash-and-carry humanitarianism, the Socialists were offering yet another sure salvation, the Communists were intoning the latest Moscow revelation, and the greatest show on earth was on. The fact that actual opposition to the New Deal has to date been offered by no party seems, in the scramble, to have been generally overlooked.

Thus the paramount question before Americans today is not one of *kind*, but merely one of *degree*. For example, there is no dispute from any source on the old-age pension subject itself; by all political parties it is in so many words conceded that every person overtaken simultaneously by senility and the improvidence of his own youth deserves to be supported for the rest of his natural life by the federal government. The only point at issue concerns the age at which this subsidy shall commence and how much per month it shall be. The Republicans, those old Tories, argue that the Treasury should not be thrown open to the decrepit until they have attained insolvency at sixty-five, while extremists on the Left urge a more generous support commencing, say, with the first signs of puberty. This *panem et circenses* theology is accepted by New Dealer Landon as avidly as it is accepted by New Dealer Browder. The same holds true from beginning to end of that fantastic list of world-saving devices which the gravid Utopians have launched upon a woesome world. Nowhere, except as the highfalutin preambles to the party platforms universally voice a pious regard for defunct American individualism, is there to be found

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concern for any of the principles of government which the New Deal is supposedly undermining. The all-conquering march toward the Totalitarian State has extended now to every front.

The reason? Votes.

Dr. Roosevelt has convinced his fellow-practitioners that his special elixir (unfortunately not protected by patents) is sure-fire. Hence the flood of imitations from all quarters. The Republican platform is indisputable proof of the trend. Without a dissenting voice, this pledge of fealty to the political principles of Farley, Tugwell, *et al.*, was adopted by a cheering synod of ex-rugged individualists. The candidate who now bears aloft this standard with its strange device was nominated — barring a few futile votes for Bill Borah who, after years of maidenly coyness, at last reached the age of consent — virtually by acclamation. And what precisely was the country offered by these minions of Big Business, these reactionary Liberty Leaguers? Just this: old-age security legislation; a federal public works program; unemployment insurance legislation; a political Relief set-up; legislation imposing maximum hours, minimum wages, and specified working conditions on industry; direct benefit payments to agriculture; federal regulation of security markets; and federal regulation of interstate activities of public utilities. Is there any difference, in *kind*, between these recommendations and the Social Security Act, the Wagner Bill, the SEC, the Guffey Act, the AAA, the NRA, the WPA, the FERA, the Wheeler-Rayburn Act?

As a matter of fact, the G.O.P. went the original New Dealers one better. In 1932 Dr. Roosevelt set the fashion for promising everything conceivable in a Party platform and then, with a careless dishonesty which was noted with raised eyebrows even by Tammany heelers, proceeding to disregard the pledges entirely. The Republicans have improved upon the Happy Borrower's most outstanding contribution to the art of politics by making their solemn pledges and then scrapping them immediately with a statement of their legislative program. This gets the business over with at once. Thus they pledge themselves:

> 1. To maintain the American system of constitutional and local self-government and to resist all attempts to impair the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States.
>
> 2. To preserve the American system of free enterprise, private competition, and equality of opportunity.

And proceed to urge legislation which is of questionable constitutionality, and which would eventually destroy the American system of free enterprise, private competition, and equality of opportunity.

Again, under the heading of *Relief*, the platform asserts that "the necessities of life must be provided for the needy, and hope must be restored pending recovery . . . to end confusion, partisanship, waste, and incompetence". The logic of this assertion is not to be questioned; but how is such a condition to be brought about? Why, by "federal grants in aid to the states" and by the "undertaking of federal public works". In other words, the present New Deal set-up is to be taken away from one Harry Hopkins enthroned in Washington, and handed over to forty-eight Harry Hopkinses enthroned in the various states. The argument is, one supposes, that local Republican politicians are more honest than national Democratic politicians. This is a pleasant theory; it will, however, risk contradiction when the Republican machine in Philadelphia takes over the great humanitarian labor of handing out a hundred million dollars to the deserving poor.

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There is, of course, just one way "to end confusion, partisanship, waste, and incompetence" in Relief: and that is, first, to stop the distribution of cash to the last penny; and, second, to provide every destitute citizen with food, clothing, shelter, and immediate disenfranchisement. To the soft-hearted it may seem cruel thus to deprive our paupers of their movies, rye whisky, the *Daily Worker*, and the privilege of voting themselves still other luxuries from the public purse. But it makes good hard sense at a time when sentimentality about the unfit residue of our population is slopping over. Any such realism as this, however, frightens the politicians even more than a whisper about Repeal frightened them previous to the open revolt of the citizens against Prohibition.

Continuing our casual survey of the Republican platform, we come to another plausible statement:

> Real security will be possible only when our productive capacity is sufficient to furnish a decent standard of living for all American families and to provide a surplus for future needs and contingencies. For the attainment of that ultimate objective, we look to the energy, self-reliance, and character of our people, and to our system of free enterprise.

Yet immediately following these fine words we find this:

> Every American citizen over sixty-five should receive the supplementary payment necessary to provide a minimum income sufficient to protect him or her from want.

If the G.O.P. soothsayers can jibe "the energy, self-reliance, and character of our people" with a welding to the public payroll of every man and woman over sixty-five, they should be able, overnight, to balance the budget, collect the war debts, and lift the Brooklyn Dodgers out of the cellar. And on top of this comes a pledge of legislation regulating industry "with respect to maximum hours, minimum wages, and working conditions". Who said the NRA was dead?

But it is in the agricultural plank that the sons of Mark Hanna have really outdealt the New Dealers. Direct federal benefit payments to farmers are urged. Regimentation of agriculturists through "co-operation of the federal government" is proposed, as is also the bureaucratic extension of "experimental aid to farmers developing new crops", provisions for "commodity and live-stock loans, and preference in land loans to the farmer", as well as a guarantee of "government assistance in disposing of surpluses". The Rooseveltians are further outbid by a proposal offering "protection and restoration of the land resources . . . so regulated as to eliminate the New Deal's destructive policy toward the dairy and live-stock industries" — which is a roundabout way of saying that the New Deal policies now denied the dairy and live-stock industries will be extended to them under the guidance of the Republican Brain Trusters.

But note that this promise of direct federal payments to farmers is offered as an *emergency* measure. Coming from a Party which has bellowed to heaven about Dr. Roosevelt's usurpation of dictatorial power under the excuse of "emergency measures", this hedge is so blatantly dishonest as to startle even the cynical. The "emergency" excuse for extra-constitutional procedure has been denounced in every democracy since the beginning of time; now the very word is taken out of Dr. Roosevelt's mouth by the new Tugwells from Kansas. The Cleveland platform is, in fact, so clearly *of* the New Deal and *by* the New Deal that the Happy Borrower himself would probably agree to run on it.

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As far as can be made out, the only Administration feature which has been neglected is the retention of Jim Farley as Postmaster-General. But this may arrange itself. . . .

So that the decent American who has some regard for his country can look to no political Party for assistance. The politicians have always been his enemies and his traducers; now they are massed to destroy him utterly. It appears inevitable that, out of this welter of busybodies, reformers, and social security Svengalis, there will arise a collectivist State which will strangle whatever liberalism and decency the Republic has managed to establish in the last century and a half. The alleged conservative opposition to the New Deal has collapsed utterly. The field is left wide open to the squabbling sects of the one all-powerful denomination. Dr. Roosevelt's congregation will henceforth be regarded as the New Deal Fundamentalists, the recipients of the original revelation. The whirling dervishes of the Left can be classified as Evangelical New Dealers whose beliefs extend to totalitarian immersion. The Republicans stand labeled, by due process of elimination, as the Modernist New Dealers, presenting their refinement of the more bucolic gospel — Episcopalian Collectivists, so to speak.

The religion of the Great Uplift is upon us. You pay your money, but you get no choice.

Sad News for the Faithful

Logic is hardly the handmaiden of dictators, and consistency has never been a characteristic of the Russian *Führer*, Joseph Stalin; but the abrupt betrayal of all Soviet apologists, recently performed by the mighty man of Moscow when he disclosed plans for the new Russian constitution, must have come as something of a shock to the more alert devotees of the American communist cult. For that constitution, promising as it does to the Dictator's unhappy subjects the secret ballot, direct representation, a national parliament, an elective judiciary, freedom of speech and assembly, the inviolability of home and person, and equality before the law, lets the cat out of the bag — and leaves the apologists holding the latter. Because, whatever the honesty of these promises and however dubious may be the possibility of their fulfillment, the fact that they are promulgated is in itself an emphatic admission that neither governmental democracy nor civil rights exist today in Russia or have existed there at any time under Bolshevist rule. Every provision for popular rule in the new constitution implies unequivocally the absence of such rule under the old constitution. Every guarantee of elementary justice for the individual Russian in the new document is a clear admission that such justice has been denied in the past. Such admissions, coming as they do from headquarters, must be embarrassing, to say the least, to the sadly gullible Friends of Russia who have been assuring us passionately that the only true freedom and democracy on earth was to be found in the land of collectivized farms and liquidated kulaks.

And so all those dull books "proving" the Soviet State "the most democratic" in the world, all the indignant articles in the *New Republic* "proving" the legend of a ruthless dictatorship over the Russian masses to be a malicious canard, all the flaming red pamphlets "proving" the Soviet population to be blessed with "unprecedented freedom" — all these are reduced to the gibberish we originally suspected them to be. The proposed constitution is

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nothing more or less than a frank insult to those professional and volunteer propagandists among the Comrades who have labored for years to fool first themselves and then others into believing the Soviet system of government vastly superior to the outmoded "shams" of the American democratic system.

For instance, that angelic Fabian pair, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, devoted thousands of words in their recent twelve-hundred-page book, *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?*, to describing in detail the very Soviet method of government now admitted by Comrade Stalin never to have existed. The second childhood of these aged propagandists thus becomes even more ludicrous. But at least they can console themselves with the comforting thought that they have plenty of company. Even the supposedly conservative New York *Herald Tribune* welcomed the Webbs' tract with the headlines: "Soviet Communism As a New Civilization — The Webbs Describe It in a Huge and Exciting Book". Quite possibly Mr. Ogden Reid does not read the literary sections of his newspaper; but if he does he must be aware that the *Herald Tribune* publishes, daily and Sunday, more Leftist literary criticism than any other American journal, including the *New Masses*. The significance of the new Soviet constitution is recommended to the attention of Mr. Reid's highly paid (with capitalist gold) apologists for communism.

But the situation calls also for a measure of pity. For this business of repudiation of the Faithful is by way of being a habit with the Kremlin: the Bolshevists have always shown a tendency to bite any hand that caressed them. Some time ago the Soviet's votaries abroad were insisting that Bolshevist money was absolutely stable, and abusing those who dared allude to the possibilities of inflation. But when the Kremlin suddenly announced that it was stabilizing the "stable" currency at one-fifth its former value, the embarrassed votaries were left teetering on the end of a limb. More recently, scores of impressionable intellectuals have flocked to the Red standard because Moscow was world headquarters for the modernist theater, music, and architecture, which was to be known in the future as "the art of the Soviets": but just when Meierhold and Shostakovich and convulsive geometric dancing and egg-box architecture had become the proletarian vogue in the most modern penthouses, the Kremlin turned thumbs down on all such "bourgeois Leftism" and the Faithful remained ridiculously on their knees in the wrong church. The number of American radicals who have hurried home from Russia, nettled and disgruntled, is almost equal to the number of Stalin-baiters who have been incarcerated in Siberia. So that the present predicament of the apologists, while not new, is nonetheless painful. We permit ourselves a tear in their behalf — knowing, however, that the Comrades here in America will shortly recover from their latest betrayal and start the ballyhoo all over again. American communists, like farmers' daughters, are getting used to betrayal — in fact, they are even beginning to like it.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

The Social Security Fad

When I looked in at The Mercury's office the other day, the editor met me with what Artemus Ward called "a swinister expression onto his countenance", and asked if I would like to see just one single month's output of books on this fine new subject of Social Security. Well, I thought, since my job is to observe the state of the Union, I suppose I have to take the fat with the lean, so I said I would. There were thirteen of them, thirteen books on that one subject, all published in one month, and in that month there were twenty-six working days for printers, which means that one book on social security was published every forty-eight hours during that period. It looks like a record. I have heard lately that the publishing business is shot to rags, and the sight of that pile of books made me think that, if it is not, it ought to be.

One of the books is a satirical play, and three others deal with the subject in a more or less literary fashion, with no particular ax to grind, so we will count those out. The nine remaining are deadly serious. They are serious with all the dull, unimaginative, painstaking, statistical seriousness of the truly consecrated Uplifter, which makes the task of going through them a terrible business. The reader need not fear that I am setting out to review them, for I am not. Fortunately for me, all that sort of thing is in Mr. Stallings' department, and I have no notion of barging in on it. This avalanche of books, however, does show something significant about the state of the Union, and that is what I wish to point out.

All these writers assume, in the first place, that Social Security is a proper concern of government. In the second place, they assume that the State (by which they mean whatever crew of jobholders is in office at the moment) has something more than a purely electioneering interest in it. Third, they assume that the State (again meaning the crew of jobholders aforesaid) may be trusted to administer a program of Social Security honestly, efficiently, and at least as cheaply as it could be administered by some extra-political or non-political method. Fourth, every plan they propose contemplates a distinct reduction of individual liberty, and tends to make the individual still more the State's chattel than he now is. Moreover, they all take for granted, as Mr. Mussolini does, that this submergence of the individual is right and proper, because the State (*i.e.*, the crew of jobholders) is an enlightened and purely social institution which is out for the greatest good to the greatest number, and has no other interest or set of interests at stake in submerging him.

The interesting thing about all these assumptions is the utterly naïve and matter-of-fact way by which they are made to appear. They are not discussed or argued, not even stated in set terms. They merely pervade and color the whole texture of the work, as ink pervades blotting-paper. The authors seem actually not to know that they are even debatable. They treat them

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as the mathematician treats the axioms of geometry. Now, the point is that they would not do this if they had any doubt about their readers also accepting them in the same unquestioning way. When a mathematician tacitly assumes that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts, he has no doubt that his assumption will be accepted without question as a self-evident truth; and that is the attitude of these authors in expounding their various doctrines of Social Security.

Here, then, is where we get a look at the state of the Union. If the people of this country really do agree with these assumptions and regard them as axiomatic, then the Union is in an extremely bad state, for each and all of them are thoroughly unsound. My impression is that the people do agree with them, and my earnest conviction is that if they do not wake up pretty promptly and see what sort of thing it is that they are agreeing with, they will land in as fine a mess as their European brethren are in, and for the same reason.

The legitimate concern of government is with two things only: freedom and justice. Its whole duty is summed up in safeguarding the liberties of the subject, and in making justice costless and easily accessible. The moment you go beyond this, the moment you make government responsible for Helping Business, for Redistributing Wealth, for Unemployment Relief, for Social Security, or for anything whatever but the discharge of those two functions, you change the basic character of government. That moment you convert it into an all-powerful machine for the distribution of economic advantage, an instrument which can be got hold of and used to help oneself and hurt somebody else. That moment, in short, government ceases to be a social institution and becomes an anti-social institution.

If government in America had attended strictly to its own business from the beginning, if it had concerned itself with freedom and justice and nothing else, we would not now be hearing a word about Social Security. All our present difficulties are due to its never having done that. On the contrary, it has progressively invaded and confiscated the liberties of the subject, and it has made its disregard of justice a byword throughout the world. From the beginning it has been a mere mechanism for the distribution of economic privilege through hiring out its taxing power for a political *quid pro quo* from whatsoever pressure-group bid highest. First, landholders got a privilege; then industrialists; then money-lenders, speculators, shavers; latterly farmers, bonus-seekers, and the like; while four years ago Mr. Roosevelt completed the circle of privileged classes and mobilized what will in time, no doubt, turn out to be the most powerful pressure-group of all, by bringing in the hoboes. All this has confirmed the people in a settled belief that government is something to be run to and leaned on for economic coddling; and it is this belief that colors every page of these writers on Social Security.

II

It surely takes no great intelligence to perceive how this idea of the function of government would immediately bring forward a class of men who are nothing more nor less (and who regard themselves as nothing more nor less) than merchandisers of privilege. Such men naturally gravitate into politics, make themselves the nucleus of parties, and their recurrent party-contests, such as the one we are now witnessing, are merely contests for control and management of the huge tax-

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ing machine. Hence the second assumption that our authors make — the assumption that they disinterestedly care two straws for Social Security — is seen at once to be puerile. Not being in politics for their health, these men allocate privilege where it will do them the most good. They are out for votes, in order to hold their jobs; then as an anchor to windward, they are out for patronage and for whatever perquisites can be conveniently picked up. If, therefore, the issuance of a privilege gives promise of a satisfactory return in votes, patronage, and perquisites, they will issue it; but if not, then not.

Everyone knows that this is so. Any issue of any newspaper presents abundant evidence that it is so, and it also presents evidence that both the paper and its readers know it is so. But there is a strict convention against naming the fact in plain terms, like the Victorian convention against naming certain parts and functions of the human body. When we name it at all, we call it by some euphemism like Playing Politics, instead of calling it damned thieving, blackguardly scoundrelism, which is precisely what it is. Nevertheless, convention or no convention, there the fact stands, just as legs were legs in Victoria's day, and we all know it, and in the light of this knowledge the second assumption of our authors shows itself to be pure silliness. Can anyone imagine any of the professional politicians who are to the front this summer — say Mr. Farley, say Mr. Roosevelt — looking for one moment at Social Security with a non-professional eye? If anyone can do this, he should be advised to capitalize his imagination in the motion-picture business, for it would make his everlasting fortune.

These same considerations also destroy our authors' third assumption, which is that State-managed Social Security would be managed at least as honestly, efficiently, and cheaply as it would be under private management. Has anyone ever seen or heard of any State-managed enterprise which filled that bill? I doubt it. If the testimony of an unbroken record goes for anything, I think we may take it that State-managed Social Security would be made merely another snug nest for bureaucracy, favoritism, wastefulness, and graft; otherwise no politician could be got to touch it with a ten-foot pole — why should he? People who cherish any illusions on this point may be advised to compare the overhead on State-managed Relief with the overhead on privately-managed enterprises of the same kind. If they are still doubtful, and wish to press their investigation further, let them tackle the general question why a State-managed dollar never goes as far as a privately-managed dollar. Notoriously it never does, and there must be some reason why — well, what is the reason? Or, further, let them inquire into the circumstances that give rise to the formula known as Smoot's Law of Government, which is that the cost of government tends steadily to rise year by year, no matter which party is in power.

The fourth assumption is interesting because it marks our authors as simon-pure liberals. I have known many liberals, and I never yet knew one who was not keen for aggrandizing the power of the State, and for bringing the individual ever further and further under State control. It is instructive to compare the old-line Tory's respect for the liberties of the subject with that of the liberal. Was it the liberal Asquith, Grey, Lloyd-George and Co., who broke up the first draft of the Defense of the Realm Act? No, it was old Halsbury who got up and said that never as long as he lived would he stand by and see the fundamental rights of British subjects ab-

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rogated; and if the Realm had to be defended that way, the Realm might go to pot. The diehard Tory had his faults, but he also had the fixed idea that some things simply are not done, that some respect is due to a principle, and that one must speak up for a principle even if one has to hold one's nose meanwhile.

I never saw or heard of a liberal who had any such idea as that, or who seemed to have any trouble about persuading himself that a little matter like the liberties of the subject might properly be confiscated in behalf of the Larger Good. Taking our Supreme Court as it stands, which group of justices would be naturally in favor of giving the citizen the largest margin of existence to dispose of as he durned pleases? Would it be the liberal justices, Stone, Brandeis, Cardozo? I doubt it. If my own constitutional liberties were at stake, I would say, give me McReynolds *et al.*, world without end. I have long thought that the professed liberal is the real collectivist, and the four years of Mr. Roosevelt's regime seem to have smoked him out into the open as such.

The long and short of it is that all this pother about Social Security is one of those recurrent moral epidemics that our country is continually breeding. Apparently our people can never be contented unless a moral epidemic is running in double harness with a social epidemic like mah-jongg, midget golf, or bare legs. Hence at one time or another we get up a great furore about Abolitionism, Imperialism, Prohibition, the League of Nations — anything will do, and the sillier the better. Politicians appraise these outbreaks calmly for what they can get out of them, and trim their sails accordingly. Just now Social Security in its various forms, from Townsendism up and down, is heading the political best-seller list, and our politicians are promptly on hand to work it for all it is worth.

The mischief of such books as I have been describing is that they play straight into the politician's hand. A letter which I received this morning lays bare their root-vice very cleanly:

> At present, all schemes seem bent on cajoling governments to ameliorate our predicament. Nowhere do men seem to understand that progress is made by those who go ahead with their views, with the aid of voluntary participants, rather in spite of governments than through them.

There you have it. If that is the case with our people, as these books show it undoubtedly is, I submit that the state of the Union is about as unpromising as imbecility can make it.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

A FIT rival to Cecil DeMille is uncovered by the proprietors of the Carmel Theater:

WEAVER OF DREAMS

From the kings he borrows — and from dynasties — dipping into the coffers of the past for his materials. To the castle of a Saxon monarch he goes for staunchness and solidity, to the temple of Ilium for beauty, to be fashioned into forms of majesty and grace. A Grecian urn yields him a perfect line, a Pompeian frieze, perhaps, a rhythmic pattern. In a Byzantine seraglio or Mohammedan mosque, he may find his colors, and from the palace of a Chinese emperor take what he desires of richness and magnificence, of poetry and symmetry, of works of structural skill and exquisite craftsmanship, with which to materialize his vision. Then, with a genius that is all his own, he shapes it, out of his inner consciousness, conjuring it into the thing of co-ordinated beauty that stands forth, at last, an edifice. Thus does he create — the Weaver of Dreams, designer of this theater — A. A. Cantin, the Architect.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

A NEW DEAL senator stuns his colleagues by kicking over the pork barrel, as recounted by the New York *Times*:

Senator Minton of Indiana succeeded in persuading the Senate today to remove from its omnibus Flood Control Bill a $2,540,000 project for drainage of the Kankakee River Basin. His action came while other members were clamoring to insert in the measure projects for the benefit of their individual districts.

A stunned silence descended on the chamber as the purport of Mr. Minton's amendment became clear. Then Senator Copeland, in charge of the bill as chairman of the Commerce Committee, proposed that a special gold medal be awarded to Senator Minton in commemoration of the almost unprecedented occasion.

CONNECTICUT

THE perils of Yankee cooking are viewed philosophically by an enterprising advertiser in the Norwich *Morning Bulletin*:

PILLSBURY FAMOUS
PANCAKES
VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP
BAKED SAUSAGES
ROLLS — CAKE — COFFEE

THIRD BAPTIST
CHURCH

TOMORROW
TUESDAY, MAY 26TH

Supper 30c — Children 20c
Served 5:30 to 7:30 P.M.
This ad donated by C. A. Gager
Funeral Director

ILLINOIS

THE wonders of spiritualism in the rising town of Dixon, as verified by the sober Associated Press:

Ghostly figures — a woman's head, an Indian head and an arrow — which Mrs. Tom McReynolds said appeared in an antique mirror, drew hundreds of visitors to her home today.

The figures, Mrs. McReynolds said, first were seen last Saturday when she polished the mirror and their clarity has been undiminished. As she drew a cloth across the glass, she said, a voice spoke her first name — "Flora".

"The woman's head," Mrs. McReynolds said today, "is a perfect likeness of my mother, who died June 24, 1931."

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A NEW literary critic arises in the Middle West and, in a letter to the author (printed in the book), lets loose an imposing judgment:

My dear Major Pease:

I am interested in your book (*The "Hole" in the Hauptmann Case*), as it is one of the most striking plots in modern society. To me your theory and dynamic frankness as to the motives and participants is the greatest criminal writing of the century; and I would suggest that you write a 400 or 500 page book about the plot which, in my estimation, will eclipse Dostoewski's *Crime and Punishment*, and will be read by more people than any other book written in the present century.

Sincerely yours,
MAKE MILLS
Commanding Industrial Detail
Chicago Police Department

IOWA

ADDITION to medico-theological knowledge as vouched for by the Rev. Celestine Kapsner, O.S.B., in a pamphlet on exorcism:

What a power the prayers of exorcism have against the enemy of Christ is forcibly portrayed in a recent case of possession and expulsion at Earling, Iowa, 1928. This woman, still living today, had been cursed by her own fallen-away-Catholic father when she was but 14 years old, because she would not commit sin with him. Though a pious girl she was possessed for 26 terrible years. During this time she could not receive the Sacraments, could not make the Sign of the Cross, nor pronounce the Name of Jesus nor be helped by the consolations of religion. She had a real hatred against all things spiritual. The best doctors were consulted and pronounced her normal as to health. Finally her case was brought to the attention of Father Theophilus Riesinger, O.M. Cap., an experienced exorcist and missionary. He declared her possessed by the devil. The official prayers of exorcism were pronounced over her after a mission conducted at Earling. This battle of driving out the evil spirits lasted for 23 continuous days. Words cannot adequately describe the hatred, meanness and filthy language that Satan and his associate demons displayed against the Bl. Sacrament, relics, exorcist, priests and nuns during this process of expulsion. Lucifer, Beelzebub, Judas, the father of the woman, and his concubine Mina each made his appearance in turn during this exorcism. The body of the woman at times was so distorted by these demons that she could not be recognized as a human being.

After severe fasting, prayer, reception of the Sacraments, offering of Masses, and the constant prayers of exorcism, Satan and his allies were forced to depart. Christ again conquered and the woman breathed freely in the consolations of her religion. She is now a mystic, and frequently has revelations from Christ during the consecration at Mass. Christ speaks to her directly.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE solemn wonders of the Oxford Movement are revealed by a resident of the Buchmanite tent city at Stockbridge, as reported by a special operative of the New York *Herald Tribune*:

Speaker after speaker explained the implications of the movement, in the terms of his own life experience, to those who are here for its first national assembly.

James Mariano, of New York City:

"I have been a drunkard, a pick-pocket, and a strong-arm man with many other problems of dishonesty. I am now being used in God's plan to take charge of the camp canteen, handling money and supplies. It has brought me no temptation. The canteen is directed by the Holy Spirit."

MISSOURI

THE fearless editor of the Lamar *Democrat* takes off his coat, vest, and shirt, and writes a headline that is a headline:

REV. WARD TAKES
YOURS TRULY TO
THE WOODSHED

METHODIST MINISTER GIVES MAN WHO RUNS THIS PAPER A GOOD VERBAL COWHIDING — INVITED TO BE PRESENT TO HEAR WHAT HE HAD TO SAY — VERY GENTLEMANLY, VERY KIND — PREFACED THE REAL

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GIST OF WHAT HE HAD TO SAY, WITH KIND AND COMPLIMENTARY OBSERVATIONS — BUT NO READER IS MUCH INTERESTED IN ANY NICE THINGS THAT MIGHT BE SAID ABOUT THE MAN WHO RUNS THE PAPER — WHAT HE LIKES IS TO READ WHERE HE GETS A GOOD SKINNING — READ SHORT PASSAGE FROM PORE WEAK HUMAN NATURE — IN IT WERE THE EXCLAMATIONS GOD! JESUS! AND HELL! — SAID A PAPER THAT WENT INTO THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE SHOULD NOT USE THESE WORDS IN THIS WAY — THOSE WHO PATRONIZED A PAPER BY THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS HAD AS MUCH RIGHT TO CRITICISE IT, AND ITS PUBLISHER AS THE MEMBERS OF A CONGREGATION, WHO PAID HIM HAD TO CRITICISE A MINISTER — SAID THE MAN WHO RAN THIS PAPER DAMNED THE FINER NOBLER THINGS IN LIFE, WITH FAINT PRAISE — HE USED THE LANGUAGE OF THE STREET — WONDERED WHAT KIND OF A BACKGROUND SUCH A MIND HAD, AND WHAT KIND OF PICTURES DWELT IN IT — WHEN HE WAS A BOY ON A FARM, HE OFTEN HAD TO WALK IN THE MUCK AND MIRE AND FILTH — BUT WHEN HE WENT TO STEP INTO THE HOUSE WHERE HIS MOTHER DWELT, HE ALWAYS CLEANED OFF HIS SHOES — OFFERED THE EDITOR OF THE PAPER THE USE OF HIS PULPIT, TO ANSWER WHAT HE HAD SAID.

NEW YORK

THE old American tradition of getting something for nothing is observed faithfully by the souvenir hunters aboard *R.M.S. Queen Mary*, according to the *Herald Tribune*:

> A. F. Jones, the chief steward, was almost in tears yesterday when he considered the toll which had been taken. He said that some objects had been removed which could only have been loosened with wrenches and screwdrivers. Among the items which have been pilfered, according to him, were spoons, forks, knives, salt and pepper shakers, brass name plates, whole potted plants, clocks, silver calendars, ashtrays, glasses, and pieces of china.

CIVILIZATION comes to another dead stop as the sports writers of the *World-Telegram* appraise an epoch-making event:

Joe Williams:

> Some day the Sphinx will talk, the Pyramids will crumble, the oceans will stand still. . . . Something loosely akin to this was recorded when Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis in twelve rounds under a frowning sky at the Yankee Stadium last night.

Walter Stewart:

> When the Dark Angel fell through the roaring darkness of that mad twelve rounds he fell like Lucifer never to rise again. . . . It was a moment of sheer barbarity and the world went mad.

Francis Wallace:

> There is in Tennyson the story of the Black Knight, a fearsome figure of terrifying legend. He lived in a remote castle; and to face him, the man who dared had to face two other knights. Eventually there came the man with heart enough to fight his way to the Black Knight. Behind the mask he found a boy.
>
> Joe Louis lived in the remote castle of a myth. The two knights who defended him were his punch and his boxing skill. When Max Schmeling fought his way past these two guardians of the terrifying Black Knight he found only a boy.

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ENGLAND

ADDITION to the science of zoology, as offered by a letter-writer to the cultured London *Times*:

> Some years ago I had a wire-haired fox terrier (no longer with me, alas!) who accompanied me exquisitely in Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (sung in German). His faint, mournful wailing on the high notes of the song deeply moved all who heard it.

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THE LIBRARY

The Question of the Hour

By James Truslow Adams

THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by T. V. Smith. $2.50. *University of Chicago Press.*
AFTER ROOSEVELT, by G. H. Speece. $2.00. *Alliance Press.*
ROOSEVELT REVEALED, by James C. Young. $2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart.*
WITHOUT GREASE, by Frank R. Kent. $2.50. *Morrow.*
GIVE ME LIBERTY, by Rose Wilder Lane. 50 cents. *Longmans, Green.*
TWO ORDEALS OF DEMOCRACY, by John Buchan. $1.00. *Houghton Mifflin.*

If the Depression and the New Deal have done nothing else they have stirred the American people to think about the fundamentals of government as they perhaps have not thought since our former two great governmental crises — the drawing up of the Constitution in 1787, and the slavery issue of the Civil War. The political problems which in the past confronted those of us now in middle age, such as the tariff, the Trusts, and even the free silver of the Bryan campaign, appear today merely as questions of policy within a social framework, the stability of which we took for granted. Now we are forced to consider the very existence of that framework itself.

The situation is not American but world-wide. The amount of political thinking, writing, and reading, to say nothing of talk and action, which has been going on in the world in the past decade is probably without precedent. Yet after it all, the disheartening fact sticks out, in spite of the enthusiasm of some of the younger and older intellectuals and some of the masses, that not a single new idea of major importance has been discovered in any country. Indeed, most of the political thought, though clothed in a new jargon of words, is archaic. Price-fixing by government is as old as recorded history — at least it goes back to the Babylonians — and has practically always failed of its object. Nor is "planning" the marvelous discovery which many would have us believe. To a considerable extent it is merely being rediscovered after a century or so in which private initiative has been given free rein — a period, by the way, which has given more human beings more satisfactions for their wants than any other in the history of the race. Certainly there is nothing new in the idea of a dictatorship, and Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler belong to the oldest types of rulers. Humanity has been all too familiar with despots, benevolent or malevolent.

In general, the group of books named above represents this paucity of ideas of a really fecund nature. This does not mean that some of the books are not interesting discussions of the problems which have come to haunt us all. Of varying value they all deal with the relation of the individual to his government. The volume by Professor Smith, who combines a chair of philosophy in the University

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of Chicago with a seat in the Illinois State Senate, is an odd blend of Polonius-like moralizings and acute analyses of political theories. His effort to prove that the only real "goods" are those of the spirit, which all men can share, and that therefore the well-to-do should not mind at all if their material goods are taken from them to be given to the less well-to-do, struck me as rather labored and not very convincing. If the material goods are really so worthless, then why all the argument to show that one group should have more of them and another group less, the one to be made happier by giving them up and the other by receiving them? On the other hand, his analysis of communism is one of the best I have read, and I heartily recommend it to all who are enjoying the narcotic of this new-old dream.

Mr. Speece's book, elaborate and rather pretentious, did not strike me as offering much in the way of a solution for our present dilemma. His basic idea is to restore employment by a prohibitive tax on such machines as displace human labor. The workmen of the 1830's approached the problem more directly by smashing the machines. The power to tax is the power to destroy, but two good fists, which can do the same, tried and failed. There is nothing new in the idea, apart from method. The author's idea, that of breaking up the United States into a group of Dominions similar to the British Empire, is too far outside the range of present political realities to detain us long.

Mr. Young's book is a sort of diary, written in the present tense, of the happenings under Mr. Roosevelt. As a record it has an interest and value, but it also solves no problems. Mr. Buchan's essays are reprinted from ten years ago. Miss Lane's small but illuminating volume is the story of a communist who went to Russia and was promptly disillusioned. This has happened before, but Miss Lane well points out that if there is waste under capitalism there is also enormous waste under a bureaucracy carrying out repressive planning from a central government in a vast country.

Mr. Kent's book is a useful reprint of his daily newspaper articles. There has been no more persistent horsefly biting into the Presidential withers than Frank Kent, but he is also one of the acutest of political observers and, with Mark Sullivan, likewise one of the ablest of independent Washington correspondents, has recently been made aware in no uncertain terms of Administration displeasure over commenting intelligently for the American people on Presidential acts and policies. The book will have a certain permanent value for the historians of the Roosevelt Revolution; but, again, it contains no solution for our ills.

Of the lot, I got most out of Professor Smith's book, in spite of a preface which antagonized me at the start from its style, and much in later chapters which struck me as illogical or puerile, even if the author is a professor of philosophy. In the past four years we Americans have passed successively through some remarkable changes of thought and attitude. In 1932, like a patient on his bed of pain, we wanted a new face. Any new doctor might do us good. In 1933 we felt the *élan* of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal, which seemed to be a well-considered policy to meet the emergency. Then reaction set in; but underneath the surface of changing opinion I think certain ideas have been taking definite shape. Most of us no longer look back to the orgy before the smash as being a state of health to which we wish to return. We have come

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to a realization of the really serious ills in our body politic, and to the fact that we cannot just turn the clock back. What we are going through is not merely a depression but, if not the downfall of civilization as we have known it, a turning point of the first magnitude.

It is easy and, perhaps to the sadistic-minded, pleasurable, to exaggerate this aspect of our situation. As an economic phenomenon there is nothing abnormal about the Depression. The economic graph of events after every great war, for a century and a half at least, which is as far as I have traced it, has remained amazingly the same. After peace has been declared there have always been about two years of false prosperity, followed by the primary post-war depression for a year or two, followed by quite a number of years of wild speculation, to be finally succeeded by a crash. In these respects the years following the World War were no different from those following the American Revolution, though then there was no machinery and almost nothing of our modern systems of business and finance. As the destruction of both capital and markets was unprecedentedly great in the World War, the eventual crash could have been expected to be so likewise.

Up to, say, 1934, we were progressing normally along a well-marked road. But now the future is unpredictable because, for psychological reasons, we are interfering with both economic laws and those of nature when, rightly or wrongly, humanitarianism has wrecked our adherence to both. To mention only one example: the machine age, in spite of the fears of the workmen a century and more ago, created a huge number of new jobs and food supplies. Nature spawned limitless numbers of children to fill the first and eat the second. The "rise of the masses" began. Although I think technological unemployment in the long run and not just for the moment is exaggerated, it is nevertheless true that improving machinery will reduce the number of jobs, though the food supply can be kept up. If nature were left alone she would reduce, by cruel means perhaps, the population to meet the lessened number of jobs just as she vastly increased it to meet the increase in jobs. But the psychology of 1936 does not permit us to allow nature to do this. We have come to feel that all the human beings created by the new jobs, and their progeny, must somehow be allowed to live and follow the pursuit of happiness at the expense of the number who can fit and fill the jobs of the new age. Man has decided, in pursuit of an ideal which touches us all, that he must find a way of circumventing the laws of both nature and economics. That is where our difficulty lies. Can we do it, and what will happen if we try and fail? Feeling the end desirable, the impulsion irresistible, and not knowing how to attain the goal ourselves, one harassed nation after another has taken the easy but fatal way of "letting George do it", *i.e.,* of turning the whole problem over to a dictator who promises everything.

The American, however, of all national characters except the British, is the least likely to yield willingly to dictation. The ill-fated Potato Act was a test of that, and I think here we come to the crux of the American problem at present and to what great numbers of serious Americans are thinking about. In spite of much astute Russian propaganda, I believe that only an infinitesimal number of Americans would care to live permanently as citizens under such governments as the Russian, German, or Italian. Miss Lane's book voices the general answer to that. The

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deepest problem for us today is how to be the good neighbor, how to solve the combined psychological-economic-political situation without losing those liberties and that freedom of life to which we have become accustomed.

That is the most living issue of the Presidential campaign, though it may not be treated openly or very intelligently by either party. With respect to this, perhaps Professor Smith's book is the most illuminating of those listed above. In a number of places, speaking of the despised profit *motif*, he brings out clearly that there is in human nature a much more dangerous and stronger one, the "power and prestige *motif*". In fact the profit *motif* is usually merely the shadow of this because most men want money not for itself but for the power it brings.

As Americans are taunted with the phrase "profit *motif*", they may well ponder the possible influence of the other and more powerful one if there should come to be too great concentration of power in Washington. If we yield up legislative and representative government in the name of efficiency and emergency, if we "let George do it", whether George be a man or a group, will he or they willingly give up the power and prestige of governing 125,000,000 people when the people may decide the emergency is ended? The Italian, German, and Russian governments were supposed merely to lead their peoples to a richer and fuller life, but would Mussolini or Hitler or Stalin willingly abdicate complete power and the playing of world roles in favor of the people's choice? In fact, have their peoples any longer a chance to make a choice? That such power has been deliberately built up in Washington, we can take from Mr. Roosevelt's own words. In his Message to Congress not long ago, he said:

> In thirty-four months we have built up new instruments of power. In the hands of a people's government this power is wholesome and proper. But in the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy such power would provide shackles for the liberties of the people.

There is nothing vague about that. We have prided ourselves on having a government of laws and not of men. The President has himself informed us that under him there has been developed such a concentration of power as to make the men who administer it and not the Constitution or the laws of the land supreme in importance. It seems to me that the chief question for the American people to decide next November is whether they want that kind of government, with all it inevitably leads to, or American government. A number of the books cited, such as those by Messrs. Smith and Kent, and Miss Lane, will help toward a decision. Nobody quarrels with the President's humanitarianism. Nobody wants American citizens to starve or go without shelter. But what we have to decide is whether there is not a way of playing the good neighbor without losing the personal liberties we and our ancestors have fought for.

Gilbert Without Sullivan

By St. John Ervine

THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. With Illustrations by W. S. Gilbert. $1.00. *The Modern Library.*

The centenary of Sir William Schwenk Gilbert's birth falls due on November 18 of this year, and *The Modern Library* has issued in good time a volume of those

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of his plays for which Sir Arthur Sullivan composed music. They are, of course, the most important work Gilbert wrote, although Gilbert himself did not think so, but it is well to remember that these fourteen pieces are a small part in his output, and that, in addition to them, he was the author of about sixty plays of every sort. The title of the present volume is a misnomer: there is nothing by Sullivan in it. And that, in a sense, is a blessing, since the omission of Sullivan's music enables the reader to settle for himself a problem which has long puzzled the public and added to library shelves a number of books that could very well be done without. The problem is, which was the more important member of the partnership, Gilbert or Sullivan?

Mr. Hesketh Pearson, the latest of the authors who have written on the subject, settles it, in his book *Gilbert and Sullivan*, a little Solomonically, by saying that Gilbert *and* Sullivan were unquestionably more important than either Gilbert *or* Sullivan. From that judgment few, if any, discerning people will now dissent. It is evident, however, that if Mr. Pearson were asked to say which of the two men, in his opinion, prevailed in the extraordinary partnership which enriched the world with the Savoy Operas, he would unhesitatingly reply, "Gilbert"; and although critical opinion on this point has often veered, the preponderance of such opinion is now on his side.

But it must not be forgotten that in Gilbert and Sullivan's lifetimes, many notable musicians felt assured that Sullivan was the genius, and asserted that he was wasting his time and his talents in composing music for Gilbert's "trivial" libretti when he might have been immortalizing himself by composing "serious" music and grand opera. Queen Victoria, who disliked Gilbert and thought his work silly, almost publicly urged Sullivan to break with Gilbert, and do something "good" and "great". The suggestion was accepted, and its fulfilment demonstrated how poor a judge of ability Queen Victoria was. *Ivanhoe*, which afforded the Queen "particular satisfaction . . . as she believes it is partly owing to her own instigation that you undertook this great work," was a failure. Few music-lovers have ever heard it or heard of it.

The variations of belief about the relative importance of the two men have been many and acrimonious. After Sullivan's death, it became fashionable to say that Gilbert was on a pinnacle and Sullivan flat on his back. A reaction set in and Sullivan returned to favor: he was the artist and Gilbert was the artisan. But a balance has been struck, and the view held by Mr. Pearson is the truest, namely, that the two men, in combination, were unique, but that apart, they were commonplace. Mr. Pearson's assumption that Gilbert, by himself, was better at his job than Sullivan, by himself, was at his, is hardly tenable. It is based on the fact that the first libretto by Gilbert, *The Mountebanks,* to be set to music after the breach with Sullivan, was more successful than any music composed by Sullivan thereafter; but that fact is flimsy. Sullivan, as a composer, had enjoyed enormous success before he began to collaborate with Gilbert, and his failure, after the breach, to retain his popularity was surely due to his increasing ill-health. For the greater part of his life he suffered terribly from kidney disease, "sometimes suffering so acutely . . . during a performance that he could not see the audience for the tears of agony that streamed from his eyes". On the day of the first performance of *Princess Ida*, he received an injection of morphia to re-

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lieve his pain, and was only half-conscious when he entered the orchestra and lifted his baton. He fainted at the end of the evening.

There is no reason to suppose that he would have composed better music for Gilbert's libretti than that which he composed, after the break, for other people's, although the devout Gilbertian cannot unwarrantably say that the vitality which Gilbert gave Sullivan *might* have done Sullivan good. The salient fact, however, is that these two men, utterly discordant in temper and outlook on life, and having no liking or even much respect for each other, formed a perfect partnership and produced work which has not been excelled, and may never be equaled, by any other collaborators. Its popularity, forty years after the last of the operas was first performed, continues unabated, may, indeed, be said to have increased. Beaumont and Fletcher were bunglers and failures in comparison with Gilbert and Sullivan.

The two men are evidence in art of a fact which is slowly being recognized in biology, namely, that compatibility in parents is much less essential to the production of good progeny than has hitherto been supposed. We are beginning to perceive that incompatibility in parents may sometimes result in finer children than are produced by parents who love each other devotedly and are considered to be suitable partners. Children are, in greater or less degree, modifications of their parents, and the modifications of discordant natures may be eugenically excellent and even superb. A man and a woman who cannot bear each other may produce desirable offspring. The Spartans had a dull perception of this fact when they made their law that a woman should bear a child to any man other than her husband whom the State authorities should select as suitable to fertilize her. The Spartans' mistake lay in their assumption that only one sort of man was "good"—the warrior; and it is incontestable that when they exposed on the slopes of Mount Taygetus those infants who seemed to them physically unfit to become efficient soldiers, they probably exposed all the brains of their Republic and eventually brought ruin upon themselves. Beethoven's parents were eugenically unsuitable to be parents, but they produced Beethoven.

A more ill-assorted pair than Gilbert and Sullivan probably never entered into any partnership. Intellectually, socially, physically, and temperamentally they were dissimilar. Yet their collaboration, always in danger of violent disruption, resulted in the finest set of light operas the world possesses. They had no tastes in common. They did not like each other, and had the fewest social contacts that were possible. When Sullivan celebrated his fifty-second birthday by a grand party at which the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh (afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg), were guests, Gilbert was not invited. On the last occasion on which the two men met on the stage of the Savoy Theater, they did not speak, and each departed by a different door. Sullivan had forgotten, no doubt, that the very next day was Gilbert's sixty-second birthday, nor did Gilbert remind him of the fact. They were, that night, celebrating the revival of *The Sorcerer*, now twenty-one years old, but they were not celebrating anything else. They never met again.

In every respect, they were as disparate as men could be. Their origin was entirely different. Gilbert was masculine: Sullivan was effeminate. Gilbert was middle-class, and called himself a gentleman. He was a barrister before he became

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a writer, and he was English in the marrow of his bones. Sullivan was lower-middle, almost working-class, in origin, and of unusually mixed parentage. He was a pretty and appealing choirboy. His father was Irish; his mother was partly Irish and partly Italian, and was thought to have Jewish blood in her. Sullivan had great personal charm which endeared him to nearly every person he met, and he moved in the highest circles, becoming especially the friend of the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The Duke of Edinburgh was his boon companion, and the Kaiser greatly esteemed him. Queen Victoria did not disguise her regard for him. But she could not abide Gilbert who, despite his intense conservatism, did not conceal his indifference to her, her family, her government, and her court. She knighted Sullivan in 1883; she did not knight Gilbert, who received the accolade from Edward VII in 1907, twenty-four years after it had been given to his collaborator. The Queen snubbed Gilbert to the last. When she commanded a performance of *The Gondoliers* at Windsor Castle, she caused his name to be omitted from the program, although that "of the wig-maker", according to Mr. Pearson, "was printed in bold type".

How do Gilbert and Sullivan, four decades after the date on which their last opera was produced, appear to the critic? It seems irrefutable that Gilbert's was the dominating mind. He, more than Sullivan, made the Savoy Opera; for he not only wrote libretti which remain brilliant after this lapse of time, but trained the Company which acted the operas. His sense of the stage was as sharp and abundant as that of Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. George S. Kaufman. He could see an actor where other people could see only a wooden-faced fellow; as when he put Rutland Barrington into his company. He could take a drawing-room entertainer from his piano and turn him into a fine comedian; as when he persuaded George Grossmith to leave his Y.M.C.A. concerts and join the Savoy. Neither Barrington nor Grossmith had ever been on the stage until Gilbert put them there. He detected a popular star in an inexperienced actress called Jessie Bond. It was he who, rigorously, almost ruthlessly, drilled the players into the fine company they became. While Sullivan was gambling with princes, Gilbert was working with the Savoy players.

The reader of the fourteen libretti he wrote while he was collaborating with Sullivan, instantly perceives that their author, despite his denial of all knowledge of music, must have had a musical mind; for his lyrics almost set themselves to music. It is not possible to read them: one almost automatically sings them, even if one is ignorant of every note Sullivan composed. Gilbert's habit was to hum strains of song to himself while he wrote his lyrics, and there was an occasion when Sullivan, unable to set some words, asked Gilbert to hum over the refrain he had hummed while writing them. After a few moments, Sullivan's difficulty was overcome: Gilbert had stimulated him again.

The present writer has read every word of the fourteen plays published in this volume. They fill 711 pages. He did not find them in any way oppressive. On the contrary, he found them uncommonly good reading. Their freshness is unabated; their wit still sparkles and shows no signs of "dating"; and the ingenuity of the rhymes still excites admiration. There are no signs of heaviness in these libretti, nor can one hear any sounds of creaking. It would be difficult to find a "serious" author whose work, read in such bulk as this, would

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hold attention from the first page to the last. Gilbert's own "serious" plays would not keep even Gilbert awake, nor has any publisher contemplated the ordeal of issuing them in one volume. But these despised libretti, disdained even by their author, seize and hold attention that grows to admiration and even envy. They gave Gilbert a loophole of escape from his own harsh and uneasy nature into a boy's world of fantasy. If he took his cynicism with him, he took also his honesty and his sense of wonder; and these qualities, so queerly mingled, enabled him to make a genius not only out of himself, but out of Arthur Sullivan.

Six Novels

By John W. Thomason, Jr.

THE LORENZO BUNCH, by Booth Tarkington. $2.00. *Doubleday, Doran.*
HONEY IN THE HORN, by H. L. Davis. $2.50. *Harpers.*
THE HURRICANE, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. $2.50. *Little, Brown.*
EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN, by Arnold Zweig. $2.50. *Viking.*
THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS, by Rosamond Lehmann. $2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock.*
SPARKENBROKE, by Charles Morgan. $2.75. *Doubleday, Doran.*

The criticism of novels is approached with delicacy. Your writer of history and biography deals with known factors. His sources are open to every interested person, and the reviewer is at liberty to assess his own values on deductions made, conclusions drawn, and judgments pronounced. But there is something intimate and personal about a novel, because the novelist deals not with history, but with material he dredges out of himself under the qualification that it might, conceivably and credibly, be history. Doing this, he lays bare his soul, for it is from his own reflections and aspirations that he creates his characters and his action: in a very special sense, he brings forth his stuff in his own image. Or, I hasten to add, she does.

Here are six novels, by very well-thought-of people. One writer is new in the field. The others produce regularly, and I am assured that their successive offerings are awaited with eagerness by avid publics. Two deal with the American scene, and they are the most readable; one with the South Seas; one with the World War; and two with the Kingdom of Great Britain, which has furnished the setting for more dull tales than any country on earth.

Booth Tarkington's *The Lorenzo Bunch* shows that age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the author of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, of *Penrod*, and of *The Magnificent Ambersons*. As experience accumulates, the hand and eye grow surer, the ear more certain, and his handling of his medium more facile. He was always kindly: here his kindliness and his irony are only more discriminating. He needs no background of cataclysmic calamity to lend significance to his people, no glitter of London-town for his highlights, no seasoning of great names to stimulate his reader's interest. His is the ability that the masters of the craft achieve, to take the ordinary and the stupid and make their futilities interesting. He writes as Franz Hals painted, with a swaggering simplicity.

From slight materials, Mr. Tarkington has woven an absorbing tale. Half-way through it, you think: What's happened to the man? He hates people — his folks

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in this book are as nasty as Ring Lardner's ever were. Indeed, with its economy of material and sardonic sting, the first two-thirds might have been written by one of the great Frenchmen. But the end is Tarkington: you feel with him that the garden-variety American, for all his defects, is still pretty decent under pressure: and this, in the present state of the Republic, is a comforting way to feel. No one of our times has equalled Mr. Tarkington in the portrayal of contemporary life.

The other night there was a Navy medico at dinner, a gaunt and silent man with the skin of one who has been much in fierce suns. Somebody mentioned a recent novel, by a fellow not heard of before in these parts, about early days in the Pacific Northwest — Washington? — Oregon? Book named *Horns*, or *Honey*, or something like that. The Medico brightened up immediately. "Of course," he said. "*Honey in the Horn!* Man named Davis. Dam' fine book — that's the country I come from, and I know a lot of those people. This bird Davis has done them very well indeed. Used to know the old scalawag in the book that ate the Indian Chief's liver on account the Chief stole his horses. But Davis changed it a little. We called him Liver-Eatin' Allen till he died. What happened was, he was hunting one time, and ran out of grub. Nothing to eat. He shot an Indian that came along and ate his liver, because the other cuts were all so tough you couldn't get your fork into the gravy!"

The book has its title from the bawdy old ballad:

> . . . He met her in the lane and he laid her on a board
> And he played her up a tune called, Sugar in the Gourd.
> Sugar in the gourd, honey in the horn,
> Balance to your pardners, honey in the horn —

which has many more verses, but none other printable. It relates the adventures of the orphan Clay Calvert, who went traveling because of an assist in a jail-break. The country is Oregon just before the railroads began to come in, and the characters are as lusty and untrammeled a set of individuals as you ever saw in your life. Mr. Davis, being native to those parts, produces them tirelessly from his own impressions. There is an endless panorama of mountain and sea and prairie, of sun and storm and flood and drought. Mr. Davis' people are real people, observed and understood; his settings actual, alive with light and air. He is always quotable: for example, the Indian trader on the coast speaking:

> . . . But it ain't the Indian women that buys them female remedies. It's the bucks, and they drink 'em, too. I've seen a big old canoe chief named Spillets or something like that swaller five full-size bottles of Dr. Turnbull's Prescription For Expectant Mothers as fast as he could get the corks pulled. Afterwards he took his clothes off and et fire. Yes, sir, fire. He licked it right offen a chunk of pitch and snorted a big stream of it eight foot out into the air. The squaws mostly take Our Baby's Friend Tonic Vermifuge or Mother Porter's Wild Cherry and Tar Expectorant. They eat it on fish, like it was peppersass. Them Indians is a low outfit. They ain't worth an intelligent man's bother. . . .

Reading *Honey in the Horn*, you are sure to be reminded of another book about a wandering orphan: *Huckleberry Finn*. And another gifted reporter of the American scene: Mark Twain. The novel took the Harper prize, and now has the Pulitzer award, which speaks favorably of the judgment of at least two literary juries.

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The Hurricane is a fine, workmanlike piece of writing with no foolishness about it. Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall tell with simplicity the story of a hurricane that overwhelms the island of Manukura in the Tuamotu group. Of the several stresses Nature brings upon mankind, there is none which, in impersonal malignance and sustained violence, exceeds the hurricane. The great heats and colds are bad, but endurable, given luck and judgment. Earthquakes are spasmodic and shattering episodes, quickly finished. But a hurricane is a design. There is the period of preparation, discernible to the weather-wise through weeks, when earth and sea and sky are pregnant with the sense of increasing menace. There is the period of approach, with rising waters and torrential rains, and winds rising from fresh to half a gale, to full gale, to storm. And then there is the thing itself, an inconceivable climax. Two other writers come to mind who have done hurricanes adequately: Joseph Conrad and Lafcadio Hearn. To them I would add Nordhoff and Hall. Jack London's atmospheric phenomena were a little special and a little shrill, and in his people he had a feeling for the superman. Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall attain their effects by showing the reactions of casual humanity under unimaginable strain. They deal also in the loneliness and mystery of the remote seas that they know so well.

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Education Before Verdun rounds out the trilogy begun with *The Case of Sergeant Grischa,* but goes before it chronologically, and is in point of time preceded by *Young Woman of 1914*; so that Herr Arnold Zweig has accomplished his literary tryptych inversely. It would be well to read the three together. Yet they are not the same: the Herr Zweig who dwelt with tenderness and sympathy, and even a certain humor, on the human misery of Grischa and his associates, caught up in the vast impersonal calamity of war, has himself endured further searing experiences, and they are evident in the pages of his latest novel. A fourth of the series is projected: *The Crowning of a King*. The author, writing from Mount Carmel in Palestine, notes in an afterword that *Verdun* was delayed by the confiscation of his manuscript and his expulsion from Germany. This statement explains a great deal.

There are nowhere any people so class-conscious as the Jews. Their fine and sensitive minds have lavished many riches on the world in all the fields of art; and we have come to accept, along with so much that is splendid, their racial insistence. It makes no dissonance in *Grischa* — the greatest of the three: nor is it disturbing in *1914*, although it is more evident. But in *Verdun*, it overshadows the story, to the definite loss of symmetry and proportion. This may be no more than natural, for Herr Zweig and his people have had a hard time. The weight of Hitler's little finger has been heavier than Nebuchadnezzar's loins: where others whipped them with whips, the forthright Nazis have employed scorpions: or so we gather. Yet even the most rabid professional Southerner, with the musketry of Chickamauga crackling in his memory, the statistics of Sherman's rapines and arsons at his fingers' ends, and with what he calls his mind awash with Gulf-coast moonlight — even such a fellow is practically a man without a country, compared to the mildest Jew.

I do not know Herr Zweig's combat record; the publisher's blurb says that the experiences of *gemeiner* Werner Bertin, Army Service Corps, Imperial German Army, are largely autobiographical. But I

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saw something of the active zones on the Western Front, and the settings and incidents of *Verdun* convey profoundly to me the conviction of things endured and experienced. The atmosphere of the vast Douamont battle is excellently rendered. You cower blind and hopeless under shelling, flounder numbly in the mud with the air sibilant above you, and you see — and smell — fresh blood upon the ground.

Cruelty and petty tyranny, stupidity, meanness, and dishonesty occur in war, as in every other large human undertaking. We have it from Herr Zweig that monsters of iniquity were numerous in the German military establishment. Henri Barbusse noted unsavory incidents in the French service. Some Britishers and Canadians have observed that not every English sergeant was a Galahad, nor every British colonel a loving father to his soldiers. It has even been hinted that imperfections marred the character of the American commissioned personnel. Yet one finds it hard to believe that the Germans were such a bad lot as the author makes them out to be. As I know military history, no soldiers have ever fought very effectively who were not loyal to their officers in the belief that their officers were loyal to them. And the Germans fought very well indeed.

However that may be, Herr Arnold Zweig can tell a tale with the best. I hope that he will produce many more novels, and that, living tranquil in the New Jerusalem among his own people, he will be better-humored about it. Passion and prejudice disfigure achievement, and restraint is the first characteristic of art.

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The Weather in the Streets is so British that one seems to be looking at the advertising sections of *Punch* and *Tatler* and the *Illustrated London News*. Savories, Bovril, tea: geysers, community bath rooms, hot-water bottles — they occur throughout the book and create a smell of warm rubber, soap, coal gas, and bed linen not recently aired. Here is the deadly British family dinner, and the rain-soaked British week-end: even the lecheries are dampish. If you enjoy the British novel, here you have it, with all the indicated people: the great ladies built along Queen Mary lines; the poor relations; the old gentlemen mooning for Edwardian splendors, some of them not quite right in the head; the Cockney servants and the farm lasses; the hectic post-war young women; the Soho set, art, and gin highballs; the elegant young gentlemen, smelling of tweeds and shaving lotion, right out of the pages of the *Bystander*, where you see them captioned "and friend"; and the high-souled English heroine, who can, as they say, take it; and takes it through 416 pages. The publisher is moved to terse yet tender comment on the dust-cover: "glowing, impassioned story which bares, as no recent novel has done, the minds and hearts of a modern civilized man and woman deeply in love. . . ." It bares them, all right: bares them all the way from raptures to obstetrics, from bad head-colds to abortions.

Miss Rosamond Lehmann also wrote *Dusty Answer*: her titles are unusual. Her narrative is achieved through dialogue and asides, in which there is skilled craftsmanship. She appears to have had extensive hospital — I mean nursing-home — experience. If you care to inform yourself on the loves of Olivia and Rollo, they are here available, with the intimate economies of the English household thrown in.

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When Mr. Charles Morgan wrote *The Fountain*, I was serving on the China Station, and the fame of its American success

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reached as far as the French Bookstore in Peiping, which is administered by M. Henri Vetch, the greatest book salesman in the world. Because I have tried a little writing myself, I read it, in the studious endeavor to learn those qualities in fiction that readers prefer. I did not discover anything. My only definite impression from *The Fountain* was that prisoners of war are out of luck. I knew that anyway.

Sparkenbroke follows *The Fountain* in theme and treatment, although the characters have other names. It is a study of frustration, sensuous, delicate, and fastidious; but frustration, always. Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, one of those great gentlemen the British novelist delights to honor, writes poetry and has a fine wife who can refuse him nothing. The lady of the book is Mary, a comely girl reminiscent of the song: *Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt;* but she marries the country doctor, George Hardy, a strong and silent man. You meet also the country rector, who likes to have Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* read aloud to him; and the faithful valet. Very early in the narrative Lord Sparkenbroke resolves to have Mary, but nothing happens. Interminably, nothing happens. About page 500 it looks as though the hot-blooded peer and the ardent wench might elope. They go so far as to name a rendezvous by the old elm on the brook, for ten o'clock in the evening. Mary gets there first, falls into some confusion of mind, and attempts to hang herself with the rope which reinforces the worn locks of her suitcase. Meantime the noble lord draws near, and observes the incident, but, true to Mr. Morgan's system, takes no steps, and retires to the family vault, where he dies of angina. Mary, thoroughly inefficient, and consistent in frustration, recovers in the cool night air, goes home, and so to bed. Doctor George makes no remarks.

I have quite possibly missed some of the fine points of the tale, but reading it, I had the feeling that my face was increasingly covered with cobwebs. People who remember *The Fountain* kindly will again be delighted; and there were a great many of them. But I think this type of psychic vivisection was done much better by a man named Marcel Proust.

Nouns Across the Sea

By H. W. Seaman

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, Fourth Edition. By H. L. Mencken. $5.00. *Knopf.*

I am surely no philologian," writes H. L. Mencken in his preface to this fourth edition of *The American Language.* In the third edition he filed a similar disclaimer; but the word was *philologist.* How fortunate are the Americans in the enjoyment of so free and elastic a language! If Mr. Mencken would be known in his true character, as more than the greatest American philologian, let him cry "Stet!" betimes, call this edition of his *magnum opus* the definitive edition, burn his great stack of notebooks, scrapbooks, envelope backs, and newspaper cuttings, and turn to other fields that urgently demand his plowing.

Having written this, I become aware that the word *cuttings* betrays my origin and cultural affiliations, such as they are. Long ago, when I first asked for cuttings in an American newspaper's morgue, deadhouse, or graveyard, there were derisive sniggers. Ten years later, when I first asked for *clippings* in an English newspaper's library, there was a similar demonstration. Turning to Page 711 of the fourth

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edition of *The American Language*, I note with satisfaction that the author has duly noted this pair of words.

But what if I had caught him out? Would it have been my duty to point to the omission and demand that Mr. Mencken set to work at once repairing this and other gaps that might possibly be found in the present structure? I think not. Indeed, I believe that I should render a disservice to American letters if I searched the book for omissions and so set an idiotic example to the rascal multitude. In the hope of heading off at least some hundreds of the vast horde of philological ferrets who are even now getting ready to write to Mr. Mencken with such irrelevant tidings as that *hooey* is from the Patagonian *hu-mali-mali*, meaning *hooey*, and that *hobo* means "Ho! Bo!" I suggest that theirs is the wrong approach to the book. It is no grammarian's funeral, but an expertly thorough inquiry into not only the modes of expression of the people of two widely different countries, but also, necessarily, their lives, and habits, and motives. It is not a humorless textbook, but one of the great bed-books, armchair-books, desk-books of the world. It can be read fifty years hence by everybody who reads and enjoys Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Voltaire's *Dictionary of Philosophy*, Taine's *History of English Literature*, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, and Montaigne's *Essays* — for it will long outlive mere topicality. I defy anybody not a professor to begin at Page One and read straight through its 325,000 words, for every other paragraph carries an invitation to a side trip that may end anywhere.

In pointing out that the book is of the sort that offers stimulating entertainment at whatever page is opened, I do not wish to convey that it lacks shape. On the contrary, it marches straight forward according to the plan Mr. Mencken laid out when he first attacked the job in 1910. Most of the familiar chapter headings remain, and in the familiar order. But the material hung on this frame has been revised, enlarged, and almost entirely rewritten. Notably, the "American and English Today" section, which occupied only forty-four pages in 1923, now takes in two long chapters, running to 155 pages. The comparative word-list is little longer than in former editions; and the reader should be warned against mistaking it for an essay towards a complete Anglo-American glossary. It contains only suggestive examples of word-pairs, of which the author cites at least ten times as many in other parts of the book.

Recognition has at last been given to *pry* (for the English *prise*) and *jibe* (for *tally*, or *correspond*, or *chime in with*), which, so far as I can discover, has never been noted before. They are not even in Horwill's recent *Dictionary of American Usage*. Yet they are familiar words to every American, and so deeply set in his consciousness that it must surprise him to learn that the English contrive to get along without them. That, probably, is why they have been overlooked until now. To me it seems that such ancient, homely usages as these, which belong to the very tripes and guts of the nation, reveal more sharply the cleavage between American and English than the hundreds of nonce-words and neologisms which the English import with movies and songs from the Americas.

These importations have tempted Mr. Mencken to vary his original thesis: "The American form of the English language was plainly departing from the parent stem, and it seemed at least likely that the differences between American and English should go on increasing." So he argued in three editions. But now he doubts.

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> Since 1923 the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it, and in consequence some of the differences once visible have tended to disappear. . . . The Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling, and even in pronunciation that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the Americans was once a dialect of English.

To this the London *Star* has been quick, if not rash, to reply:

> Mr. Mencken, the unofficial custodian of American slang, has produced a new version of his famous book in which he revels in such words as *sockdolager*, *pifflicated*, *snozzled*, *bone-orchard*, and *body-snatcher*. In the end he opines that the language of the Englishman promises to become a dialect of American. Well, it might be if the alternative is to call sausages *pups*, food *garbage*, coffee *embalming fluid*, and meringue *calf-slobber*.

This is a timely example of the deliberate misunderstanding that has always been an obstacle to honest investigation of the differences between American and English. One may lie to a heretic, and we English may discard British fairplay in order to put the Americans in their place. "An American language? There is no such thing. There is only slang, and Mencken is its custodian." That is the traditional British attitude; and it is wrong in its perverse and persistent disregard of the facts. None knows better than Mr. Mencken that slang is ephemeral stuff, important only as it points to tendencies and habits of mind, and that the roots of language are deep and vigorous.

Actually, only one chapter of thirty-five pages is devoted to American slang, which is mentioned occasionally elsewhere only in order to illustrate verbal inventiveness. And, curiously, it is only the accidentals and grace-notes of language that the English borrow from the Americans; the true idiom of each nation stays on its own side of the water. That every English schoolboy now knows what a *dogie* is, whereas three or four years ago few Massachusetts schoolboys were acquainted with that Western word, means no more than that every English lyric writer for jazz searches the current American vernacular for ear-tickling novelties. Here in England I hear *Okey-doke* and its derivatives and cognates more often than I heard them last winter in America; yet the boys who use them are certainly ignorant of *ground hog*, *catnip*, *poison ivy*, to *feaze*, to *haze*, and to *slew*. *Nerts* and *hooey* may come glibly to the lips of my neighbor — the lout who puts on a *tux* to take a *dame* to a *roadhouse* — but, back to earth in the morning, he will call a *whiffletree* a *splinter bar*, a *battery* an *accumulator*, his *vest* his *waistcoat*, a *thumbtack* a *drawing pin*, and a *faucet* a *tap*. He says *anywhere*, not *any place*, and *up the street a-ways* would be double-Dutch to him. The more he borrows, the more remains. He avidly seizes the bright, impermanent bubbles that are wafted to him from the radio and the films, and has no notion of the solid and lasting language from which they spring. He learns — and from English writers — at least as much of the argot of the American underworld as his American counterpart learns; but he is always conscious of its foreignness. And the writers themselves, however expert they may be in the use of slang, argot, and cant, betray themselves when they venture into the true idiom.

William Hickey, the London *Daily Express* columnist, whom internal evidence shows to be so earnest a student of *Time*, the *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, and Walter Winchell that he would be hamstrung

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without them, uses *socialite, infanticipating, tycoon,* and other recent Americanisms freely and without inverted commas, which is to say, quotes; but only a year ago he confessed that the verb *to tote* was new to him and asked readers to translate it. In 1932 the *Daily Express,* quoting an American song containing the word *pretzel,* explained in a footnote that a pretzel was a salted biscuit with a kink in it. But in 1934 the word had become so familiar that the same newspaper was able to mention it casually, without explanation. The *Daily Express* deserves special attention here because it is fair, without inhibitions, and particularly hospitable to American words and phrases; but other popular newspapers also try to keep in step. Lord Donegall, the *Sunday Dispatch* gossip writer, like Mr. Winchell, has a Girl Friday, and another *Dispatch* columnist, covering the West End, affects the dotted style which has spread like a pox from the Republic even to the country weeklies of this island Kingdom.

In recent months the borrowings have taken on speed, as if in anticipation of Mr. Mencken's book. On April 12 the *Express* printed a *Lesson in American* from its New York correspondent, C. V. R. Thompson, who took occasion to explain many expressions with which regular readers of that newspaper and all movie-goers must have been familiar: *automobile, kerosene, highball, in the dough.* When a reader wrote: "Whoever was responsible for introducing the Transatlantic atrocity *socialite* ought to be fired", the *Express* replied: "Portmantologisms, such as *socialite* for social light, and other phrases, whether U. S. or British in origin, will always be welcomed if they say succinctly and forcibly what they mean in a new and shorter way. *Fired* is a 'Transatlantic atrocity' anyway." Like a shot came the inevitable retort from a reader that *fired* was in Shakespeare. To another reader who protested against "barbarisms and neologisms", the *Express* replied in the fashionable clipped style: "It is the objectors to neologisms who stifle the English language to a dull mediocrity, make it necessary for us to borrow picturesque phrases from the U. S." On April 23 a reader wrote: "The contrast between American and English is best shown by the old example: 'The elevator operator has taken the stenographer out in an automobile,' which becomes in English, 'The liftboy has taken the typist out in a car.' Twenty-four syllables to thirteen!" And on May 4 the *Express* stated editorially that the League of Nations was a *busted flush.*

Into this welter of Broadway wisecracks, thieves' argot, and Hollywood nifties comes Mr. Mencken's book to show that the American language is something else again. His list of common terms that remain different in England and the United States contains nearly 200 pairings, all of unchallengeable respectability, without taint of slang. The list is not exhaustive, or meant to be so; by searching the two vernaculars in such fields as business, finance, government, politics, education, ecclesiastical affairs, and most of the arts and sciences, Mr. Mencken could easily have doubled or trebled the length of the list. Many readers may take pleasure in doing that for themselves.

The differences between the author's word-list of 1923 and that of today are due to his research and not to English borrowings, for not one American word in the earlier list has become current in England in these thirteen years. The observed facts may in some measure justify Mr. Mencken's abandonment of his former assumption that the differences between the two languages would continue to increase;

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but that is hardly to say that English will absorb American. The recent borrowings are not from the true vernacular, but from the transient fluff which flies as readily across the Atlantic as across the American Continent. Little of it lasts, and less penetrates. "Oh, yeah!" and "Says you!" are as dead in England as in America, and tomorrow the new verb *to go for* will join them. When an American expression does stick it often loses its American meaning and acquires one that the English think it ought to have. The ludicrous attempts (which Mr. Mencken quotes) of Galsworthy, Wells, Chesterton, and other English authors to use the American vernacular show what a gulf remains between the two modes of thought and expression.

The Americanization of the English language is as shallow as the Americanization of English life that old gentlemen rail against in letters to the heavy newspapers. True, some of us now have electric ice machines, American style, but before them we had no iceboxes; we have no ice tradition. Yet we have borrowed the ice-man joke. In the last few years a great number of apartment houses, almost indistinguishable from those America has known for half a century, have been built in London and other cities; and most of them are steam-heated. But their denizens brag of their central heating much as a Bulgarian might brag of his bathroom or a millionaire of his library. The English have no furnace tradition; their basements are servants' quarters only; steam heat does not Americanize them, any more than seeing a few motion pictures does, or hearing a few Mae West jokes.

The other day I asked my way in London, and a Cockney replied: "See them Luxuries? You turn there."

Luxuries? Luxury-flats. That is the name the Londoner has given to apartment houses. Quick-lunch parlors appear, and he calls them *snack-bars*. The American thing does not fit his ways of thinking, of living. And while his ways and the American's ways lie apart, so must their languages. So long as the English lift their eyebrows at *shoestring* and *hardware* and the Americans regard *bootlace* and *ironmongery* as too pansified for daily use, there can never be complete understanding between the two nations.

Indeed, their apparent similarities only make for confusion, and render Mr. Mencken's task the more difficult. It is much easier to build a bridge between English and French, where the banks are firm, than between English and American, where bogs abound. So much the more to Mr. Mencken's credit is his achievement in this workmanlike book, which can be read with enjoyment and profit by men of goodwill on both sides of the Atlantic.

History Without Footnotes

By Fletcher Pratt

A BOOK OF BATTLES, by G. P. Baker. $4.00. *Dodd, Mead.*

For those of us who are not admirals or generals or members of learned academic societies, this parade of fifteen battles possesses a special and interior accuracy missing from the ordinary history. The professional militarists, of course, will not discern this inner virtue; they will cite instead Mr. Baker's alleged inaccuracies of fact, of which there are many. He implies, for instance, that Sherman crushed Hood at Atlanta in the American Civil War, when the world well knows that Hood later invaded Tennessee and fought two

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great battles against an entirely fresh army; he says point-blank that medieval Japan had no powerful priesthood; he does not understand the naval tactics employed at Tsushima; and he misses the military significance of the Swedish artillery drill at Lützen. The last point will bring upon him the condemnation of students of tactics; the last but one that of the admirals; specialists in the Civil War will not like him because of the first, nor devotees of the Zen sect of Buddhism because of the second. All these various details will subject him to the wrath of scholarly historians, who know that no work is complete without an elaborate set of footnotes over which they can quarrel during sessions of the Royal Society. But, as I have remarked above, Mr. Baker's volume contains a valuable property, that of interior accuracy.

In what does this property reside? Well, partly in the author's style, one of the best now being displayed in English, melodious, graceful, sliding from event to analysis without halt or hurry, studded with anecdote and illustration. Far more, however, it rests upon Mr. Baker's approach to the whole problem of historical writing, an approach which, like Lytton Strachey's, always produces upon academicians an effect resembling epileptic seizure. They complain that such a writer does not tot up figures, and has small respect for dates; that he concentrates attention upon the psychology of persons whose thoughts can seldom be learned from any other source than their actions, and that he flees from that colorless narration of fact which is the ideal of the ruling German school of history. Yet if history is to mean anything to anyone but a specialist, this is exactly the course it must pursue. It is of no importance to anyone but an admiral that Togo maneuvered his fleet by divisions against the Russians in the Yellow Sea; it can be no longer important that Philip of Macedon mixed swordsmen with spearmen at Chaeronea. The important fact about these battles, about any historical transaction whatsoever, is the psychological fact. "The passing-on, over long series of years, of *feelings* about events and men," says Mr. Baker, stating his credo, "is a factor too little regarded in history."

What causes people to act as they do? What ideas were afloat among the Attic and Dorian Greeks to make them fight to the death against that peaceful financial progress under Persian suzerainty which the Aeolian Greeks found such a blessing? Do we sleep sounder of nights because Count Salm turned back the Turks before Vienna? It is only by answering such questions, by providing data out of the past for the conquest of the future, that history can be of any importance. Otherwise, its collections of knowledge are as meaningless as the heraldic fact that gyrony consists of six parts. History, in short, should first be literature; and seen from the literary point of view, Mr. Baker's alleged inaccuracies vanish. Hood was not crushed at Atlanta, but he was knocked out of the main theater of war and spun off on an eccentric. Japan had a powerful priesthood, but its influence was insignificant compared to that of other Oriental hierarchies. The tactics of Tsushima and Lützen are of no possible value to the general reader. Put otherwise, the problem of the fiction writer and the historian are the same — to produce a picture of personalities and events that will assist the reader to adjust himself to his environment. It is only the techniques that must be diametrically different.

Of course, Mr. Baker finds psychology, both of the group and of the individual, the relevant fact in history, and maintains, in the stories of these fifteen great battles, that war produces the moments of most

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revealing emotional and psychological conflict. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his primary interest is group psychology, and that he often treats the individual, as he treats Admiral Togo, as an expression of the group-mind of his time and nation. There are some marvelous thumbnail sketches in this book — particularly those of General Grant, Philip of Macedon, and Justinian II — but they are, as they should be, subordinate to the operations of the psychology of nations. Why did the Greeks win at Plataea? Because they had nobler ideals or were more determined fighters? No — because they were city-dwellers who had learned the great fact which city-life offers to civilization, *i.e.*, that men move fast and far and overcome their enemies by marching in step.

Yet the book has a defect. One is struck by the fact that as the battles grow more modern they grow less interesting. The defect is hardly Mr. Baker's, for he continues to give us as much at the end as at the beginning. Rather it is the defect of his material. The battles — all battles — grow progressively bloodier as we move down the stream of history, until those at the end — Mons, Tannenburg, the Meuse-Argonne — violate a fundamental artistic convention, the economy of means. At Plataea, the first battle in the book, the casualties of the Greeks are negligible; in the Meuse-Argonne they run into the hundreds of thousands. With such vast movements as the advance of the million and a quarter Americans around Montfaucon, or the rise of the whole Japanese nation against Russia, it is no longer possible to attempt exercises even in group psychology. There are too many discordants. The historian must change the incidence of his picture and give us photographs of a few cabinet members deciding upon courses of action, which decisions, necessarily filtered through thousands of other minds, never come out as clearly and effectively as intended.

In other words, as war has come to embrace a larger proportion of the population, it has ceased to offer free play for intelligence. It has become a push and heave of brute masses, as stupid as a contest between microcephalic wrestlers. The fundamental defect does not lie in war as a method of settling irreconcilable difficulties or as an expression of human spirit, but in the fact that war has become democratized. And the suggestion with which one comes away from *A Book of Battles* is that as long as war remains a method of arriving at certain decisions, it would be far better to entrust it to a small group of professionals, who could work out their results without disturbing the rest of us.

The Check List

MILITARY

M-DAY, THE FIRST DAY OF WAR.
By Rose M. Stein. *Harcourt, Brace, $2.50*

The true Marxian can simplify the most complex problem to the point of the ridiculous; and frequently does. Thus Miss Stein concludes that war is caused by capitalism and will not be eliminated until the profit system is sacked. The author also expounds the theory of American war guilt which, in a sense, justifies the publishers' claim that the book is "sensational". For not only was America responsible for prolonging the World War beyond 1917, says Miss Stein, not only did George Creel and his propagandists inflame public opinion against the Bolsheviks and so prevent all Europe from sharing in the sweetness and light of Brest-Litovsk, but "in selling the world the American system of government in competition with the system inaugurated in Russia and which was gaining ad-

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herents in the other belligerent nations . . . we made the world safe for fascism". The author worked for Senator Nye on the Munitions Committee: her thinking, in its inaccuracy, almost equals the Senator's — which is a feat rarely accomplished, even in Russia.

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WHEN JAPAN GOES TO WAR.

By O. Tanin and E. Yohan. *Vanguard, $3.00*

An interesting and well-documented volume on the time-worn theme of the Yellow Peril. The authors believe that war is now brewing between Japan and the Soviet Union and that such a conflict cannot be localized. Of particular interest is their outline of the program of aggression which is bound, they feel, to bring the Japanese militarists into conflict with Western Europe and America. If Japan fights Russia, the ultimate fate of the Peiping-Tientsin region and of North China is a foregone conclusion — for Nipponese strategists cannot consider their rear secure unless this region is under control. This, quoting Messrs. Tanin and Yohan, "means war in the Pacific. . . . It means that Great Britain and the United States must inevitably be involved and it means the break-up of the *status quo* in Europe". The book is not recommended as bedside reading for pacifists.

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THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

By Holloway H. Frost. *Naval Institute, $4.50*

Not until the next World War embraces a hopeful world will the controversies of the last be settled, particularly that concerning the Battle of Jutland. Already, the books on the subject approach the four-figure mark. The latest, a posthumous work by Commander Frost, U.S.N., should be placed close to the top of the list. It represents eighteen years of industrious and unbiased research, leavened with the first-hand knowledge of naval matters inherent in a man who has spent considerable time on the bridge of a modern warship. The task was completed when London and Berlin lifted the censorship which had for years obscured the story of the greatest sea fight in history. The book is a calm and neutral analysis of the conflict, covering particularly the period from 8 A.M. on May 30, 1916, to the return of the British fleets to their bases. The author's conclusion is that the Germans displayed the greater efficiency throughout, but by no margin that came near to counterbalancing the vast British superiority in numbers and metal. Following Commander Frost's death, Edwin A. Falk became his literary executor; in completing this volume on Jutland, he has displayed a fine talent and judgment. There are photographic illustrations, numerous maps, and an index.

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WAR IN THE PACIFIC.

By S. Denlinger and C. B. Gary. *McBride, $3.00*

According to Messrs. Denlinger and Gary, we may as well start preparing now for the future struggle with Japan in the Pacific. Having thus stated their belief, they proceed to envisage the greatest naval war in history, to be fought out somewhere between the Aleutians on the north and Oceania on the south. Of course, there is nothing new in this picture; various writers and strategists have been busy for thirty years, warning the Anglo-Saxons of the Yellow Peril. But in this instance, the authors have done a better than average job. They commence with an excellent analysis of the American navy, describing for the layman its make-up, its personnel, and its problems. Next, they debate the inherent duties of the navy in the Pacific, and the questions of strategy which now confront the high command. Lastly, they take up the matter of fighting Japan, and weigh the three main plans of attack open to the American fleets. Barring an emphasis on melodrama, the book is a valuable contribution to the growing library on modern naval affairs. It is livened with wardroom slang, with the ripple of signal flags, and with the rumble of practice salvos, now being fired off the West Coast.

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FORWARD MARCH.

Published by Disabled American Veterans. *$29.50*

A photographic record of America in the World War and in the social upheaval which followed, written from the parochial viewpoint of the American Legion. The pictures, for the most part, are extraordinarily good — considering the fact that many of them were taken in the rain and at night.They depict the war in all its various moods, and their interest is reinforced by the explanatory text, although their dignity is frequently injured by the banality of the captions. The purpose of the work, according to the

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authors, is "to form a background for understanding trends of today, to preserve in picture the story of the war, and to aid in combating the subversive doctrines of communism and other foreign propaganda — to remind our people that our citizens fought and died in defense of democracy. The foe was not the German people. It was, and still is, Autocracy". There is a bibliography.

ARTS AND SCIENCES

ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE.

By P. E. Cleator. *Simon and Schuster, $2.50*

Not even the sobering *imprimatur* of Professor A. M. Low suffices to bring this book down from the flights of Mr. Cleator's fancy to the level of earth-bound readers. What we have is an earnest, colorful, and reputedly scientific treatise on the future probabilities of interplanetary communication by rocket ships. Like other volumes which deal with celestial affairs, this discusses figures of vast magnitude and forces of incalculable omnipotence, but in such manner that we are asked to translate them into terms of time-space — and timetables. There are forecasts of what the giant rockets of the future will look like, how they will be operated, and who will man them for rapier-like trips into the ether. In fact, there is even a prophetic description of stratosphere filling stations, which will gravitate around the earth to refuel the air liners of, say, 3000 A.D. It is all very exciting, even stimulating, but Mr. Cleator will have to wait a few centuries for the verdict on his literary contribution to a new science. The book is illustrated with unusual photographs, some lucid drawings, and contains an index.

❖

T. H. HUXLEY'S DIARY OF THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. RATTLESNAKE.

Edited by Julian Huxley. *Doubleday, $3.00*

This hitherto unpublished manuscript from the tireless pen of a young but portentous scientist has fallen into excellent hands. Mr. Julian Huxley, upon recently discovering the document among family papers, set himself to prepare a unique contribution to English letters. He has succeeded eminently; the book is an absorbing account of the surveying cruise in 1846 between Australia and the Great Barrier Reef. Thomas Henry Huxley, then only twenty-one years of age, sailed aboard the *Rattlesnake* as assistant paymaster. His diary, the record of one of the first modern efforts towards opening new fields of biological discovery, is enjoyable to the layman as well as the scientist. It is, too, a source book for studying the formative stages in a life which was rapidly developing to universal fame. There are excellent reproductions from Huxley's original sketchbook, an explanatory appendix from the editor, and an index.

❖

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA: 1885-1935.

By Irving Kolodin. *Oxford Press, $3.75*

This comprehensive history of America's most distinguished opera is not all compliments, carping, or criticism; on the contrary, it is a balanced tribute to the organization which has presented some five thousand performances in fifty seasons of music. Mr. Kolodin, an indefatigable researcher, brings to his labors a concise detail, a pleasant glow of color and anecdote, an understanding of social trends, and a fine flair for sensing some of the more gaudy years in Manhattan's modern lifetime. He treats his subject in chronological fashion, commencing with the momentous meeting, on April 3, 1880, of Mr. George H. Warren, representing a dissatisfied faction of the Academy of Music, with Mr. August Belmont. It was the first of a series of swift-moving incidents which led to the incorporation of the Metropolitan Opera-House Company. From this point onward, the author follows the trail of opera history, up to the end of the Gatti regime in 1935. Mr. Kolodin has produced a splendidly documented piece of work, fulfilling the need for a definitive casebook on the Metropolitan. There are appendices covering the entire repertoire, and two indices.

❖

THE PLAY'S THE THING.

Edited by Fred B. Millett and Gerald Eades Bentley. *Appleton-Century, $4.00*

Two professors of English present an anthology intended to serve the needs of the student who wants to extend his understanding and appreciation of plays. As noted in the preface, they "believe that any adequate understanding

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of the drama must be based on, first, a study of plays as a separate literary form, second, a study of plays as representatives of the various types and attitudes which dramatists have developed, and third, a study of plays as products of the formative influences which the theaters and audiences of the greatest historical periods of dramatic development have had on working playwrights". The authors then present sample works of Sophocles, Euripedes, Racine, Plautus, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Molière, Congreve, Cumberland, Howard, Lady Gregory, Strong, Dryden, Rostand, Chekhov, Belasco, Maeterlinck, and O'Neill. An informative reference book for the student and the theater-lover.

POETRY

TWO WIVES.
By Mary J. Elmendorf. *Caxton Printers, $2.00*

The Caxton Printers ought to be commended not only for their educational work, but for the emphasis which they have placed on regional literature. They have devoted themselves particularly to the writers of Northwestern America, and their list is distinguished if only by the volumes of Vardis Fisher. Mrs. Elmendorf deserves more recognition than she has yet received. She is not an arresting poet; her verse has no technical interest nor is it particularly ingenious. But she has a way of writing ballads which is not too common. There is sufficient variety in treatment to interest any reader who cares for stories in verse in which the narrative is keyed up by an alert imagination.

❖

THE BEST POEMS OF 1935.
Selected by Thomas Moult. *Harcourt, Brace, $2.00*

This is an appropriately pretty annual. Mr. Moult, a sub-minor English poet, yearly collects the "best" poetry of the twelve-month, and each year he chooses the prettiest. A little experimental work insinuates itself discreetly into these pages, but scarcely anything that is disturbing in idea or technique. A few poems have the authentic substance — particularly Robert Frost's "They Were Welcome to Their Belief", Sylvia Townsend Warner's "I Said to the Trees", Raymond Holden's "Light the Lamp Early", and Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "Woodcock of the Ivory Beak". Too many of the others echo the stock poetic platitudes; they follow smoothly along the well-grooved paths, as one of them declares, "following the silver feet of beauty still". It should be added that the decorations are charming — and that four first-class poems in any annual collection are as much as one may have a right to expect.

❖

THE VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN, *by William Langland.*
Translated by Henry W. Wells. Sheed and Ward, $3

William Langland, or whoever wrote *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, lived while *The Canterbury Tales* were being written. Langland was a contemporary of Chaucer without having anything more in common with him than time. Where Chaucer is vividly realistic, hearty, even vulgar, Langland is detached, theologically involved, even, in the midst of his picture-making. Lacking the medieval backgrounds and the key to the allegories the reader will have difficulty plowing through the verse to its essential meaning. The verse itself has been brilliantly rendered into modern English; the paraphraser has preserved the metrical structure; the three heavily-accented beats, the tension of the alliterative syllables, has brought them over into a firm but flexible poem. There is an excellent analytical introduction by Nevill Coghill of Exeter College.

❖

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF T. S. ELIOT.
By F. O. Matthiessen. *Houghton Mifflin, $2.25*

Matthiessen has attempted a difficult synthesis and has, in the main, accomplished his purpose. His book, an extended six-part essay, is a shrewd as well as a sensitive piece of appreciation — an analysis in terms of quotation. Scattered articles on Eliot's style, his philosophy, and his influence have been written by Edmund Wilson, C. Day Lewis, and others, but this is the first extensive attempt to interpret one of the most misunderstood — and most misunderstandable — figures in contemporary poetry. Matthiessen's appraisal, chiefly from an examination of Eliot's technique, is excellent as far as it goes. It would have been better had he been somewhat more detached and had he paid more attention to Eliot's criticism, the development of the poet's thought, and his changes in politics and religion — *vide* the change from "The Hippopotamus" to "Ash Wednesday" and "The Rock". It would have been better still if Matthiessen had not written the entire work on his knees.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS (*The Question of the Hour*), author and historian, recently published *The Living Jefferson* (*Scribners*). . . . HERBERT ASBURY (*Gambling Hells of New Orleans*) has just completed *The French Quarter*, a book about New Orleans, which will be published in the fall by Knopf. . . . LORD BEAVERBROOK (*A Military Alliance with England*) is the well-known British editor. He is the publisher of the London *Daily Express*. . . . ALBERT CLEMENTS (*Faith's Fierce Treason*) a resident of Hudson, New York, writes poetry and fiction for various magazines. . . . LESLIE CROSS (*Admonition*) is a newspaperman of Milwaukee. . . . JOHN DOS PASSOS (*Long Island Sunday*) first achieved fame with his novel, *Three Soldiers*, published soon after the War. *The Big Money* will complete the trilogy, of which *42nd Parallel* and *1919* were the earlier books. . . . ST. JOHN ERVINE (*Gilbert Without Sullivan*) is the distinguished British dramatist and critic. . . . WILLIAM FAULKNER (*Absalom, Absalom!*), the Southern novelist, maintains his home and workshop in Oxford, Mississippi. . . . FORD MADOX FORD (*Thomas Hardy*) will continue to contribute portraits of literary notables to these pages. . . . HUGH RUSSELL FRASER (*Bilbo: Mississippi's Mouthpiece*), a former newspaperman, is president of the Andrew Jackson Society of Tennessee. . . . JOHN HOLMES (*Stranger's Question*) is a member of the English Department of Tufts College. His poetry appears frequently in various magazines. . . . LENORE G. MARSHALL (*Never Fear*) was formerly editor of the publishing house of Cape and Smith. . . . ALBERT JAY NOCK (*The Social Security Fad*), one of the foremost writers on past and present problems of American government, is a regular contributor to THE MERCURY. . . . CHANNING POLLOCK (*The Survival of the Unfittest*), author, dramatist, and lecturer, began earning his living at the age of fourteen. The first time he saw the inside of a university, he reports, was when lecturing on dramatic structure at Harvard in 1922. . . . FLETCHER PRATT (*History Without Footnotes*) lives in New York City, where he works simultaneously on several books different in subject. His *Hail Caesar!* (*Smith and Haas*) was published last spring. . . . MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER (*The Fallacy of Free Trade*), lecturer, author, and former teacher, contributes comment on financial and economic matters to a number of newspapers and magazines. . . . H. W. SEAMAN (*Nouns Across the Sea*), a native-born Englishman, has served on newspapers in Canada and the United States, and is at present a member of the staff of the London *Sunday Chronicle*. . . . HERBERT WILTON STANLEY (*Red Pacifism*) is a former member of the Socialist Party, and an authority on the radical movement in America. . . . JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. (*Six Novels*), a major in the United States Marine Corps, is well-known as a writer and illustrator. His reviews will appear regularly in THE LIBRARY. . . . LIONEL WIGGAM (*A Man Without Wilderness*) is a student at Northwestern University. His first book of verse, *Landscape with Figures* (*Viking*), was published last spring. . . . U. V. WILCOX (*New Deal Females*) is Washington correspondent for the *American Banker*. . . . THOMAS WOLFE (*The Bell Remembered*) is the distinguished author of *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River*, both published by Scribners.

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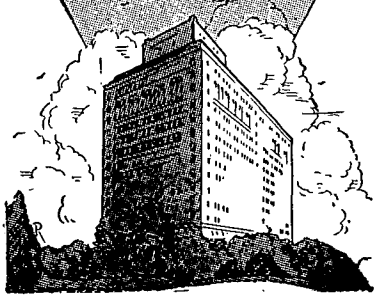

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front advertising section, p. vii)

SIR: I am writing to you to express my protest against the article, "The Credo of a New Dealer," in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. What the hell's the big idea? Has the MERCURY degenerated into a schoolyard where maladjusted political adolescents call each other nasty names?

I'm always glad to see sincere political argumentation, and I, too, find it as necessary as anyone else to make the subject of tolerable interest by the addition of humor. But why did you have to publish an article with such objectionable emotional prejudice, such a lack of logic? I hope you'll have found out already from letters from your readers that it's bad manners to let your prejudices overcome you to such an extent that you become merely insulting. You ought to be slapped.

You may have guessed already that I'm sympathetic toward the New Deal. But, hell's bells, if the New Deal is so utterly wrong I'd like to know why, so I can vote for something better. Subjectively it's hard enough for me to change my mind politically even with reasons, but when I am assailed by arguments fit for the toilet of a brothel, there's nothing I can do about it but complain in futile fumings like this one.

So, for reasons given above, the hell with your sheet.

CYRUS C. STURGIS, JR.
Harvard Medical School
Boston

❖

SIR: "The Credo of a New Dealer" is the best summary of the Roosevelt rigamarole I have ever seen. It ought to be framed in gold and hung in every schoolhouse in the land. Believe me, it was the honest truth. Why don't you issue reprints of it by the gross? More power to the magazine!

HELENA HAAS EDSON
Bayonne, N. J.

❖

SIR: The two articles by H. L. Mencken in your recent issues reveal the mentality of the writer rather than that of the New Deal. Mr. Mencken learned early in his career that a certain proportion of the great American public loved nothing more than a big horse-laugh so he dabbed his face with war paint, stuck some feathers in his hair, let out a wild whoop, and seizing his fiery

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THE OPEN FORUM

pen proceeded to scorch reams of paper while the populace roared and tossed him coins. Now that he is rich he doesn't have to worry.

The plain people, so says the Sage of Baltimore, were seized with a severe case of bellyache when the Depression caught them. The cure was simple, just a few doses of psychology, mixed with drops of quack nostrum, a quick gulp, then restful waiting for results. But the people refused to wait — which was very unreasonable of them. Waiting, while starvation faced them like a firing squad, is such a soothing form of relaxation. But it is evidently a kind of bellyache that never tormented H. L. Mencken. In spite of the Roosevelt Administration, Mr. Mencken seems to have survived admirably and one doubts whether he has lost any sleep or weight. He may be witty and humorous, but certainly he is not wise enough to write constructive and intelligent criticisms on the Roosevelt policies.

M. Powers

Victoria, B. C.

❖

Sir: Although I have been a subscriber to The American Mercury almost since its founding, I am writing to ask you to discontinue my subscription when my present subscription has expired. This is the only manner in which I can register my strong disapproval of your current series of articles concerning the New Deal. They are so completely one-sided and contrary to the traditional Mercury sense of fair play that I am naturally inclined to believe they are inspired from outside sources.

That the record may be straight as far as I am concerned, I am in no way connected with the present Administration, nor is this letter inspired by any of my New Deal friends. As a Washingtonian I have no vote, but the articles by Messrs. Kent, Brown, and Palmer make me wish I had maintained my voting status in my native McKeesport, Pa.,

E. John Long

Washington, D. C.

❖

CORRECTION

Sir: In your article "Portrait of a Day" by Randolph Bartlett, I have read the following:

Memorial services for the youth Büsing,

(Continued on page xii)

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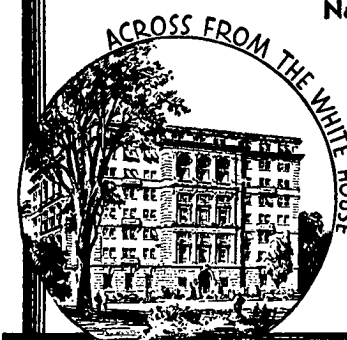
Nathan Sinrod
Manager



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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xi)

killed in riots at Nuremberg, were held at the Music Hall in Hamburg, Germany. He was a prominent member of the Young Hitlers in Venezuela, and met his death while visiting the Fatherland.

I, as father of the deceased boy, beg to inform you that my son Otto Büsing, 14 years of age, died in Nuremberg after a stay of two months in the Nürnberger Krankenhaus with an attack of pneumonia which turned into pleurisy. I had departed for Hamburg upon receipt of the news of my boy's illness and arrived there when he had already passed away. The body was brought over from Nuremberg to Hamburg where memorial services were held in the Music Hall and were attended by prominent members of the Nazi Party as my boy had gone to Germany on special invitation from the German Government to attend a meeting of the National-Socialist Youth from Abroad. The embalmed body was accompanied by me back to this city, where it was buried.

As you will have seen from the aforesaid, the information contained in the article is partially incorrect, as he was not killed in riots but died a quiet and peaceful death, and I would therefore ask you to be kind enough to either insert this letter in the columns of THE AMERICAN MERCURY or publish a correction note to the same effect in your publication.

Thanking you very kindly for the attention you may give to this letter, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

WILHELM BÜSING

Maracaibo, Venezuela

❖

MERCY BY REQUEST

SIR: With a great deal of interest I read a MERCURY article by Anthony M. Turano, apparently positively stating that doctors or other people should have the right to kill individuals who are hopelessly ill. As with all subjects of the same sort it can be easily attacked from an opposite point of view, and I think quite justly. Of course there will always be in the minds of the public and in the opinions of certain professional men the thought that those who are hopelessly ill should be destroyed if they so desire or if it is deemed advisable to relieve their suffering. The problem, however, is not so simple as the writer of this article would seem to indicate.

I was especially interested in the case in which he described an operation in which the patient's liver was found to be affected by inoperable cancer, and the conclusion that the writer draws, that if this were true the surgeon might just as well have given an excess amount of anesthetic or some other drug while the patient was on the table, thus relieving the patient of a short life of probable horror. For it reminds me of the case of a small, wizened man who came to my clinic some years ago. He was jaundiced, he had the typical appearance of a cancerous patient, he was well below weight, and masses could apparently be felt in the liver. A diagnosis of inoperable cancer of the liver was made. The case was so apparently one of this condition that the writer referred the patient to Dr. A, professor of medicine, who gave a lecture on this man in the amphitheater of the B Medical College, pointing out why the patient was an inoperable case, and also the probable outcome of his condition. Approximately ten days thereafter, Dr. C, in one of his clinics, presented the same patient to the medical students, and discussed the pros and cons of operation as well as the outcome of the patient's condition. Approximately six months thereafter the writer was in the D Hospital and the same patient was presented by Dr. E, one of the great lights of medicine, in his clinic, as an absolutely inoperable case of cancer of the liver, and again the same situation was discussed as had been at the two former clinics.

A period of approximately a year and a half intervened. I was in my clinic one day when a rather stout, good-natured gentleman came in for examination for bronchitis. He recognized me at once. He was the same patient that I and three of America's leading medical and surgical men had pronounced fatally ill from cancer. He told me that he cured himself by taking lemon juice. . . .

A great many similar cases could be cited. Under the circumstances, the writer is not so enthusiastic for the destruction of human life as the writer of the article in your magazine seems to be. We each suffer from human frailties, and we do make mistakes in diagnosis.

GUSTAV F. BOEHME, JR., M.D.

Los Angeles

(Continued on page xiv)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(*Continued from page xii*)

FROM CITY HALL

SIR: Your article by Mr. George Ritchie on Fusion prospects in New York prompts this appeal for one correction in the statement and implication with respect to reform succeeding itself in this city. Behind Mr. Ritchie's statement that no anti-Tammany mayor has ever succeeded himself lies the vastly more important truth that an anti-Tammany movement has succeeded itself. McClellan, in his second administration, was notably anti-Tammany. McClellan was succeeded by a Fusion anti-Tammany Board of Estimate which meant anti-Tammany control of pursestrings and anti-Tammany policy-making while William J. Gaynor was mayor.

These two terms of eight years of anti-Tammanyism in New York were succeeded by the Mitchell Administration. Thus, there is no "271-year-old precedent" against anti-Tammany's succeeding itself, which means quite a different picture from that given in your article.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN
Secretary, Municipal Civil Service Commission
New York City

THE LITERARY RACKET

SIR: What is wrong with American literature today? That is a subject that would fill all the popular and unpopular periodicals to the brim. Where is the essayist comparable today to the gentle Elia? Who satirizes the way that Swift was in the habit of doing? All the genuinely great can be counted on the fingers of one mitten. Today we have H. G. Wells who visualizes things to come as something between a Minsky show on Mars and the control room at Radio City gone haywire.

If you wish to purchase a sandwich or a book, an umbrella or a soda, a pump or a watch fob, etc., you naturally go to a drugstore. You ask for a mustard plaster and they ask you how you want it, on white or rye. Similarly, when you peruse a popular periodical you come upon articles and stories by such *literati* as prize fighters, ball players, generals of marines, movie actresses, radio impresarios, presidential advisers, scions of rich old families, and assorted princesses — in short, everything except honest-to-goodness, *bona fide* authors. What is wrong with the picture?

R. C. O'BRIEN
Rosendale, N. Y.

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Recorded MUSIC

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Another major work of Sibelius has become public property with the release by Victor of the Heifetz-Beecham records of the violin concerto. Though the increasing esteem for Sibelius in America has resulted in much more frequent performance of his symphonies and tone poems, the violin concerto has not participated in that boom (except perhaps in Boston). It is particularly fortunate, therefore, that a performance which will establish criteria of the work for so many people is so well-achieved as the present one. I find it difficult to recall a previous recording by Heifetz which is more revealing of his art both as a violinist and a musician, for, aside from the Mozart concerto released a year ago, his assignments for the phonograph have not drawn heavily upon any qualities of his, but upon the virtuoso. Beecham's contribution should not be disregarded in appraising the success of the performance, for the balance of responsibility between orchestra and soloist is very evenly divided in this work. The London Philharmonic plays the score superbly, and the technique of the recording is beyond cavil. (RCA-Victor, four 12-inch records, $8.)

The principal offering of the month from Columbia is also a violin concerto, the Mozart in G (No. 3), with Bronislaw Huberman as the soloist. This recording was apparently made on one of the days when Huberman was, in truth, the estimable performer that his partisans would like us to believe that he is unfailingly. At any rate the erratic tendencies that have marred many of his recent performances both in concert and on records are absent from this set. Nor is this the only surprising aspect of the performance. It is not a little bit confusing to find the spirited and idiomatic conducting credited to the same Issai Dobrowen who revealed no such capacities in his American engagements several years ago. The collaborating orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic, and the quality of the recording marks a considerable improvement over Columbia's previous accomplishments with this organization. (Columbia, three 12-inch records, $4.50.)

Also from Columbia is a welcome re-recording of Weingartner's version of the Beethoven *Fifth Symphony*, done this time with the London Philharmonic. Weingartner is one of the few conductors whose performances do not become distorted with the passing of time, and this performance of the C minor symphony is the same sound, satisfying conception it was ten years ago, save that the phonograph is now able to reproduce it much more faithfully. (Columbia, four 12-inch records, $6.)

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(Times World Wide Photo)

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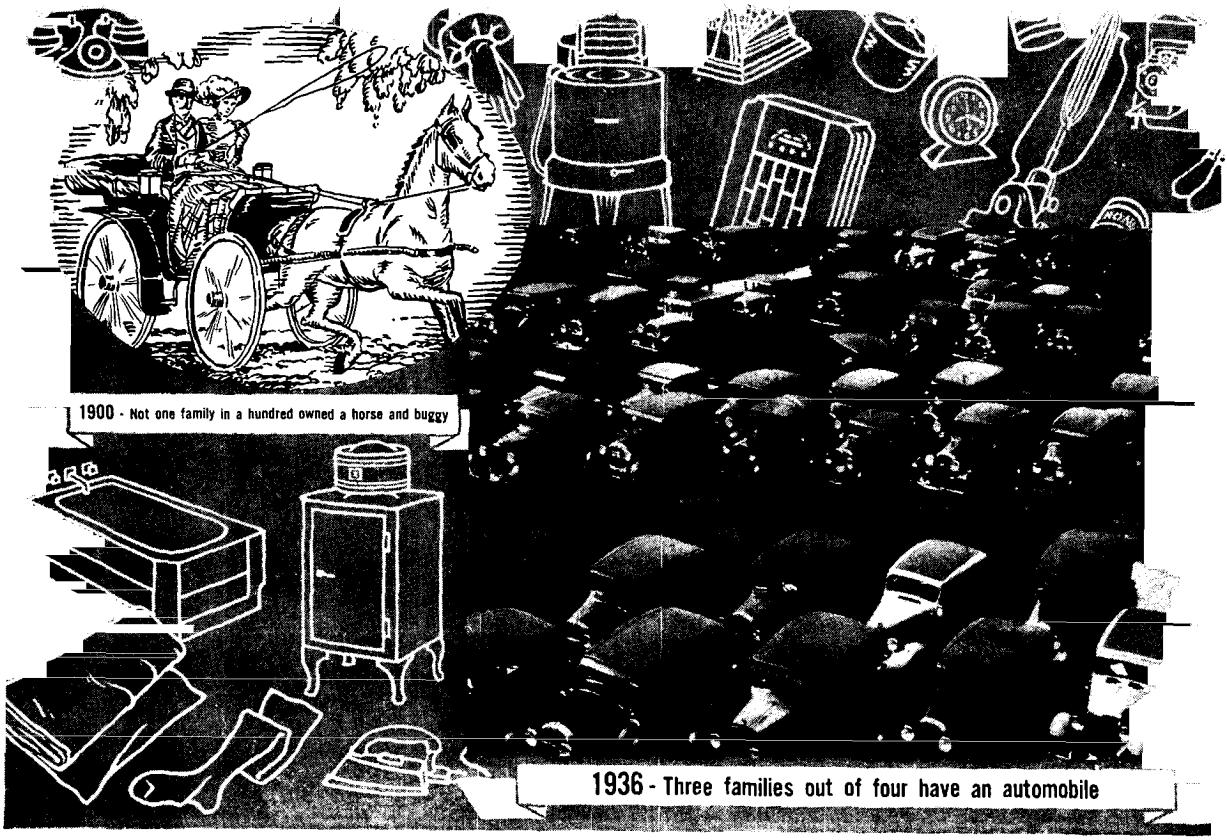

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IN 1900, not one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy; today, three out of four have cars. One family in thirteen had a telephone; now, one family in two. In 1900, modern plumbing and central heating were luxuries—less than 500,000 homes had electricity—radio and electric refrigeration were unknown. Today, 21 million homes are wired; 7 million families own electric refrigerators; 22 million have radio receivers.

In 1921, a MAZDA lamp cost 45 cents; it now costs 15 cents. You receive 80 per cent more light for your dollar because of greatly increased lamp efficiency and a lower average electric rate for the home. General Electric research developed these lower-cost lamps, helped devise more economical ways of generating and distributing electricity — to bring better light to more people at less cost.

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